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# THE INDEPENDENT

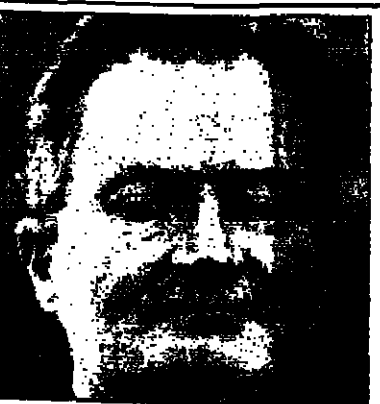
Nº 3,305

SATURDAY 24 MAY 1997

WEATHER: Sunshine and showers

(R65p) 60p

**JIM BROADBENT**  
I'd wally  
for Britain  
The eye



**WIN**  
A holiday  
for two  
in Rio  
the long weekend



**TONY BENNETT**  
Torch bearer  
for tradition  
the long weekend



## Abuse check on all foster parents

Crackdown after convicted paedophile assaulted children in his care

Checks on thousands of foster parents could be made in a national crackdown on paedophiles ordered by the Government last night after the conviction of a paedophile who was allowed to foster children, even though social workers knew he had a conviction for indecent assault on a 12-year-old boy.

Roger Saint yesterday was sentenced to six-and-a-half years imprisonment on 10 charges of indecent assault at Chester Crown Court. But the scandal of child abuse disclosed in the case – described as “wicked beyond belief” – caused a wave of disgust, disbelief and recrimination. It prompted the Government to promise emergency regulations to close loopholes in two child care acts which allowed Saint to care for the children he molested in spite of having a criminal record for child abuse. A ban on child abusers being allowed to foster or adopt children was announced by Paul Boateng, the health minister responsible for child care.

Sir Herbert Laming, the Chief Inspector of Social Services, was also asked to conduct an urgent review. Sir Herbert is writing to every director of social services in the country ordering them to review the way they place children in care; the way they check and supervise staff; and to report back by the end of July.

The local authorities are responsible for the care of 49,000 children, including 32,000 who were placed with foster parents. A Whitehall source said: “It is not retrospective but we are aware that people could have convictions for child abuse and we are going to tackle it.”

The action will be “spelled out” in guidelines to the authorities, but it is expected they will be asked to carry out checks to make sure there are no further cases of known paedophiles fostering children. The authorities have already carried out checks to discover whether there were other cases involving Roger Saint. The court heard that in spite of his record, Saint was allowed to foster four children from Tower Hamlets, east London, in 1988; in 1991 he fostered another four from North Yorkshire; and he later fostered one child from Greenwich, south London, and another from North Tyneside. Social workers in each authority were aware of his criminal record from 25 years earlier. They decided he was no longer a risk to the children.

Saint, 50, was jailed for what the judge said was the “persistent and determined” sexual abuse of boys in his care over 13 years.

Michael Farmer QC, prosecuting, said local authorities had continued sending children into the care of Saint and his wife Carol despite knowing of the 1972 conviction for indecently assaulting a 12-year-old boy.

And the now-defunct Clwyd County Council had also allowed him to continue as a member of their fostering and adoption panel despite being told of the offence.

Saint, of Cefnnddysarn, near Bala, North Wales, had earlier admitted 10 charges of indecent assault involving nine children. He was arrested in March last year after two men complained to social services in Wrexham.

A 10-month investigation followed along 400 lines of inquiry. The court was told Saint’s case was to be looked at by the North Wales child abuse tribunal, which is examining allegations of abuse of up to 200 children at homes in the area.

“This is a truly horrific case. This new government will not tolerate a loophole in the law that allows local authorities to place children for foster care or adoption with convicted child abusers which happened in this case,” said Mr Boateng.

The loophole under the 1989 Children Act and the 1976 Adoption Act requires local authorities to check whether people who foster or adopt have criminal records, but gives them discretion to place children with convicted child abusers. That discretion will be removed.

“It beggars belief that any social worker would do that, but some obviously did. We must stop that ever happening again,” Mr Boateng said. “What is so disturbing about this case is that they did know and knowing they went on to place these children with a convicted paedophile. That is wicked beyond belief,” he added.

The Saint case will make it more likely that the Government will introduce new laws making it an offence for convicted paedophiles to obtain or try to work with children. Sir William Utting, chair of the National Institute of Social Work, is also conducting a review of legal safeguards to protect children living away from home, in foster care, children’s homes and boarding schools.

Known abuser, page 8

## European leaders smitten by Blairmania

Anthony Bevins and Sarah Helm

Tony Blair yesterday found a “new Europe” change of gear and direction at his first summit on the future of the European Union, with other heads of government welcoming the fresh approach of the new British Prime Minister.

After a one-day meeting of EU leaders in the Dutch coastal resort of Noordwijk, Mr Blair metaphors tripped off the tongues of European leaders who lined up to praise the Prime Minister. “Some of the fog is being blown away from the channel,” declared Jose-Maria Gil-Robles, President of the European Parliament.

“For Europe, the Labour Party victory in Britain is like the moment the ice melts,” Goran Persson of Sweden said.

Before lunch they all stood together in the Blairite glow for the “family photograph”. But sharing the limelight was not good enough for many of the summiteers, who wanted to take home a more private, more personal, souvenir.

In the first-floor dining room of the Huis ter Duin (House on the Dunes) hotel, leaders grabbed a photographer and queued up for their very own private snap, standing alongside Mr Blair.

Seasoned British officials, who have seen prime ministers come and go, said they had never seen anything like the scenes in the corridors and meeting rooms at the Noordwijk summit. “It’s so nice to be popular for once,” said one.

Mr Blair said after the summit that it was no good “sitting there and resisting whatever everyone else does”. He would be rigorous in his defence of British interests but constructive in pursuit of an agenda for the future. “We want a Europe that works – works in our interest, but works.” And that message, he said, had been welcomed. It meant paying less attention to institutional structures and a refocus on things that matter to people – such as jobs and competition.

Repeatedly emphasising that, unlike John Major he came in friendship – “seeking dialogue, not war ... solutions, not confrontation ... progress, not stagnation” – Mr Blair said he wanted a more engaged and constructive position.

But in talks with Jacques Santer, President of the European Commission, a separate session with socialist leaders, and in the full summit, Mr Blair returned again and again to the need to promote job creation through labour market flexibility. He warned Mr Santer: “There will be serious political difficulties in the United Kingdom if the British signature on the social chapter leads to further proposals for social regulation. We have strong views about that, and we attach very high priority to the promotion of job creation, competitiveness and labour market flexibility.”

Mr Blair told a post-summit press conference last night that after a full day of talks he had found no “appetite” amongst other leaders for any additional “great raft of legislation” under the social chapter.

All the way through the talks, he said, there had been “very great recognition” of the need for labour markets to be flexible and adaptable.

After a meeting with other socialist leaders, one of Mr Blair’s colleagues said: “The view came across very strongly, right across the board, that jobs is an issue they should be addressing far more actively than they have in the past.”

“He senses ... that there is a desire for a change of gear and a change of direction, and he is perfectly happy to play a leading role in that.”

But in the weeks to come before the full-scale two-day Amsterdam summit next month, Mr Blair and his colleagues have much hard negotiation ahead in defending British Board of Controls and in seeking a strong deal on fisheries quota hopping.



New line-up: (left to right) Helmut Kohl, Jacques Chirac, Wim Kok, Tony Blair and Hans van Mierlo joking before the EU ministers' working session in Noordwijk. Photograph: Reuters

## Wigless in Washington, Mo wows them all



**Mary Dejevsky**  
Washington

The verdict from the usually staid Washington establishment on their British visitor was unanimous: “Wow! Wow! Wow!” – and other words to that effect. The recipient of the compliment was not Hugh Grant, nor yet Princess Diana, but the slightly dishevelled, ever so slightly bumbling Northern Ireland Secretary, Mo Mowlam.

In Washington for a rapidly organised visit to introduce herself and broach one of the most sensitive issues between the United States and Britain, Ms Mowlam went down a treat. She had set the tone before departing by taking off her wig during a meeting with American reporters based in London, in a theatrical exasperation at the awful day she’d had.

She told the eight journalists sitting around a table in her office last night: “I’m going to take my hair off. I don’t care about you lot. I’ve had enough of it today. I’m in a mood.”

“I’ve had a bad start to the day,” she went on, placing the wig on the table beside her.

Ms Mowlam is recovering from treatment for a benign brain tumour which was discovered in January, and she is delighted to be losing the weight she gained from taking steroids. “I’m feeling in good nick and when I get my hair back, I’ll be there,” she said.

She also shocked leading loyalist politicians by removing her wig during a meeting in Belfast.

Once in Washington, she dined with some diehard foes of Britain’s Irish policy, hunched with President Bill Clinton’s National Security Adviser, and she told that noted friend of Northern Irish Catholics, Senator Edward Kennedy, why he was wrong – to his face.

What is more – by all accounts – he loved it. “He’s a kindred soul,” said a source close to the senator, “he’s always been after energy from the British government, he’d take all her points.”

What she told him was why she thought his view, that all marches in Northern Ireland should be banned, was totally wrongheaded. “Because it would benefit only one side,” she later told reporters, “and there would be protests against the ban.”

The official account of the Kennedy-Mowlam meeting was only a little more restrained: “It was excellent,” said his office. “She’s obviously committed to moving the peace process forward ... they agreed on the need to restore the ceasefire.”

For another seasoned Washington commentator, Ms Mowlam was “the missing ingredient”. “She’s the direct antithesis of the standard, starchy British diplomat. She’s great, she’ll be a sensation in the job.”

There were those prepared to concede, on further reflection, that what Ms Mowlam actually had to offer either side in Northern Ireland was not a great deal different from what John Major’s government had offered. Ms Mowlam herself stressed that the Government – an occasional slip of the tongue also had her referring to the last government as “the Government” – required an unequivocal commitment from the IRA to a ceasefire if Sinn Féin were to participate in peace talks.

But it was the spirit in which she was embarking on her apparently thankless task that went down so well in Washington. “It’s just stunning,” said one convert. “The directness, the candour, the energy, they’re so refreshing. What people have been looking for here is a willingness to dive in up to your eyeballs. She’s it.”

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**Mobile danger**  
Road safety campaigners yesterday issued a warning against one of the biggest growth areas in modern motoring with a stark reminder that mobile phones can kill.

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## news

## significant shorts

## Woman waits on judges' decision over abortion ban

The woman whose husband wants to stop her having an abortion faced further uncertainty last night after three appeal judges reserved judgment on whether a temporary ban should be lifted. Colin Sutherland QC, acting for James Kelly, 28, had spent the day seeking to persuade the judges the Court of Session in Edinburgh to make the ban permanent. The judges said there was too much evidence for them to make an immediate ruling and that the decision would be announced this morning. After an unprecedented series of legal hearings, nine days will have passed since the date originally scheduled for 21-year-old Lynn Kelly's termination. The couple separated acrimoniously a few weeks ago when Mrs Kelly was eight weeks' pregnant. Her counsel, Anne Smith QC, said Mrs Kelly could not be seen as an incubator for the child. **Patricia Wynn Davies**

## Coach driver cleared after crash

A coach driver was yesterday cleared of dangerous driving and causing the deaths of 10 passengers in a crash. Phillip Crisp, 26, who was found not guilty on all charges at Cardiff Crown Court, had said that his brakes failed as the coach neared a roundabout on the A40 at Raglan, Monmouthshire, in July 1995. The 16-ton vehicle, with more than 40 passengers, skidded and overturned, killing eight women and two men who were on a day trip from the Cynon Valley in South Wales to Stratford-upon-Avon. The prosecution alleged that Mr Crisp approached the roundabout too fast and failed to use his gears correctly. Examiners found that neither rear brakes of the wrecked coach were working, although the front brakes were. At a hearing at Abergavenny magistrates' court last year the coach owner, Ronald Lewis, 52, was fined £750 after admitting operating a vehicle with defective brakes, a faulty speed limiter and two tachograph offences.

## McAliskey leaves prison to give birth



Pregnant terrorist suspect. Roisin McAliskey was under police guard in hospital last night after being freed on bail from Holloway prison to have her baby.

Ms McAliskey, 25, who is fighting extradition to Germany for questioning over the IRA bombing of British Army barracks in Osnabrück, is understood to be suffering from asthma and other complications caused by an eating disorder. The baby was due last Wednesday. She has always denied her involvement in the terrorist attack, in which no one was injured. **Steve Boggan**

Letters, page 19

## Acid leaks into the Mersey

More than 10 tonnes of hydrochloric acid poured out of the Ford plant at Halewood on Merseyside yesterday after a large tank in the paint shop failed. The dilute acid then flowed down a stream into the Mersey estuary, and firefighters wearing protective clothing pumped in water to weaken the acid further. The Environment Agency, the Government's pollution watchdog, is investigating Ford to find out what caused the leak. **Nicholas Schoon**

## New hope for war pensioners

Hopes of victory for thousands of war pensioners who have been denied benefits for hearing loss were raised again yesterday by the new minister of social security in the Lords, Baroness Hollis. Lady Hollis announced she was ordering a review of the medical evidence on hearing loss for war pensioners in the wake of a row earlier this year when the Tories introduced tighter rules. The change in the rules provoked an outcry from the Royal British Legion when it was introduced, and led to angry protests from Tory backbench MPs. **Colin Brown**

## Low note at Royal Opera House

The new head of the Royal Opera House, Mary Allen, is leaving her current job as secretary general of the Arts Council immediately, following a two-day emergency meeting of the council, and anger in the arts world over the way the appointment was made.

Mrs Allen was appointed last week by ROH chairman Lord Chiddingfold to replace Genista McIntosh, who resigned as chief executive of the ROH after four months because of ill health. The post was not advertised by Lord Chiddingfold, who as Peter Gummer, head of Shandwick PR company, had worked with Mrs Allen at the Arts Council, where he was chairman of the lottery panel which awarded the Royal Opera House £78m.

Trevor Phillips, television producer and columnist for the *Independent*, has been appointed chairman of the London Arts Board and a member of the Arts Council. **Saturday Story, page 20**

## Cantona's last shirt goes to auction

A shirt worn by Eric Cantona in his last soccer game is to be auctioned on live radio to raise money for an injured footballer. Cantona scored two goals while wearing the shirt during a testimonial game for former Coventry defender David Bust, after the premiership season finished. Bust suffered serious leg injuries during a match at Old Trafford in Manchester last year, and has since undergone 15 operations.

## June bodes ill for hayfever sufferers

A dull May is set to turn into sneezing June for hayfever sufferers as experts predict a "severe" grass-pollen season. A sunny weather forecast for the bank holiday weekend is set to release clouds of pollen as temperatures rise. The Pollen Research Unit in Worcester said current low levels of pollen, which have varied between zero and 30 grains per cubic metre of air, are set to rise sharply next week to 50 or over, and are expected to peak in early June. Figures above 50 are classified as high. The problems faced by sufferers have been compounded this year by warnings that some over-the-counter remedies may cause potentially serious heart problems in a small number of cases. The drugs affected are the non-sedating anti-histamines (cetirizine, loratadine and astemizole). **Jeremy Laurence**

## people



Lord Rothermere: 'Labour are carrying out measures the Tories should have' (Photograph: Keith Dobney)

## Rothermere says Mail editor may have to change colours

Lord Rothermere, the aristocratic proprietor of the *Daily Mail*, says the newspaper is "getting out of date" and may have to change its political colours from deep blue to Blairite pink.

The latest recruit to Mr Blair's side sent shock waves through the *Daily Mail* editorial floors by suggesting that he believed the newspaper may have to change its political allegiance.

The day after it was disclosed he had crossed the floor of the Lords to the independent benches in broad support of Labour, Lord Rothermere hinted in an interview on BBC radio that the writing may also be on the wall for his "brilliant" editor, Paul Dacre.

Before polling day the *Daily Mail* warned its readers that 1,000 years of history might be wiped out if Labour won the election.

Lord Rothermere said he and the newspaper's editor "don't agree on many things". "He is a great editor and therefore he is entitled to his views in the paper. I don't happen to agree with all of them."

Asked if Mr Dacre would be free to pursue his Eurosceptic line in the *Daily Mail*, Lord Rothermere said it was a "free country" and Mr Dacre was "entitled to his

views and to express them, but of course if they start to affect the circulation that will be different."

But asked whether the *Daily Mail* would have to change its views, he went on: "If they feel this is the new mood of our readers, yes they will - and I think it is personally."

"Paul has different views. Its readers don't take much notice of politics but in this case they may, and they may feel that the *Mail* is getting out of date."

Lord Rothermere wanted Mr Dacre to remain at the helm but also raised the possibility of his editor's departure. "I would be very sad to lose him. He is probably the most brilliant editor in Fleet Street."

Lord Rothermere, interviewed from a car travelling on the ring road around Paris, was also prepared to support Mr Blair over the abolition of hereditary peers in the Lords.

"That would not worry me at all. I am a democrat. I believe in democracy and the world moves forward... Nobody has got an hereditary right to govern. I don't believe that at all."

"[Labour] are carrying out measures which the Tories should have carried out, helping small businesses, taking more adroit attitude in Europe." **Colin Brown**

## Yentob to run BBC's digital revolution

Alan Yentob clambered back to the top of television's greasy pole yesterday when he was appointed to lead a newly beefed-up directorate of television at the BBC.

Mr Yentob (right) takes over as director of television from Michael Jackson, who, in the previous round of media musical chairs, last month became chief executive of Channel 4.

Included in Mr Yentob's directorate will be the new digital television services which the broadcaster will launch next year. He will run television with his old partner from BBC1, the BBC's current director of strategy, David Docherty, who has been appointed deputy director of television.

Mr Yentob was widely rumoured to have felt sidelined in last year's reorganisation, that divided the production of programmes from commissioning and broadcasting. He was head of BBC Production, the programme-making division, but found that his power and creativity was limited to providing what BBC Broadcast wanted.

David Docherty has the distinction of heading the BBC's television output without ever having been a programme-maker. BBC insiders portray Mr Docherty as a protégé of the chief executive of the Broadcast division, Will Wyatt, and a disciple of market research and focus groups.

Mr Yentob made his name at the



BBC as the innovative producer of BBC 2's *Arena* arts programme. Yentob once famously got the schedule cleared for three hours so he could air an interview with Orson Welles. His programme on the Ford Cortina started a trend for ironic interpretation of the commonplace.

He was thought to be most successful as controller of BBC2, where he could indulge his arts expertise and allowed shows like the *Late Show* to dominate.

However, he surprised observers with his abilities at mass entertainment. BBC 1 has held on to and increased its audience share over the last three years, while ITV has been losing out to cable and satellite channels.

When Michael Grade resigned from Channel 4 in January, Yentob was immediately identified as the front-runner. However, the job went to his successor at BBC2, Michael Jackson. **Paul McCann**

## Kingston lands plum part in 'ER'

Alex Kingston, the star of the television drama *Moll Flanders*, has clinched a role in the American hit show *ER*.

Kingston, 33, is contracted to appear in at least 22 episodes and has an "open-ended" arrangement after that, her agent said yesterday. There are no details of her role yet, but her first episodes are due to air this autumn.

"Her character hasn't even got a name yet," her agent said.

Fans will be feverishly speculating which of *ER*'s regulars could be destined to fall under Kingston's sensual spell - George Clooney's sensualist Dr Doug Ross, vulnerable divorcee Dr Mark Green or perhaps the boyish Dr Carter.

The hospital series, made by Warner Brothers Television, is avidly followed by millions across America and is also one of Channel 4's biggest successes.

It will make Kingston one of Britain's highest profile acting exports, on a par with her estranged husband, Ralph Fiennes, the star of the Oscar-winning movie *The English Patient*.

It also means she will be swapping the couple's former flat in Peckham, south London, for a Hollywood home during the hectic shooting of the series - filming 22 hour-long episodes in a year is considered the norm in the US. Another British thespian export, Kenneth Branagh, has also landed a key part in the US, as the lead in the next Woody Allen film.

**Matthew Brace**

## Whiteley solves riddle of how to stay on top

Richard Whiteley may never challenge the Spice Girls in the glamour stakes, but what the five pop sirens did for Channel 5 earlier this year, the veteran broadcaster had already done.

It was 1982 when Mr Whiteley launched Channel 4 on its journey into television's unknown with the bargain-basement quiz show, *Countdown*.

Now, 15 years and (since yesterday) 2,000 shows later, Whiteley, 53, and *Countdown* are both firm favourites with millions of afternoon viewers.

A former ITN reporter and anchorman for regional TV news, Mr Whiteley's main claim to fame, prior to *Countdown*, was for having been bitten by a ferret on air in 1976.

But *Countdown*, based on the format of French show *Chiffres Et Des Lettres*, made his career, as

each day more than 4 million viewers loyally tuned in to the show, which had been originally commissioned for only five weeks.

Mr Whiteley attributes the quiz show's success to its simplicity. "I am convinced that if someone came up with the format now, it would have to be all hi-tech. But back then it was devised to be a gentle afternoon show."

Yorkshire TV has already been commissioned to make the programme until 1999, and there are even *Countdown* societies, to satisfy fans' thirst for conundrums and maths teasers between series.

The founder of the Bristol *Countdown* Fan Club, Rex Clegg, 72, said yesterday: "Richard is the star of the show. He has almost become a member of the family." **James Mellor**

## briefing

## SOCIETY

## Communication breakdown in the office - and at home

Britain's bosses could do with a crash course in communication, it is claimed today. The majority give instructions that are unclear, ignore ideas from staff and fail to consult them before decisions are made, according to the National Communication Survey. Listening to the Nation, published by The BT Forum.

Things are no better at home either. Although most people realise the importance of communicating - especially with those closest to us - we find it difficult to put this into practice.

The overwhelming majority (95 per cent) believe that many failing marriages could be saved if partners became better at talking to each other. However, more than half said they were more likely to give up on a relationship than try to communicate. Forty per cent said they did not feel comfortable talking about deep feelings or sex with their partner.

Almost half (44 per cent) said they would like to be better at telling others about things that worry them, and as many as 63 per cent would like to be better at getting their point across to other people.

## TRANSPORT

## Landmark on the road to nowhere



Spaghetti Junction, the country's first US-style interchange, which was once considered too complicated for British drivers, celebrates its 25th birthday today.

Opened in 1972, more than 1 billion motorists have navigated the maze of motorways and slip roads. Despite its image as a road continually under repair, its first major overhaul was needed in 1984 and then again in 1995 - when more than two miles of road had to be urgently resurfaced.

Peter Walker, then Secretary of State for the Environment, cut the tape 25 years ago to open the "Gravelly Hill Interchange" and described it as "the most exciting project in the history of the road system". It is unlikely that motorists in the Midlands agree. They have been subjected to long delays and heavy congestion in the last six years, as seven out of the nine slip roads have had to be shut down for weeks at a time.

The interchange, which was built for less than £11m in 1972 - although a gallon of petrol cost only 34.5p - covers 18 different roads supported by 559 concrete columns, 2.5 miles of slip roads and covers 30 acres.

## HEALTH

## Spiders need handling with care

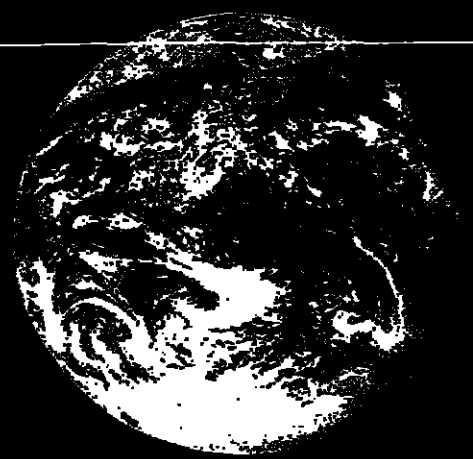
The fashion for exotic pets can have dangerous side-effects, doctors have discovered. Owners of tarantulas can suffer severe damage to their eyes - just by handling their hairy friends. Scottish researchers, writing in the *British Medical Journal*, reported the cases of three people who suffered eye damage from touching the creatures.

Andrew J. Blake, of Ninewells Hospital in Dundee, wrote: "Tarantulas are becoming increasingly popular as pets. They are widely available, easily maintained and considered harmless as many are non-venomous. Unfortunately the popular American varieties that are less venomous have evolved highly urticarious [stinging] hairs to leave on their webs and flick at predators."

The report said all three patients went to their doctors complaining of itchy, gritty, red eyes.

"The hairs seemed to be migrating relentlessly through the media of the eye," causing cataracts, blurred vision and other problems, it added.

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هكذا من الاصل



# The hills are alive – with the sound of Hindi



Passage to Caledonia: Tony Hussain enjoying the beauties of Scotland, his adopted homeland, before filming begins on a new Bollywood movie

Photograph: Drew Farrell

David Lister  
Arts News Editor

## Bollywood discovers the latest exotic location in Scotland

Tony Hussain serves food in his Indian restaurant in Dundee every evening. In the mornings he runs a company making Nan breads for supermarkets. And in the afternoons he is making multi-million pound movies.

The 30-year-old restaurateur is spearheading an extraordinary invasion from Bollywood – the Bombay-based Indian movie industry – eager to make films against the background of lochs and hills.

It started last year when a famous Indian director, Dev Anand, was on holiday and came into Mr Hussain's restaurant. Anand, 72, had been making films for 50 years, and Mr

Hussain who was born in Scotland and adores the country, offered to give him a tour of the Highlands to persuade him to make film there.

After the tour, Mr Anand made a Hindi film last year in Scotland called *My Sweet 16*, and even cast Hussain, who had never acted, in a small part as a villainous night club owner. Within weeks, other Bombay directors were ringing him up, asking him to arrange locations for them.

Hussain set up his own production company, and working with Scottish Screen and the British Film Commission, has arranged locations in Inverness, Dundee and all over the

Highlands. Shooting starts this weekend on a new \$5m Hindi film, *Desire*, in which Hussain will again have a part as a villain, and which will star top Bollywood performers Madhuri Dixit (said by Mr Hussain to be the Demi Moore of India) and Ashi Kumar (the Tom Cruise). The film also stars Anand, who played the villain in an *Indiana Jones* film. Alex Salmond, the leader of the Scottish National Party, even raised the film in the Commons this week to help get some of the 80-strong crew and cast work permits.

Mr Hussain said yesterday: "This film will be subtitled in 27 different

languages, and could make up to £100m. I've arranged the speedboats for stunts on Loch Lomond and helicopters for other scenes. If you can market a movie in India as made in Scotland, it's an automatic blockbuster. So many people have relations in Britain and it is escapism for them to see the locations. But until I started speaking to them, the film directors in Bombay didn't really seem to know that Scotland existed. Now they do, and you do get the occasional elderly couple visiting Blair Castle in Perthshire rather than back to see 50 Asians in costume running about."

Mr Hussain says he will not be giving up his restaurant or nan bread-making business. "The acting is a hobby. I don't get paid for it. In our culture you don't take money off your friends, though, yes, I will be taking a share from the profits of the film we are working on now. But I am still running my other businesses. I do the movie making in my spare time because I want to promote Scotland."

The current film concerns two men, one born in Britain, one in India, who love the same girl. The crew and cast have been booked into a hotel in Angus by Mr Hussain. Their food will be prepared in a mobile kitchen by a chef who happens to be

Mr Hussain's brother. Meanwhile the man, who is rapidly turning into Scotland's biggest movie impresario, while professing to do it only in his spare time, is negotiating to make three other movies in the Highlands. It is a development being warmly welcomed by the British Film Commission, though privately they voice the occasional problem with a culture clash.

"There has been a little awkwardness," said one official. "When the crews come in to a hotel they tend to bring their own cooks to make Indian food and expect to take over the kitchens. This has not gone down well with one or two Scottish hotels, where the chefs have been rather affronted."

# Killer menace of the mobile phone

Michael Streeter

Road safety campaigners yesterday issued a health warning against one of the biggest growth areas in modern motoring with a stark reminder: mobile phones can kill.

After a week in which two tragic cases re-opened the debate over whether drivers should be banned from using the phones while on the move, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents called for the practice to be given the same social stigma as drink driving.

Yesterday businessman Peter Mill, who was using his phone seconds before he killed another driver in a crash, was jailed for six months, having earlier been convicted of causing death by dangerous driving.

On Tuesday a coroner warned of the dangers after an inquest into the death of newspaper journalist Kate Alderson, 28, who had a phone to her ear when her car pulled out into the path of another vehicle.

The Government also announced this week an "urgent" review of how to tackle the growing problem of accidents caused by the habit.

Lady Hayman, the transport minister, said the problem involved both hand-held and hand-free phones, but pointed out in a written Parliamentary answer that there were already laws in place to deal with the matter.

Mr Mill, 34, had been listening to his message service just before he crossed to the wrong side

of the road and smashed head-on into a van whose driver Geoffrey Murray, 54, died after the crash in Bracknell, Berkshire, 20 months ago.

Sentencing Mill at Reading Crown Court, Judge Josh Laid made it clear the effects of using the phone while driving had not been fully established.

He said: "There may well be speculation that using the mobile phone shortly before the

bend was a factor that contributed to your not having proper control of your vehicle as you took the bend, but it can be no more than suspicion."

However, Lynn Murray, who was married to Geoffrey Murray, said: "I would hope that the media coverage of this case would help to make people more aware of the dangers of using a hand-held phone while driving."

"I would ask you to all think

before you make that call – pull over and stop first."

Earlier this month, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents called for a complete ban on using any car phone while in motion. Yesterday, Dave Rogers, RSPA's Road Safety Adviser, said it would be consulting police chiefs and the Government, adding: "This case has powerfully demonstrated the danger of using mobile phones while driving."

A recent survey of 6,000 motorists in Canada suggested that drivers on a mobile phone were four times more likely to be involved in an accident.

Although there are no specific laws, the police do have the power to prosecute for dangerous driving, careless driving, or failure to have "proper control" of a vehicle. This last offence has been used to cover a variety of unusual acts, including motorists shaving, reading and eating toast, as well as using mobile phones.

Some believe the law is inadequate. Last month Mrs Lynda Hudd began civil proceedings against a man using a phone when his car collided with and killed her 11-year-old daughter Rebekka. The driver, David Powell, was fined £250 for careless driving.

The RAC supports the call for greater awareness, but says the emphasis should be on improving the behaviour of drivers rather than banning the use of phones.

Leading article, page 19

## Reckless to use it at the wheel

Sue Youngman uses a mobile phone all the time in her work as a public relations executive in London, including in her car to and from meetings.

"For me a mobile phone is not a luxury, it's a fundamental part of my working life. My clients may need to get in touch with me urgently. I leave the phone on, but when I get a call I pull over to the curb to answer it."

She agrees many drivers are reckless when using the phones at the wheel and argues that it is different to talking to a fellow passenger. "It still comes as a shock when the phone rings if you are going around a corner or changing gear. If it's not hands-free you have to take one hand off the wheel."

## An essential tool of business

Former traffic policeman Mark Cox drives all around the country in his role as franchise support manager for Abbey Investigations, a nationwide private investigations agency, where a mobile phone is an essential tool of business.

"With the amount of travel I do around the country, I see them all the time, and some are veering all over the road. It's only a matter of time before legislation is brought in."

With his advanced driving training, Mr Cox feels he can drive safely with his hands-free mobile, though he tries to pull over and encourages franchisees to do the same.

"It's about making people aware of what they're doing."

# Mystery of girl stabbed by intruder

Jason Bennetto  
Crime Correspondent

A 12-year-old refugee girl who was strangled to death at her home by an intruder was described by her headmistress yesterday as an "exceptional pupil" and a great loss.

Police are hunting the killer of Katerina Koneva, who moved to Britain two years ago from the former Yugoslavian state of Macedonia, after her father found her dead.

Tajko Koneva returned home on Wednesday afternoon to find a man in his first floor flat in Hammesmith, west London. A scuffle followed and the intruder

escaped through a window, but the father chased him into the street, apparently unaware that his daughter was dying.

Mr Koneva continued to chase the man until he hijacked a Fiat Uno, forcing the female driver out of the car. The man abandoned the car nearby and escaped on foot.

It was not until the father returned home that he discovered his daughter.

A man, who lived downstairs from the Konevas, said yesterday: "I heard the father shouting... please come and help me someone... We went to help him... and then we saw Katerina on the floor. Her face was

a strange bluish-purple colour. We didn't know if she was still alive, but we thought she was because she was still breathing."

"Then an ambulance came and they tried to give her the kiss of life. But a policeman said later that she was dead."

Mr Koneva came to this country about four years ago. His wife, daughter, and six-year-old son joined him two years later. The dead girl was a pupil in the first year at Holland Park School in Kensington, west London, where headteacher Mary Marsh yesterday wrote to all parents saying: "It is with profound sadness that I write to tell you of the tragic

death of Katerina Koneva."

"It appears that Katerina was attacked at home soon after she returned from school. You will share our shock and deep distress about this. Katerina was an exceptional student... She is a great loss to us."

The motive for the attack remains unclear. Police have yet to say whether there was any indication of sexual assault, or whether the flat was burgled.

The suspect is of Greek or Arabic appearance and in his middle to late forties. He was of stocky build, 5ft 6in tall, with receding hair, short at the sides.

Neighbours have laid flowers outside the dead girl's house.

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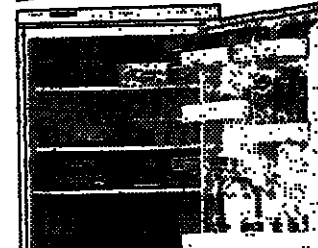


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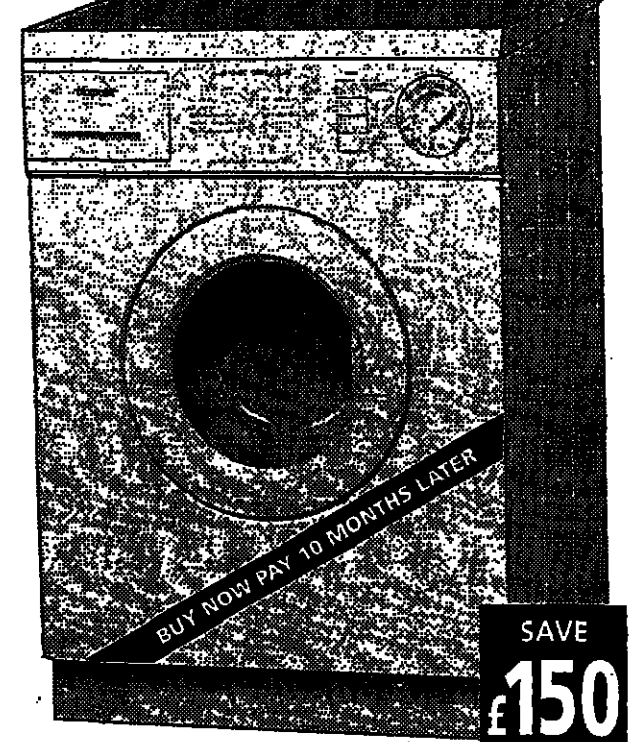
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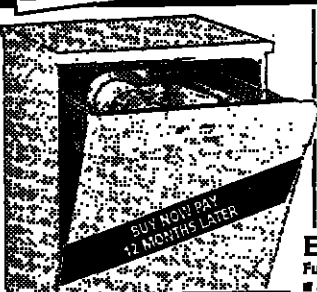
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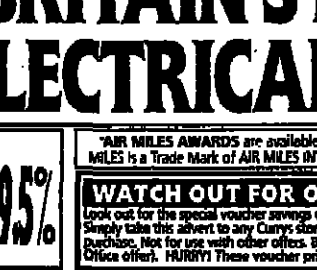
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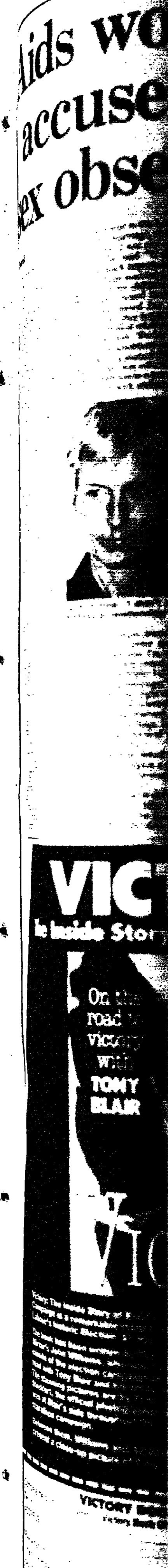
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# Aids woman accused of sex obsession

Ian Burrell  
Lamaca

Janette Pink, the English woman who is accusing her former Cypriot lover of deliberately giving her Aids, yesterday underwent the harrowing ordeal of being questioned in intimate detail about her sex life before a court.

Mrs Pink, who has been told by doctors that she may only have a year to live, denied that she regarded sex as "more important than food" in her relationship with a fisherman, Pavlos Georgiou, who sat before her in the dock at Lamaca District Court.

Under intense questioning from Tassos Economou, for the defence, Mrs Pink, 45, remained resolute and determined as she told the court the couple had enjoyed "uninhibited physical relationships after meeting four years ago in a bar in Cyprus".

She admitted that three months into their relationship, friends had filled her bed with condoms and pot-pourri. But she came home with Mr Georgiou, cleared away the condoms and had unprotected sex. "We never used a condom," she said. "It never occurred to me. These were not my condoms. They were put there as a joke from my friends and cousins."

Only a month earlier she had taken an Aids test after being told her lover might have the virus. The test proved negative.

Asked what her feelings were for Mr Georgiou at this time, she said: "I was very fond of him. You could say I loved him."

Occasionally shooting pained glances to her parents, Vic and Sheila Ruston, who were sitting near the front of the court, Mrs Pink said that sex had not been important to her before she went to live on the island following the break-up of her 20-year marriage to a City accountant.

"My husband in the last few years of my marriage, was not very well and I was not active sexually," she said. "It didn't have very much importance to me. I had been married a long time. I'd had my children."

The court heard that the couple had dated for four months before they began their 18-month physical relationship.

Mrs Pink said: "Pavlos never forced any attentions on me. It was always a mutual thing."

She said she was reluctant to become a mistress to a man who was married with children. "I

Mr Georgiou, 39, is accused, under an obscure Cypriot law drawn up to stop the spread of cholera and typhoid. He could face up to two years in jail.

As he arrived in court wearing sunglasses and a short-sleeved shirt he expressed his contempt for his former lover.

"She's out of my mind. I thought nothing when I saw her yesterday," he said. "I had my head down so I did not look at her because to me she's no longer there. She does not exist."

He kept his eyes away from Mrs Pink as she told the court that she had been on a succession of holidays to Cyprus since 1989. On some occasions she had come with her husband and two children and on others she had travelled alone.

Mr Economou put it to her that during three trips to the island in a six-month period in 1991 and 1992 she had been having an affair with a man named Damianos. Mrs Pink said it was a lie. "I never had a relationship with him. We were friends," she said.

Mr Economou suggested that Mrs Pink was a woman who liked to have fun and enjoyed going to bars in the resort of Agia Napa, near where she lived. "I'm informed that you also used to sing very nicely," he said. She replied: "I've got a terrible voice."

Mrs Pink, who now lives with her parents in Basildon, Essex, said she had first heard of Aids eight years ago but had not taken a special interest in the virus and its effects.

"I have not watched any specific programmes about HIV. If there was an item in the news I would have watched it, and if there was an article in the newspaper I might have read it. But it didn't have any specific interest to me," she said.

"Like many people I believe, really it was only the gay community or drugs users who really had a problem with Aids. I was very naive."



Janette Pink: 'I didn't want a physical relationship'

wanted to remain friends. I didn't want to enter into a physical relationship. I'm not in the habit of having casual relationships with people. I'd been in a long-term marriage," she said. "It didn't feel right to enter into a physical relationship because he was married, but eventually my feelings broke down and the physical relationship happened."

Mr Economou asked her: "Was Pavlos Georgiou a good lover, very good, average or excellent?"

Shaking her head in disbelief at the question, Mrs Pink replied: "Good." The accused smiled briefly in the dock.



Tug of war: Indigo, a Bengal tiger, with keeper Stephen Noyes Smith at the opening of Glasgow Zoo's trout pool yesterday. Photograph: Jeff Mitchell/Reuters

## Curry war may have led to killing

Jason Bernetto  
Crime Correspondent

Detectives believe that a fast-food delivery man who was stabbed to death outside the home of the Solicitor-General may have been killed as part of a "curry war" between rival restaurants.

Abdul Samad, 26, died from multiple stab wounds, after being lured to a street in north London on Wednesday night by a bogus order for a curry. Shortly after Mr Samad arrived with the food he was set upon by two or three masked men and attacked with a knife or cleaver and beaten with a blunt object.

In what appears to be a bizarre co-incidence the killers

used the home of the Solicitor-General, Lord Falconer, a life-long friend of Tony Blair, as the false address for the delivery.

Police are investigating previous attacks on fast-food outlets in the area to discover whether a feud is behind the murder. So far they have found details of one or two incidents, including one involving a pizza restaurant, but believe others may not have been reported. They intend to interview the owners and staff of food outlets in the area.

There is evidence to support the suggestion that some kind of feud was involved.

The bogus food order to the Curry In A Hurry takeaway in St Paul's Road, Islington, was

made from a public telephone box close to the home of Lord Falconer in Islington. Mr Samad, from Bethnal Green, east London, who took the delivery by car, parked close to the Solicitor-General's home.

As he got out of his car he was chased by the men who attacked him with a knife or cleaver and a blunt object similar to a baseball bat. He was taken to hospital but died about three hours later.

Nothing was taken from Mr Samad and several valuable items were discovered on his body. The assailants were described as Asians in their 20s.

A weapon has been recovered and two people were arrested in connection with the murder

but both have been bailed.

Although Mr Samad is not the owner of Curry In A Hurry, police are examining suggestions that his Bangladeshi family owns part of the take away. There are no previous reports of attacks against staff of the food outlet.

Detective Superintendent Colin Hardingham, who is heading the murder hunt, said: "Part of the inquiry will be to look if there have been any similar incidents in the area. At the moment we know of one or two, but others may not have been reported to the police."

He added: "We are examining a number of possible motives at the moment. It could have been a robbery that went

horribly wrong, or it may be something personal or something to do with the business."

On the question of why the killers chose Lord Falconer's home address Det Supt Hardingham said: "We have spoken to the Solicitor-General and he did not order the curry."

"We are confident it has nothing to do with his family. It's a bizarre coincidence. This attack was clearly planned."

Lord Falconer and his family were unaware of the incident until they were woken by police. Mr Blair appointed Lord Falconer, a school friend, days after the election. The £78,000-a-year post of Solicitor-General involves overseeing the Crown Prosecution Service.

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# Unionists lose Belfast power

The votes for the two main parties – the nationalist Social Democratic and Labour Party, and the Ulster Unionist Party

However Pat Bradley, North-

hard bargaining will centre on the moderate Alliance party, whose six councillors appear to hold the balance of power.



Behind the wire: Campaign supporter Terry Waite greeting runway protesters at Manchester Airport yesterday Photograph: Phil Noble/News Team

# Protesters warned of rain threat to tunnel safety

Two more protesters were evicted from treehouses yesterday but Friends of the Earth believe at least another 100 people are holding out up trees and in more than 10 tunnels.

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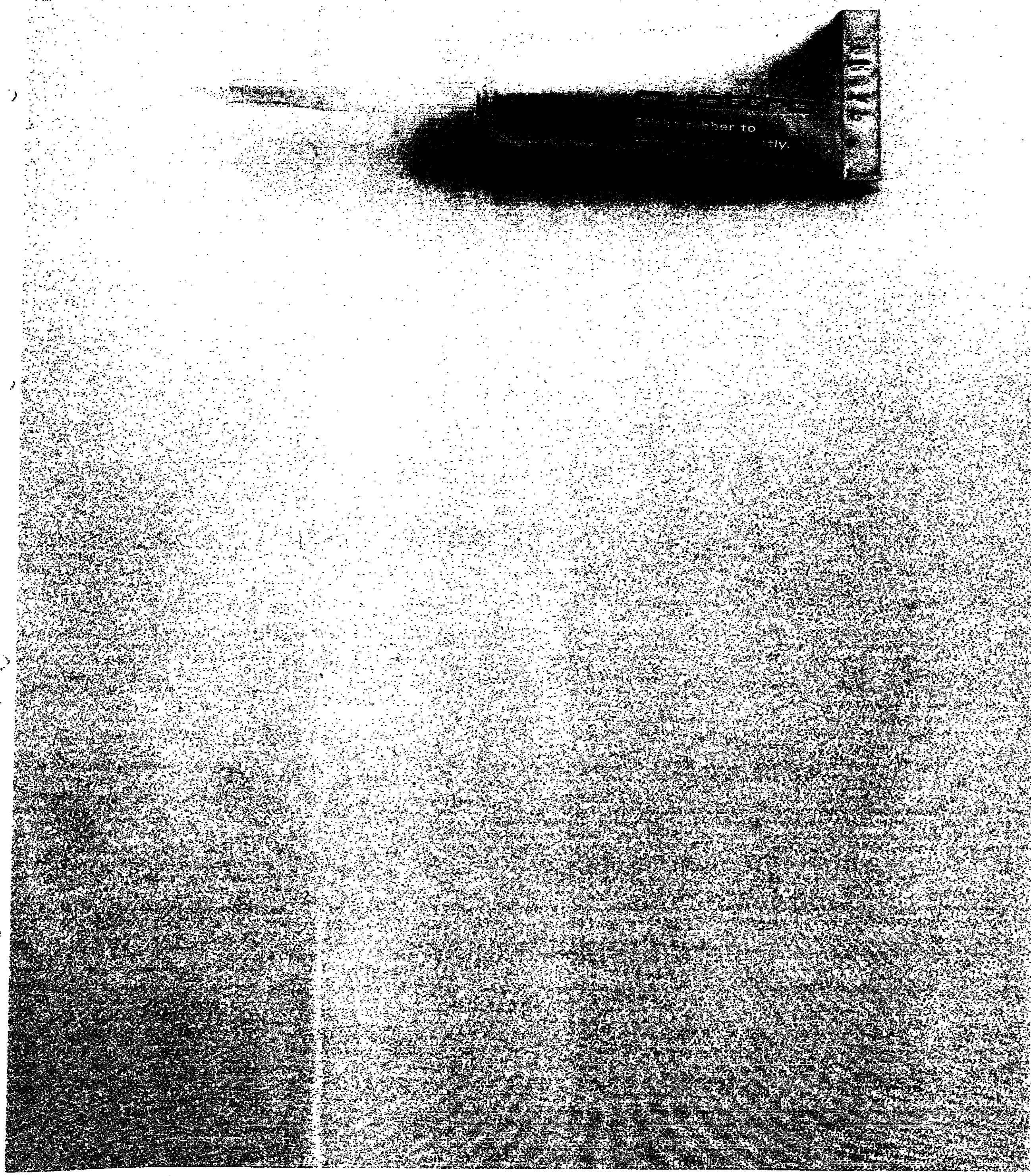
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# Foster father had known sex conviction

Roger Dobson

A care worker jailed yesterday for six and a half years after admitting 10 charges of indecent assaults on boys in his care, had been convicted of a child sex offence 25 years earlier.

Roger Saint looked after children, both in a residential home and as a foster father in his own home, for six local authorities despite a conviction for the indecent assault on a 12-year-old boy.

He was also appointed to the Clwyd Fostering and Adoption Panel, which helped to vet would-be carers. Police failed to find his earlier conviction when asked to carry out a search because his date of birth was given incorrectly.

But even when the conviction came to light, at least four councils continued to send boys to him. Chester Crown Court was told yesterday. One council believed that his indecent conviction was not significant.

The North Wales Tribunal, investigating abuse of children in care across North Wales, will now investigate the case.

Mr Justice Laws told Saint: "This is a very serious case indeed. It is wholly obvious that you embarked on a deliberate course of molesting boys in

our care over a period of 13 years."

The court was told that Saint either masturbated the boys or told them to masturbate him. In evidence to the police, boys told how their lives had been changed by what had happened. One said: "I will never forget him. He was supposed to look after me. I just hope no-one else suffers like that."

And another said: "I didn't like what he was doing, but I was a child then and I thought he was just being kind."

Saint was convicted of indecent abuse in June 1972. He had previously worked in children's homes in a number of areas, including Hampshire, Wiltshire, Wiltshire and Wiltshire.

Only six months after that conviction, which should have prevented him from working with children again, he started work at a children's home in Manchester and was then officer in charge of a residential school in Merseyside.

In December 1978, he was approved as an adopted parent by Clwyd social services. Clwyd no longer exists but a spokesman for the successor councils said checks had been made with North Wales Police but nothing had been found.

A police spokesman said: "When Clwyd made the inquiry we were supplied with an incorrect date of birth. The vetting procedure was constructed on the basis that the information was correct. Twenty years later there are now no records of the actual check and we are therefore unable to identify where the failing occurred."

In March 1985, Saint became self-employed as a full-time foster carer working from home and two years later was appointed a member of the fostering and adoption panel.

In 1988, Saint's previous conviction came to light when Devon Social Services put in a request for a new check after Saint had approached them about two of their children.

Six social service departments placed children with Saint - North Tyneside, North Yorkshire, Tower Hamlets, Greenwich and Clwyd. In total, 19 children were cared for by Saint.

By this time at least four of councils were aware of his conviction. Michael Farmer QC said: "The view of Tower Hamlets that it was an isolated incident and children placed with him had been doing well. North Tyneside were aware and their judgment was that [that] conviction was not significant."



## The first woman with Alzheimer's

Jeremy Laurence  
Health Editor

An account of the world's first patient to be diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease has been discovered in a file that had been lost for 90 years.

The patient, a 51-year-old woman from Frankfurt known

as Auguste D, was diagnosed by Alois Alzheimer with a form of dementia that subsequently became known as Alzheimer's disease.

Alzheimer described her case in a remarkable lecture delivered to a conference of psychiatrists in Tübingen, southern Germany, on 4 November 1906.

The file on her case, including case notes which movingly detail the extent of her mental decline, was described in an article published in 1909 but had not been seen since.

The discovery of the file was described as a miracle yesterday by Professor Konrad Maurer who came upon it by chance in

the archives of the Johann Wolfgang Goethe University psychiatric clinic in Frankfurt. "Holding the missing document with Dr Alzheimer's own handwriting is like holding history in your hand," Professor Maurer said.

The blue cardboard file was well preserved and contained pictures of the patient, samples of her handwriting, a case history, brain tissue analyses and a post-mortem report. The first sign of her illness was a powerful feeling of jealousy towards her husband. She rapidly began to lose her memory and developed delusions and hallucinations. Examination of her brain after death showed the pattern of plaques, neurofibrillary tangles and other changes that have since come to be recognised as the defining characteristics of Alzheimer's disease.

The case notes begin on 26 November 1901, recording Dr Alzheimer's interview with his patient. Her answers are given in italics.

"She sits on a bed with a helpless expression. What is your name? Auguste. Last name? Auguste. What is your husband's name? Auguste, I think. Your husband. Ah, my husband. She looks as if she didn't understand the question. Are you married? To Auguste. Mrs D? Yes, yes. Auguste D. How long have you been here? She seems to be trying to remember. Three weeks. What is this? I show her a pencil. A pen.

"At lunch she eats cauliflower and pork. Asked what she is eating she answers spinach. When

objects are shown to her she does not remember after a short time which have been shown. In between she always speaks about twins. Asked to write Auguste D she writes Mrs and forgets the rest. It is necessary to repeat every word."

After Auguste D died in 1906, Alzheimer asked for her records and brain to be sent to him in Munich where he was then working. Six months later he delivered his lecture in Tübingen which was published a year later with the title "A characteristic serious disease of the cerebral cortex", but it was not until the eighth edition of the *Handbook of Psychiatry* in 1910 that the term "Alzheimer's disease" was used.

Professor Maurer, who describes his find in *The Lancet*, says it lays to rest a dispute among European doctors about whether Auguste D had Alzheimer's disease or another diagnosis such as arteriosclerosis of the brain in which the walls of the blood vessels become progressively thickened cutting off the blood supply.

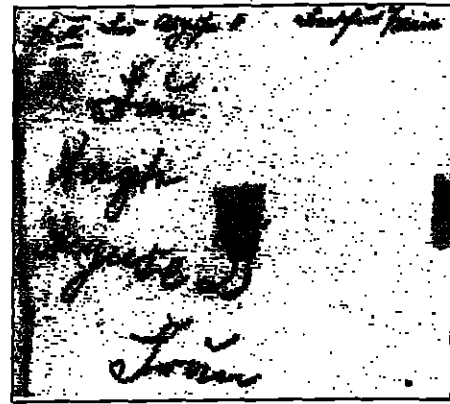
Notes in the file show that Auguste D had the distinctive signs of a degenerative and not a vascular (blood vessel) dementia and there were no significant signs of arteriosclerosis.

A copy of the file is to go on public display at the house in the village of Marktreuth, near Würzburg in central Germany, where Alzheimer was born and which was converted to a museum to commemorate his work in 1995.



Auguste D, the first recorded case of Alzheimer's disease, pictured in November 1902. Above, the cover of her recently rediscovered file, which had been lost for 90 years. Below, examples of her handwriting.

Photographs courtesy of The Lancet



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# Cornwall on march as its economy goes west

Ian Burrell

Cornwall is on the march. Dying centuries of "oppression" by their English overlords, thousands of Cornish people will set out for London this weekend on a mass demonstration of their "difference" from the rest of Britain.

One of the poorest regions in the British Isles, the county has watched as the demise of its fishing fleet followed the collapse of its tin-mining industry, and its people have seized on the 500th anniversary of a bloody Cornish rebellion to make an expression of "national" pride.

Half a millennium ago it was the imposition of an English tax, levied to fight a war on Scotland, that led 15,000 Cornish rebels to march on London. The 1497 rebellion ended with 2,000 Cornishmen being slaughtered by Henry VII's army at Blackheath, on the south-eastern fringe of the capital.

Among the marchers this weekend will be Victor Angove, a 42-year-old robotics technician from Milwaukee, who leads a large contingent of Cornish-Americans taking part in the event. Mr Angove is a direct descendant of Michael Joseph An Gof, the leader of the 1497 rebellion. For his actions, his ancestor was drawn through the streets of London, from the Tower to Tyburn, before being hung, drawn and quartered.

Arriving in Britain, Mr Angove said: "To me it's amazing that the people of Cornwall are still celebrating this event 500 years later. I'm extremely proud to be related to a folk hero."

Over the next month, the 320-mile An Gof march will be retraced, including a re-enactment of a skirmish which took place at Guildford, Surrey.

The arrival of the marchers in London will precede a celebration of Cornish identity, with the capital hosting Cornish trade shows and cultural performances. There will be a commemorative service in the Tower of London followed by a procession to Marble Arch.

The march is a focal point for a resurgence in Cornish identity which has seen a revival in the

region's culture. Bilingual road signs have been put up, and many local cars carry a "Kernow" (Cornwall) stickers. It is a form of nationalism which has emerged in other parts of Europe in a process dubbed the "Balkanisation" of the Continent.

The mood has spread to Cornish youth which has adopted surfing as its "national" sport and adapted the yellow Cornish tartan as a fashion item.

Even the Bible is being translated into Cornish for the first time. While the Welsh and even the Manx have had their versions for many centuries, the Cornish await the completion of a project being undertaken by a team of 13 volunteers who are translating from ancient Greek.

Graham Sandercock, chairman of the Cornish Languages Board, said: "This should have been done centuries ago... The demise of Cornish is... partly attributed to the lack of a Bible."

Cornwall even has its own nationalist party, Mebyon Kernow (Sons of Cornwall), which regards Plymouth, the nearest large city, as part of a foreign country. Mebyon Kernow (MK) fielded a record four candidates in the May election, but the party fared badly as voters preferred to back the Liberal Democrats for their strong pro-Cornish stance.

Nevertheless, Loveday Jenkin, an MK councillor, said the election had demonstrated a clear Celtic voting pattern: "Look at Cornwall, Wales and Scotland," she said. "None of those areas has a Conservative MP."

Judy Lucy, of the Cornish American Heritage Society, said Cornish consciousness in the US was "growing every day". Cornish marches are to be held in a dozen American cities. "It has been like opening up a whole new world," she said.

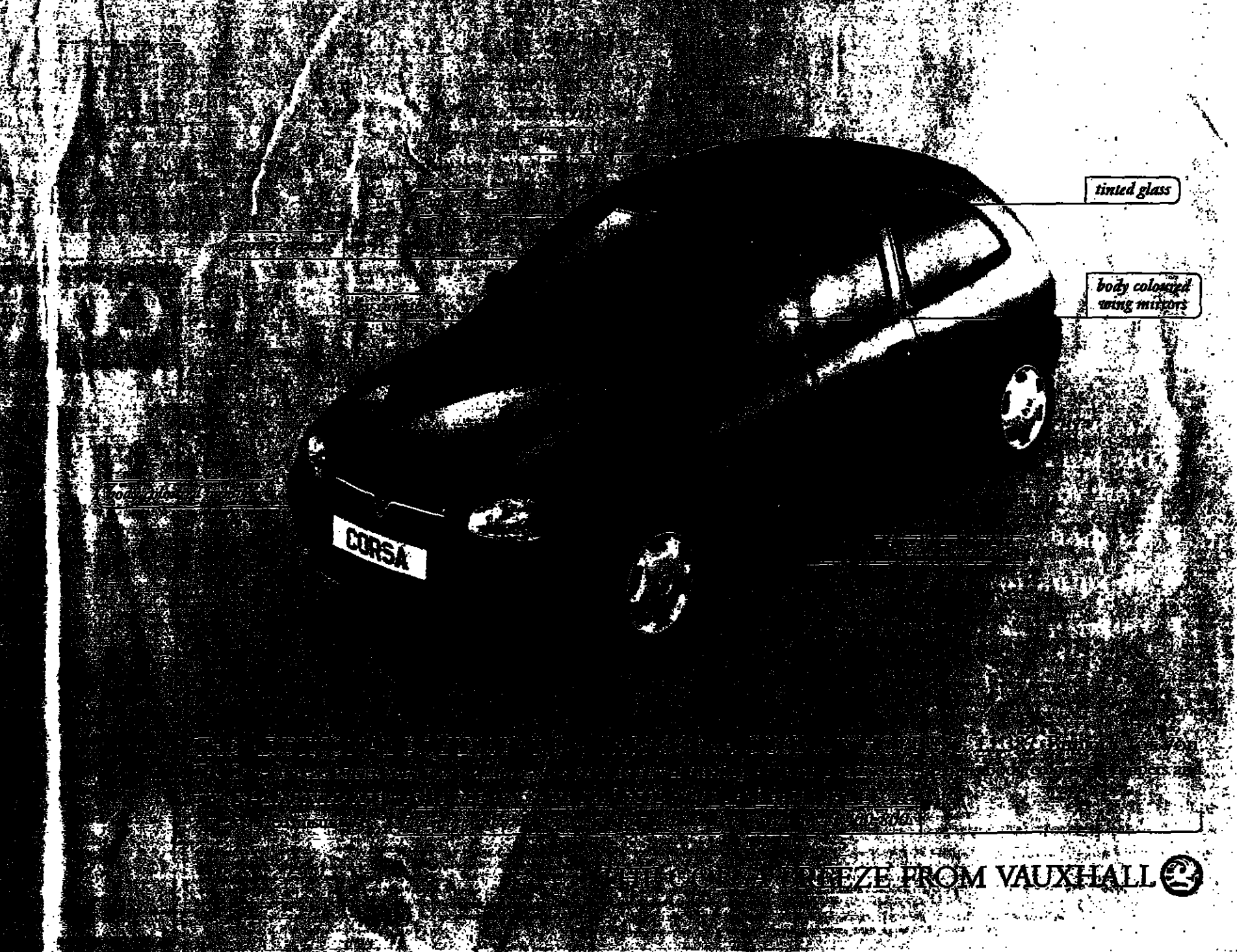
For proud Cornishmen like Andrew George, the newly elected Liberal Democrat MP for St Ives, and former member of MK, the march is a unique opportunity to state Cornwall's case to the world.

"It's time for Cornwall to stand up for itself," he said. "We are poor, we have high unemployment and the lowest wages in the country, and we are going to start fighting back."



Carrying a torch: Donald MacLeod's painting, *Crossing the Tamar - the Cornish Rebellion*, showing Cornwall's pitchfork army on its way to the English capital in 1497

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## politics

# Calls to end arms exports to Indonesia

Colin Brown  
Chief Political Correspondent

Export licences of arms to Indonesia should be revoked before a government review is completed, Menzies Campbell, the Liberal Democrat spokesman on foreign affairs, demanded last night.

Speaking after a report in *The Independent* highlighting the sale of armoured vehicles and water cannons in spite of the Government's ethical foreign policy, Mr Campbell called for an immediate ban on the sales.

He said there was nothing a review would tell us about Indonesia's suppression of democratic dissent and repression of East Timor that was not known already.

"There can't be a stronger case for a change in Britain's policy than the example of Indonesia. Knowing what we know, it is inconceivable that we should continue to supply arms to a regime of such brutality," Mr Campbell said.

Earlier, Robin Cook, the Foreign Secretary, said he was "surprised" that water cannons were exported from Britain and would be asking "searching questions" in the review, which he announced on Thursday.

Revoking the export licences could open the Government to compensation claims by British exporters. But the Foreign Sec-

retary gave a clear signal that he could still act against the exports if they were judged to contravene the policy he had introduced for taking ethics into account in diplomacy.

"That report in *The Independent* is unfounded," said Mr Cook. "We have made no decisions to revoke or not to revoke any arms sales."

But he added: "I was personally surprised that we export water cannons we don't use in Britain. I will be asking some searching questions about that."

Downing Street refused to rule out the possibility of compensation if the Government took tough action to enforce the export ban. *The Independent* reported that export licences had been granted for seven armoured water cannons and 17 armoured vehicles. Water cannons and British-made armoured personnel carriers were used in Jakarta this week to break up a march, as tensions mounted in the run-up to Indonesia's general election.

The most difficult issue facing the Cook review will be continuing orders for the Hawk trainer jet, which campaigners allege were converted and used to carry out attacks on people of East Timor. There is an outstanding order for 16 new Hawk fighter jets, worth £300m, by British Aerospace, on which many jobs will depend.



Lock-out: Downing Street's iron gates keeping out Tony Blair's public yesterday as firmly as they did Margaret Thatcher's. Photograph: John Voos

## Blair shuts gates on open government

Colin Brown

Tony Blair caught the public mood on the morning after the election by walking into Downing Street to be greeted by members of the public, friends and party workers, with their children waving flags. But since then the gates have remained shut, and it appears they will have to stay so for the foreseeable future.

Mr Blair will throw open the doors of No 10 to President Bill and Hillary Clinton for an informal visit next week, and

some of Mr Blair's supporters felt that removing the Thatcher gates from the end of Downing Street would be the perfect public symbol for the new mood of optimism brought about by the change of government.

But Mr Blair has said in a written Commons answer: "Security measures at Downing Street are kept under constant review and our advice is at present they should remain."

Crowds outside No 10 were a common sight until Margaret Thatcher was advised to install

the gates during her term of office to deter IRA bombers.

The need for the gates has been underlined on a number of occasions, but the IRA has also shown they are no barrier to attack. It launched a mortar attack on Downing Street in February 1992 and disrupted a Cabinet meeting. In October 1992, the IRA forced a taxi driver to take a bomb to the gates - the explosion shook Whitehall but did not cause any injuries.

The security forces believe the gates are still serving their purpose. They are supplemented by a hydraulic ramp in Downing Street to stop a suicide bomber crashing through with a lorry. The famous front door to No 10 was replaced by a blast-proof version during Mr Major's tenure, as were the Georgian sash windows.

A sustained IRA ceasefire might persuade the security forces to risk taking the black iron gates off their hinges and throwing Downing Street open to the public again.

But they are expected to argue that other groups desperate for publicity could still present a threat.

Downing Street sources said it was likely Hillary Clinton and Cherie Blair would have lunch together, while the President and Prime Minister lunch in Downing Street next Thursday. The Clintons are dropping in on the Blair en route for a summit in Europe to mark the 50th anniversary of the Marshall Plan. The Blair's will spend bank holiday Monday at Chequers.

## Grandeers faced by grassroots rebellion

Colin Brown

An angry backlash from Tory supporters was last night growing against party grandeers who denied them a say in the selection of the Conservative leader.

"They are furious," said one Tory MP last night. Their anger is directed at Sir Archie Hamilton, the newly elected chairman of the 1922 Committee, who opposed any immediate change in the rules to allow the constituencies their say.

But the dismay is also directed at Robin Hodgson, chairman of the voluntary wing, the National Union, for falling into line with Sir Archie's promises of a review of the rules.

The Tory grandeers, who act as the shop stewards for Tory backbenchers, are accused of being out of touch with the constituencies, and there was open revolt being threatened.

Tory MPs were warned of a "serious risk of insurrection" by the Conservative MEP Graham Mather who said some local activists were up in arms over the ruling at the meeting of the 1922 Committee on Thursday. The executive of one local party was believed to be on the verge of resignation.

"There is a serious risk the party will have two leaders - one chosen by the parliamentary party and the other chosen by ourselves," said Mr Mather.

William Hague, the youngest leadership challenger at 36, promised in Bristol last night to revive the party.

He said it should try to double its membership within two years, and of making sure half of the new members were younger than the new leader.

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## 2,000 poor pupils to lose help with fees

Judith Judd  
Education Editor

Independent schools yesterday accused the Government of breaking its pledges as the education Bill to abolish the assisted places scheme was published.

They said Labour had promised before the election that pupils in private preparatory schools who were due to transfer to senior school at 13 would have their places funded until they were 13. Details of the Bill showed that most would lose all financial help at the age of 11.

The Bill removes the duty of the Secretary of State for Education to operate the scheme which helps fund places in fee-paying schools for bright pupils from poor backgrounds. The money saved will be used to reduce class sizes. It ensures that there will be no new intake of pupils with assisted places this September but that pupils with existing places will continue to be funded.

Pupils under 11 will be paid for until they reach the end of their primary education unless they live in one of the few ar-

reas of the country where the date of transfer to state secondary schools is higher than 11. A memorandum to the Bill explains that classes for five- to seven-year-olds will be reduced to no more than 30 by the end of this Parliament.

Legislation to bring about the reduction will be part of a second education Bill to be introduced in the autumn. Stephen Byers, the School Standards minister, said: "Parents know how important smaller class sizes are in order to improve standards and provide a high-quality education."

"We shall phase out the assisted-places scheme which applied to just 38,000 schoolchildren in order to ensure that the 440,000 five-, six- and seven-year-olds presently in classes of over 30 will benefit from cuts in class sizes."

The scheme costs £140m a year and its abolition will save £100m by 2000. The Independent Schools Information Service (ISIS) produced a letter written seven weeks ago by Peter Kilfoyle, then Labour's schools spokesman, saying that support for pupils in schools

which ran to 13 would continue until they were 13.

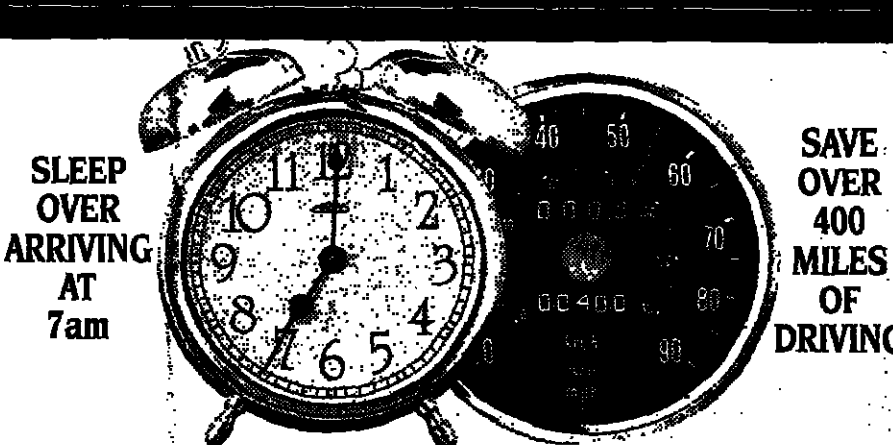
David Woodhead, director of ISIS, said: "The Government has wasted no time breaking a pre-election promise. The effect will be to disrupt the education of up to 2,000 children."

The schools said they were also asking for clarification about a clause which allows the secretary of state to make regulations about the level of fees for those pupils on existing assisted places. They are concerned that fees should continue to be updated. They are considering a legal challenge to some aspects of the Bill.

A spokesman for ISIS said: "We are not seeking to be obstructive. We recognise that the Government has a mandate to do this but we want to ensure that individual schools and children are not penalised unfairly."

A spokesman for the Department for Education said the Government's key pledge was to reduce class sizes. Under the Bill, it would be open to the secretary of state to extend the qualifying period for an assisted place for individual pupils. Each case would be treated on its merits.

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## Japanese offer County Hall as seat of London government

Christian Wolmar  
Westminster Correspondent

The red flag, albeit a new Labour one, may well fly over County Hall, London, in what would be a symbolic final defeat for Thatcherism.

As ministers are drawing up a consultation paper on how to bring about the manifesto commitment of creating a London mayor and a new, all-London authority, the owners of County Hall have written to Tony Blair, the Prime Minister, to offer up to 200,000 square feet of offices in the building which is just on the other side of Westminster Bridge from the Houses of Parliament.

Much of Margaret Thatcher's antipathy to the Greater London Council was a result of its use of County Hall as a visible challenge to her rule, with the prominent use of political slogans and a round-up of the number of London's unemployed blazing across the Thames.

Mac Okamoto, the legal representative of Shirayama Shokusan, the company which bought the building after the abolition of the GLC in 1986, says that despite the creation of an aquarium and plans for a hotel in the complex, the building, which still has its debating chamber, would be "the best place for the

new mayor to receive a great number of visitors, including those from overseas". The space would be let at a "commercially reasonable rate".

While ministers were privately saying that they would consider the offer seriously, Mr Okamoto's generosity was not received graciously everywhere. One senior Labour source, still smarting at the sale of the building said: "This is just a sign of the company's desperation. They haven't known what to do with the building and hope that we will rescue them. In any case, they still owe £10m on the building because payment has been deferred to the year 2012. There is no reason why we should pull their chestnuts out of the fire."

The government hopes to pass legislation by February next year in time for a referendum to be held at the same time as London's council elections in May. The authority would then start operating in 2000.

However, there are differences within the Government over the size of the authority and the method of electing it. Government sources say that it may have a small number of members, perhaps one from each of the boroughs, but there is resistance to the suggestion that it should be elected by proportional representation.

## £37m grant to turn clay pit to paradise

Millennium Commission funding of £37.15m was yesterday announced for Cornwall's "Garden of Eden" - a 1km-long, 60m-high greenhouse complex in a disused clay pit.

Four mini-climates and more than 10,000 plant species will flourish in what is claimed will be the world's biggest botanical gardens at Bodelva, near St Austell.

The grant was announced in Cornwall by one of the millennium commissioners, the astronomer Heather Cooper, who described the Eden project as "absolutely mind-boggling".

"I am absolutely amazed at the scale of it and I think it is marvellous that a project of this environmental scale is coming out

of an environmentally scarred landscape," she said. The four climates - rainforest, desert, Mediterranean and temperate - would be "fascinating to look at as well scientifically robust".

The £105m project, which is due to be fully operational by April 2000, hopes to attract 750,000 visitors a year and create 300 jobs.

The joint project founder, Tim Smit, said it would be a "symbol of the regeneration of Cornwall", adding: "We believe it is worth doing because it marks a fundamental shift in our culture from exploitation to conservation." His co-founder is the architect Jonathan Bull, who master-minded the restoration of the Lost Gardens of Heligan.



Culture vulture: Fashion designer Isobel Blow, in Hay-on-Wye for the festival, attracting bemused looks yesterday

Photograph: Andrew Buurman

## Bloomsbury comes to Wye for book festival

Tony Heath

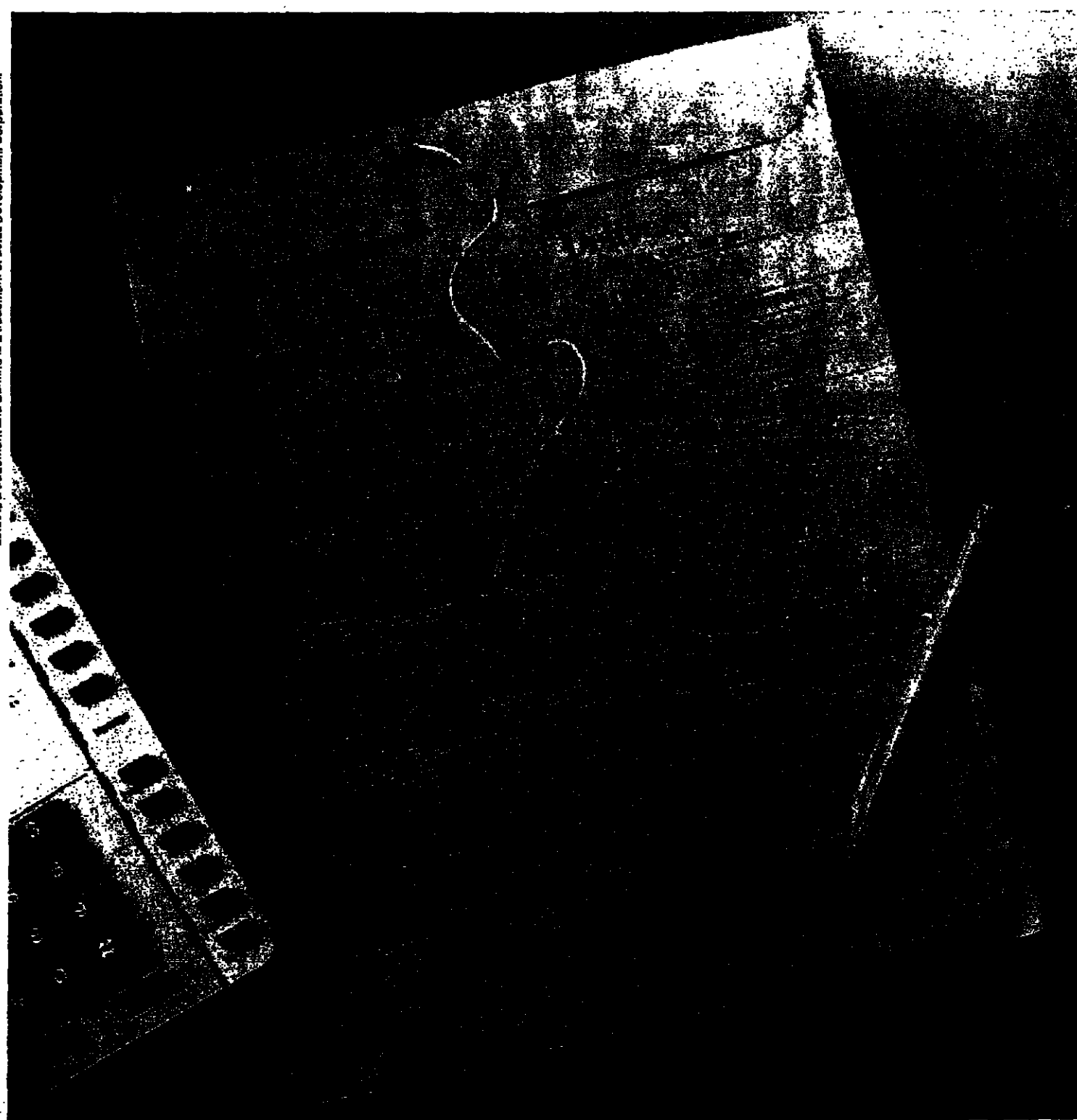
All cultural roads lead to Hay-on-Wye in the Welsh borders for the Hay Festival, a 10-day celebration of literature.

In 10 years the festival has come a long way. This year, about 30,000 people are expected to attend, pumping around £3m into the local economy.

Around 150 literary lions, including Edna O'Brien, Harold Pinter, Sue Townsend, Martin Bell, Beryl Bainbridge and Keith Waterhouse will be on hand to delight, provoke and annoy.

Bill Bryson will talk to the festival's director, Peter Florence, and Will Self will unburden himself to *The Independent's* Suzanne Moore about his new novel, *Great Apes*. Julian Bream, the Medici Quartet, Cleo Laine and John Dankworth will provide musical entertainment.

"The Hay Festival is a sort of giant garden party," said Mr Florence. It runs till next Sunday.



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# Iranians pick a fresh face of the revolution

If you believe what you see and hear in the streets of Tehran, Sayed Mohamed Khatemi was elected yesterday as President of the Islamic Republic. Among the middle classes and those who wish their nation's leadership to break the grip of the *bazari* and the more conservative clerics, the philosophy and education graduate who didn't even want to be a clergyman until his father insisted that he study theology at Qom, sounds like a man who can lead Iran into a new future.

But Iran boasts that it is an Islamic – not a democratic – republic, and most of the other large cities are likely to fall into line behind the speaker of parliament, Ali Akbar Nateq-Nouri, even if he doesn't hold the *Sayed* title which defines Khatemi as a descendant of the Prophet. In other words, it is well to view Iranian elections with unromantic eyes; history is not made here by five per cent swings in Isfahan South.

Who will lead the Islamic state into a new future, asks Robert Fisk in Tehran

Nouri. It was he who gained the support of 190 of the 270 parliamentarians in a *majlis* (assembly) petition and it was he who was fitted as a head of state during his official visit to Moscow earlier this year.

The Russians know Iran better than most of its neighbours. Could they have made such a mistake without reason, Iranians ask? Besides, the top clergy of Qom support Mr

Nateq-Nouri, even if he doesn't hold the *Sayed* title which defines Khatemi as a descendant of the Prophet. In other words, it is well to view Iranian elections with unromantic eyes; history is not made here by five per cent swings in Isfahan South.

Oddly enough, Isfahan is one province – along with his own home territory of Yazd – where Mr Khatemi has strong support outside Tehran. His father was Friday prayers leader in Yazd and the local clergy have spoken in his favour. Besides, the Islamic Revolution is 18 years old and needs a new face, someone who represents a younger, more vigorous Iran. Khatemi is the man, after all, who told his followers that Iran

must stop "adoring or hating the West", advising them to appreciate its good points as well as its failures.

There must be "freedom of thought and the assurance of be-

ing able to express oneself in all security," he said last year. The mentality of Iranians had been created by "two centuries of despotism."

All this sounds hopeful

enough; already American journalists, chewing over the very issues – "terrorism", Iran's opposition to the Middle East peace process and the Salman Rushdie *fatwa* – which have

played not the slightest role in the election campaign, are sorting the supporters of the two main contenders into doves, hawks, hardliners and moderates and all the other shorthand definitions which have so little relevance here.

Take, for example, the odd little adventure which Mr Nateq-Nouri's close friend, Ali Larjani – the former deputy minister for foreign affairs – made to London earlier this year.

The Iranian press claimed that although he was ostensibly visiting Britain to secure medical help for his son, Larjani met senior officials in the Foreign Office – in the company of an Iranian diplomat – and tried to explain that the Rushdie *fatwa* was only a religious edict and could be leniently reinterpreted in the future.

Was this the message the British expected from the adviser of the man who is supposed to represent the orthodox and conservative clergymen of Qom? Might not the West be just as happy with Mr Khatemi, a former minister of culture whose list of supporters – to put it mildly – has raised a few eyebrows? True, Faiza Rafsanjani, daughter of the outgoing president, is a supporter of Mr Khatemi. So is Mohsen Nourbakhsh, the governor of the central bank, and Gholam Hussein Karbaschi, Tehran's liberal and popular mayor.

Yet also among the Khatemi supporters is Hojatolislam Mohtashemi, the founder of the Lebanese Hizbollah and one of the creators of the Iranian intelligence service. So is the director of the leftist *Salaam* newspaper who just happened, in a previous incarnation, to have been spokesman for the Iranian students who took over the US embassy in Tehran and held its diplomats hostage in 1979.

Yet another Khatemi supporter turns out to be Ayatollah Khalkhali, once known as the "Butcher of Evin", who explained his order to execute a small boy in the early days of the revolution by remarking that, if it was a mistake, the child had anyway gone to heaven. Khalkhali is rumoured to have banged cats in his cell at a pre-revolutionary mental hospital. He is not, therefore, the kind of man whom Messrs Blair or Major would have wanted on their campaign trail last month.

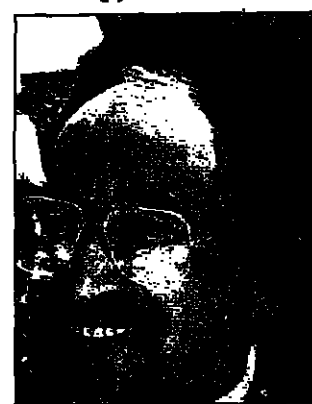
Yet it is easy to be cynical and

patronising about Iranian politics. If there is no democracy in the Western sense – 254 presidential candidates were barred by the Council of Guardians from standing and the supreme spiritual ruler, Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, made it clear that no candidate could change Iran's policy towards America – there was at least a choice available to the electorate yesterday, only one of whom caught the popular imagination.

Convoy of cars carrying young men through Tehran, all screaming Khatemi's name, said as much as the wall-posters of Mr Nateq-Nouri in the angry slums of Islamshahr: on each portrait of the parliament speaker, his eyes had been gouged out with a knife.

The 32 million electorate queued at polling stations throughout the country yesterday, Rafsanjani and Khamenei among them. The latter has urged Iranians to vote according to their conscience.

But a few little asides – about their being "only one right man" for the job – have given the impression that Mr Nateq-Nouri is Khamenei's man. Bets will no doubt be placed accordingly.



Contenders: Sayed Mohamed Khatemi, top, and Ali Akbar Nateq-Nouri

## Settlement key to Israel peace

Patrick Cockburn  
Jerusalem

A freeze on the construction of Israeli settlements for six months is essential for success in the summit next week in Egypt between Benjamin Netanyahu, the Israeli Prime Minister, and President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt, according to Amr Mousa, the Egyptian Foreign Minister. He said yesterday: "I would foresee a success if an agreement on a freeze on this question of settlements would be reached."

The Egyptian and Israeli leaders are to meet next Tuesday at Sharm el Sheikh, the Egyptian resort on the Red Sea. Relations between the two have deteriorated sharply as Mr Netanyahu pushes ahead with fresh construction of Jewish settlements on the West Bank and in East Jerusalem. It is unclear how far the Israeli leader wants the summit or has agreed to it largely to preempt a meeting between President Mubarak and Israeli President Weizman.

Mr Amr Mousa said: "Without the Netanyahu government agreeing to stop or freeze the settlements, particularly the construction on Har Homa, there will be no negotiations [between Israel and the Palestinians]. It is a dangerous, grave crisis, which is liable to bring

about catastrophe." It will be the third such meeting since Mr Netanyahu became Prime Minister a year ago.

A poll in the daily *Ma'ariv* newspaper shows that 62 per cent of Israeli voters are displeased with Mr Netanyahu's performance compared to 31 per cent who are pleased. Some 56 per cent of the electorate are expecting the chances of war to increase, compared to 25 per cent who expect peace. Nevertheless the divisions in the opposition Labour Party means if there was an election there is a good chance that Mr Netanyahu would win it. He may also be right in thinking he can face down Mr Arafat and the Arab world over settlements and ignore American disapproval.

Jerusalem (Reuters) – A Palestinian prisoner whose family said he was tortured to death by Israeli police this week may have been fatally beaten by guards at an Israeli hospital, Israel's *Haaretz* newspaper said yesterday.

The head of Jerusalem's Shaare Zedek hospital said police, not hospital guards, were "dominant" in the beating of Khaled Abu Dayeh at the hospital when he became violent after refusing treatment.

Police were not available to comment.

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# A little jazz fails to stir Juppé's people

John Lichfield reports from Lyons as party workers try to add sparkle to a lacklustre contest

Balloons! A jazz band! Garish placards! Carefully choreographed displays of spontaneous enthusiasm!

Somewhere had gone to a lot of trouble to give a little American jazz to the climactic rally of the French government's somewhat election campaign.

It worked, up to a point. The 1,000 or so party workers, bussed and TGV-ed into Lyons from all over the country, gave a convincing show of passion and confidence. Members of the Lyons public were not encouraged to attend; they did not seem disappointed, or even to be aware that the made-for-TV movie set was in town.

No matter. Several senior, centre-right figures, old and new – Raymond Barre (former prime minister), François Léotard (leader of the UDF alliance of small centre-right parties), Michel Barnier (European minister) – gave effective stem-winding speeches.

Then the Prime Minister stood up. And the evening deflated, like a balloon with a slow puncture.

There is no doubting Alain Juppé's great intelligence. Those who work closely with him insist that he has personal warmth. He may yet prove to be an inspired, political tactician. The decision to have the parliamentary elections nine months early was taken by his long-term boss and political

mentor, President Jacques Chirac. But the original idea was Mr Juppé's.

According to the opinion polls the move may pay off in the two rounds of voting, tomorrow and next Sunday, with a narrow victory for the present centre-right majority in the National Assembly. This would give Messrs Chirac and Juppé a further, five-year, clean sweep of the important, French, political institutions: presidency, parliament and government.

This would be five years in which, according to your viewpoint, they could: complete their stuttering reform and reduction of the French welfare state; carry France into Economic and Monetary Union (Emu); weather the worsening budgetary and unemployment crises; or stifle the embarrassing investigations into the dubious (at best) financing of their own party, the neo-Gaullist RPR.

What Mr Juppé is not is a politician capable of inspiring or uniting France. His limp closing speech in Lyons was a suitable epitaph for a limp campaign. The letters RPR stand for *Rassemblement pour la République*, or Rally for the Republic. "Rassemblement", or to bring together, is an important political concept in France, which has long suffered from the fragmentation and weakness of its political parties. What this election has notably failed to do is "rassembler" the



On the stump: A Frenchman ponders his country's imminent election which, despite the best efforts of politicians, has failed to dispel the ennui of voters.  
Photograph: Brian Harris

French people, either to the left or to the right.

The government may yet win its tactical bet on a snap election; the psephological arithmetic is so complex that a win by default for the left should not

be ruled out. But in a sense, whatever the result, the election will have been a failure for all parties; at least for all parties who care about the health of French democracy.

The level of interest in the

campaign has been low. Almost two thirds of French people have insisted that nothing that was said would affect their lives. The Socialists, written off at the start, recovered, largely through the stolid performance

of their leader Lionel Jospin, who was found personally likeable, if politically implausible. The far-right National Front (FN), shaken by internal divisions, may yet ratchet up the 15 per cent it scored in the presidential election two years ago. A poor turnout, and many spoiled papers, are predicted.

Why such cynicism? In part, French democracy is suffering from the same democratic ennui seen in the American and British elections: a sense that politicians can barely influence events, or even if they can, that they barely respond to the prompting of voters; a sense that the real decisions are now taken by markets or lobby groups or at a non-democratic supranational level, such as the European Union. The abstraction of the issues themselves – the single currency, globalism – tend to fill voters with a kind of pessimistic resignation.

To this global disaffection with democracy, the French have added layers of their own *morosité*. First, there is disgust at the series of still unfolding political-financial scandals which make the British sleaze debate

look like an argument over a taxi-fare. Secondly, there have been too many changes of French government in the past 16 years which have brought too little change, or not the changes promised, and especially no fall in taxes or unemployment (both among the highest in Europe). At the same time, the French people themselves are, in part, terrified of change and uncertain of what kind of changes are needed.

**Red, white and the blues**  
— John Lichfield  
tomorrow in the Independent on Sunday

The election was supposed to bring a "nouveau élan" or new momentum (Jacques Chirac) and to debate a "choice of civilisation" (Alain Juppé). But a proper debate hardly began: on Europe, or on unemployment, or the Chirac-Juppé state-shrinking reforms. Both sides danced around the underlying issue: should France – can France – move peacefully

away from its statist, dirigiste history (with all its achievements, comforts, peculiarities and handicaps) to a more enterprising, market-led society (with all its dynamism, injustices, class uniformities and discontents). Or is there such a thing as a third way? After the UK election, there was a brief flurry of interest in *le blairisme* but this deflated when it was realised that the political timelines of the two countries are irretrievably different. Can you have Blairism without having Thatcherism first?

The left accused the right of wishing to turn France into Ronald Reagan's America or Baroness Thatcher's Britain. The right accused the left of regressing to the Seventies with its plans for state-created jobs for the young, and a mandatory 35-hour working week with no cut in pay. With some reason, the right warned that a win for the left could cause a crisis in the EU.

Mr Jospin, under pressure from his Communist allies, has called for a renegotiation of some of the terms of Emu and a softer interpretation of others. If pursued vigorously in government, this could yet wreck the Emu project. But would it be? If Mr Jospin wins a working majority a week tomorrow, the compulsion for France and Germany to work together in Europe will reassert itself. A fudge will probably be found, not very different from the present plans, convincing some French voters that they were right all along and their vote did not matter much.

In a sense, all the talk of a "new élan" was hypocritical hokey, this was always intended as political smash and grab raid by Juppé and Chirac. They wanted an early, quick campaign, interrupted by three long weekends, when the Socialists and the FN, and the French people, were not yet focused. They have got what they wanted, although the final opinion polls are much closer than they expected.

If they do win, it will be a morally hollow and politically unliberating victory. Messrs Chirac and Juppé will have won more time but little else: no real mandate from the French people and no patience, or understanding, for the tough decisions which lie ahead.

## Snakes and ladders of the turn-out game

John Lichfield

The French election will be decided by those who do not vote. This is true, if you like, of all elections; but it is especially true in the French system, a two-round hybrid of proportionalism and first-past-the-postism.

The rules for the election tomorrow and tomorrow week, and the recalcitrant mood of the electorate, make the level of turn-out a crucial and unpredictable factor. Turn-out in French parliamentary elections is always lower than presidential elections and has been on a falling curve for years. Last time, in 1993, it was just below 70 per cent. This time, it is forecast that it could fall as low as 65 per cent.

Every percentage point higher or lower scrambles the already mind-bending arithmetic of the election. Why?

There are 6,360 candidates (a record) running in 577 constituencies, including those in the outposts in the Caribbean and the Pacific, Atlantic and Indian oceans which are forever France. If any candidate scores

more than 50 per cent in the first round, the election is over in that constituency. Otherwise, the first two candidates in each electoral district go automatically into the next round. They can be joined by a third candidate (and theoretically a fourth) if he or she scores more than 12.5 per cent of the voters registered in that constituency (that is, not 12.5 per cent of the votes actually cast that day).

This is why turn-out is so crucial. If participation falls to, say, 65 per cent in any constituency, the qualifying score for a third candidate to enter the decisive round on 1 June becomes a formidable 19 per cent. The lower the turnout, the fewer third-place candidates will qualify.

This is vital largely because the third-place candidates are often from the far-right National Front (FN). The opinion poll scores of the main left and centre-right alliances are both hovering around 40 per cent. But all polling organisations forecast that the centre-right should gain a comfortable majority in the second round.

This is because the voters for the knocked-out FN candidates

tend to switch to the centre-right or not vote again at all. The more FN candidates who survive to fight another day, the fewer votes, and constituencies, will swing to the centre-right on Sunday week. At least 40, and as many as 100, constituencies will be decided in this way. In theory, the lower the turn-out, the fewer three-cornered contests in the second round, and the better the chances of centre-right parties to stay in power.

This is the theory; in reality, the variables are mind-boggling. The calculations of the polling organisations seem precise but depend on a series of uncheckable hunches and assumptions. Even if turn-out is low, the FN vote may hold up. A 16 per cent score for the FN nationwide would force 120 or 130 triangular contests. Each 1 per cent more puts around 50 extra FN candidates into the 1 June runoff. If the FN score goes as high as 17 or 18 per cent, the result of the election will depend on scores of three-way marginals which will be decided by a handful of votes each.

The election could, in other words, become a lottery.

## 'Badfellas' sting ends mafia jailhouse party

David Usborne  
New York

Life behind bars need not be so bad, it seems, if you are a big-time Mafia captain. In New York and the guards are open to a little financial persuasion. Manicotti and meatballs for dinner, sir? No problem.

These and other more egregious goings-on at a prison in Brooklyn came to the attention of police 10 months ago. In a nod to the Mafia movie, *Good Fellas*, a complex sting was put in motion dubbed Operation Badfellas.

On one occasion a guard allowed an inmate to peruse records in a prison computer to

find out the identities of police informers. Police said the prisoner had told the guard "he was looking for the name and location of the 'rat' in his case".

Now New York prosecutors have charged 20 people, including 11 jailhouse guards, with attempting to turn the prison into a virtual Mafia social club. It is the biggest single round-up of prison staff in US history.

Among those who enjoyed the cosseting were senior members of New York's most infamous clans – the Luchese, Gambino and Colombo families, including Nicholas Corrozzo, believed to be the heir-apparent to the convicted Gambino Godfather, John Gotti.

Some guards were paid \$500 (£310) a week by inmates to keep the supplies flowing. One shipment, according to police, contained "20 pounds of pasta, a gallon of olive oil and a box of garlic". Other items smuggled included vodka decanted into Evian bottles and marijuana.

More seriously, guards also helped arrange meetings between Mafia inmates and associates on the outside so family business – including the plotting of fresh crimes – could be carried out as normal.

"They conducted business [at the jail] as they do at many of the social clubs in Brooklyn," said FBI Special Agent in Charge, Lewis Schilro.

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**Gunfire ends anti-Kabila protest**

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# Yeltsin appoints new defence minister

Christopher Bellamy  
Defence Correspondent

President Boris Yeltsin yesterday confirmed General Igor Sergeev, 59, as Russia's new Defence Minister, charged with reducing Russia's vast and ramshackle armed forces to a more streamlined and efficient body. But some Western analysts now doubt whether the senior Russian military has any intention of pushing ahead with those plans, or whether it can afford to implement them.

Mr Yeltsin sacked the former defence minister Igor Rodionov on Thursday in a staged dressing down, shown on television, in which he said he was fed up with the lack of progress on military reform.

General Sergeev was the commander of the Strategic Nuclear Forces — 150,000 strong, including land-based missiles and navy and air force units — and is therefore a logical choice to replace him. As Russia's conventional forces



Sergeev: Faces difficult reform of Russia's military

have crumbled away, the Strategic Nuclear Forces, the most efficient, have remained as the backbone of Russia's defence. But it is uncertain whether General Sergeev will be able to do any better.

Mr Yeltsin also sacked Mr Rodionov's number two, the Chief of the General Staff, General Viktor Samsonov, and replaced him with General Anatoly Kvashnin.

In spite of its appalling economic ills, the Russian Defence Ministry still has armed forces of 1.7 million, and, with armed soldiers belonging to 27 other ministries, including the Interior Ministry, and the Security Ministry, a total of 3.2 million men under arms. Western experts calculate that Russia can afford half a million men under arms in total — just twice the size of the British Armed forces. The strategic nuclear forces, which have been relatively free of corruption and disintegration, are seen as a model and starting point for the rebirth of Russia's armed forces.

"Yeltsin was using Rodionov as a scapegoat", argues Professor Sasha Kenmaway of London University and the Conflict

Studies Centre at Sandhurst.

"My personal view is that the senior military have no intention of downsizing the armed forces. They have been using Nato enlargement as a bogeyman."

It is also understood that the Russians have just closed the research institute which was investigating how to restructure military industry on commercial lines.

General Rodionov recently admitted that Russia still had 1.7 million in the armed forces. Previously, the Russian defence ministry had said it would reduce personnel to 1.25 million. One third of those are officers — twice as many officers to men as in the British forces. But in some units, the balance is more like one-to-one.

When the President fired Mr Rodionov, he declared: "The soldier is losing weight while the general is getting fatter". Military prosecutors say about 20

generals and 100 colonels are being investigated for corruption. During Mr Rodionov's term as defence minister, the situation appears to have got worse, with junior officers driving taxis and young conscripts begging on the Moscow streets. The problem is that paying men off and attracting well-motivated professional soldiers and officers costs money, and there is none.

Like many Russian generals, General Sergeev has taken an academic approach to his profession, and is regarded as an intellectual. Married with one son, he lists sport and classical literature as recreations. His career started in the navy, but in 1961 he joined the newly formed strategic missile forces, which Nikita Khrushchev had made into a separate service.

A photograph of General Viktor Samsonov in yesterday's paper was captioned as Igor Rodionov.



Catholic tastes: A man in Prague riding his bicycle past the controversial poster advertising the energy drink 'Erectus'. The poster shows a Pope look-alike, and has attracted criticism from the Roman church. Photograph: Petr Josef/Reuters

## Belarus pact

Moscow (AP) — Applauding and kissing each other in the Kremlin yesterday, the presidents of Russia and Belarus signed a union charter aimed at bringing their fellow Slav republics a step closer to their former Soviet glory.

The charter, initiated in the Grand Kremlin Palace by Boris Yeltsin and Alexander Lukashenko, follows a union treaty concluded by the two neighbouring nations last month.

Mr Lukashenko makes no secret of his nostalgia for the old Soviet Union, but April's treaty and yesterday's more detailed version fall short of creating a single state, and only call for closer economic, political and military co-operation.

## Gunfire ends anti-Kabila protest

William Wallis  
Reuters

Kinshasa — Laurent Kabila's troops fired into the air to break up a protest against the new government yesterday as tension rose between his former rebels and the political opposition in the capital.

Veteran opposition leader, Etienne Tshisekedi, said he did not recognise the government of the Democratic Republic of Congo (until last week, Zaire) which excluded him.

"This government doesn't exist for me. I ask all the people to resist with their last energy all attempts to impose a government without popular legitimacy," Mr Tshisekedi said.

He called for the withdrawal of foreign troops who helped Mr Kabila's guerrilla alliance drive veteran dictator Mobutu Sese Seko from power in the former Zaire.

Hundreds of Tshisekedi followers chanted anti-Kabila slogans and called for the pull-out of Rwandan troops from his Alliance.

They marched from Mr Tshisekedi's house in Limete into the city centre, past the US, French and Belgian embassies, but troops firing in the air blocked them before they reached the People's Palace, the seat of parliament.

At his news conference, Mr Tshisekedi did not directly ask his fanatical supporters in the city of five million people to take to the streets. He appeared to leave the door open for

talks with Kabila, acknowledging that the guerrilla leader deserved to be president but insisted on "popular legitimacy".

Mobutu, who went into exile on Sunday, arrived in Morocco from the West African state of Togo, on Togo president Gnassingbe Eyadema's official plane.

Sources close to Eyadema said Mobutu would go on to France, where he has a Riviera villa, after the French elections, which end on 1 June.

Weakened by cancer, Mr Mobutu left Congo with his wife and children, including his son Captain Mobutu Kongolo, and an entourage of about 50 people on Eyadema's presidential Boeing. A DC-8 was expected in Lome later to collect his extensive luggage.

Giving the new government a more sympathetic reception, South African Deputy President Thabo Mbeki said he would not try to persuade Kabila to include Tshisekedi and warned against pressure for quick elections, saying there were serious obstacles to achieving a fair poll so soon after taking power.

Across the river from Kinshasa, neighbour Congo noted the change of power in former Zaire and said it was ready to support efforts of the new authorities to promote democracy. In a tacit acknowledgement of Mr Kabila's decision to rename Zaire as the Democratic Republic of Congo, its neighbour referred to itself as Congo Brazzaville — the name it used before 1971 when the two nations had the name Congo in common.

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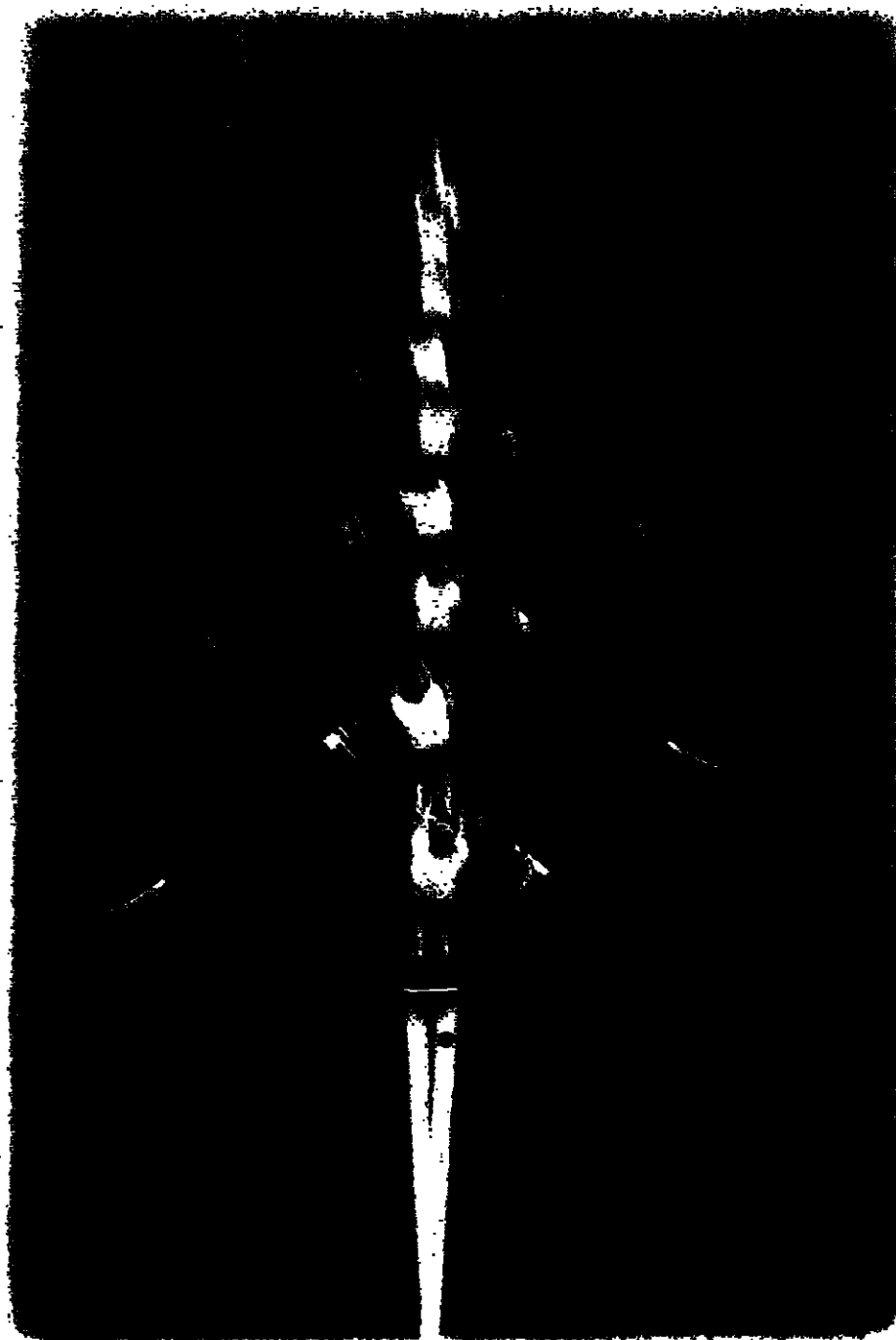
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## international

# All colours make yellow in Indonesia poll

Richard Lloyd Parry  
Jakarta

When a group of teenage Indonesian boys, carrying big sticks and wearing green T-shirts with yellow stars, peers into the your taxi and starts trying to climb onto its roof, several reactions spring to mind. The first is to drive off as quickly as possible – but you can't do this because the road is blocked on all sides by similarly equipped youths.

Your second thought is to find a policeman – but they are in little evidence, having been heavily stoned a while back. Instead, relax and follow the example of your taxi driver: lean forward, and make a complicated finger gesture with your fingers and thumbs. Instantly, the lads climb off the roof, the crowd parts, and everyone smiles and cheers.

Five days before polling, Indonesia's election campaign came to an official end yesterday, marked in Jakarta by a final round of stone throwing and tyre burning on the part of demonstrators, and tear gas firing by the police. But the atmosphere in Jakarta yesterday had more in common with the build up to a tense Cup Tie between Celtic and Rangers than a general election.

On paper at least, Indonesia's election is very straightforward. There are only three parties, each one licensed and organised by the government. There is a similarly restricted choice of

candidates and, when polling takes place next Thursday, the result is in absolutely no doubt: 32 years after he came to power as a young general, the Golkar party of President Suharto will win another handsome majority. But for all the restrictions facing them, Indonesians have managed to create a rich political iconography, complete with colours, symbols, songs, arcane hand gestures, and accompanying merchandise.

Yesterday's troubles focused on the greens – the adherents of the United Development Party (PPP), which draws its support from Indonesia's majority Muslim population. There were green kites in the air, green banners fluttering from the lamp posts, and green T-shirted gangs parading through the streets banging green-painted oil drums with goatskins stretched across them.

The PPP appears first on the ballot papers, so its hand symbol is the single raised thumb. Several of this week's numerous fights have occurred when thumbs have met V-signs, the symbol of the yellows – President Suharto's Golkar. For the third group, the Indonesian Democratic Party (colour: red, symbol: bull), things are even more complicated – after a split last year, the PDI now has two factions, each of which has its own sign.

Even the forces of order have their own colours – prominent

on the streets of Jakarta yesterday were men in black boiler suits, carrying automatic rifles, whose pink berets identified them as Indonesian Marines.

Indonesia's leaders like to refer to the election as a "Carnival of Democracy", as if acknowledging that the result counts for much less than the performance. Recently a new colour has entered the political palette – white, the colour of abstention, propagated by those who see it as the way of registering a protest at the unfairness of the system. For all the atmospherics of the campaign, Indonesians know that having flown the kite and bought the T-shirt, nothing is going to change.



Helping hands: United Development Party supporters carry away a colleague injured during election clashes in Jakarta yesterday

Photograph: AP

## significant shorts

### Phone-tap shows Italy taking sides in Albania

In their no doubt well-intentioned efforts to pull Albania back from the brink of anarchy, Italy has found itself embarrassed by revelations of a conversation its ambassador in Tirana, Paolo Foresti, is alleged to have had with one of President Sali Berisha's right-hand men.

In the conversation, a wiretap transcript of which was published by an Albanian newspaper and since broadcast on Italian television, Mr Foresti is heard urging the Democratic Party to sabotage an electoral accord brokered by the former Austrian Chancellor, Franz Vranitzky, and allow Italy to take over the mediation role instead.

The tape shows Mr Foresti clearly supporting the Mr Berisha's Democratic Party, despite Italy's policy of scrupulous impartiality in Albanian politics, and boasting that as far as the opposition is concerned, "we will crush them all".

Andrew Gumbel  
Letters, page 19

### Bosnian Serb jailed for deaths

A 34-year-old Bosnian Serb was sentenced by a German court to five years in jail for taking part in a massacre of Muslims during the war in Bosnia. Novislav Djajic was found guilty on 14 counts of acting as accomplice to murder and attempted murder. It was the first war crimes trial in Germany since the Nuremberg tribunal on Nazi war crimes more than 50 years ago.

Judge Ermin Briessmann recalled how Djajic, along with other Bosnian Serb troops, had lined up 15 Muslim men on a bridge over the river Drina near Foca in eastern Bosnia in April 1992 and shot 14 of them in revenge after their colleagues were killed by a mine. Reuters – Munich

### Boeing urges checks on 747s

As part of the investigation into the crash of TWA Flight 800, Boeing is urging airlines to inspect centre fuel tanks on all 747 jumbo jets in service. The Boeing 747 jetliner exploded off Long Island, New York last July, killing all 230 people aboard. Investigators have not determined what caused the explosion, but theories include static electricity, faulty wiring or a spark in the centre tank's fuel pump.

AP – Seattle

### Sexual harassment charges

The importer and promoter in the United States of the German liqueur Jagermeister is being sued for allegedly sexually harassing workers, including more than 100 promotional models known as "Jagerettes".

The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission filed the lawsuit on their behalf in federal court against the Sidney Frank Importing Company and Allstate Promotions Co, national importers of the licorice-flavoured drink.

The women were made to wear revealing costumes and go to bars around the US unescorted, the lawsuit alleged. In one case, they were the guests of honour for a "lingerie and strip show". The suit seeks back pay, as well as compensatory and punitive damages.

AP – New York

### Referendum chaos in Slovakia

Chaos overshadowed the start of voting yesterday in two referendums which Western diplomats said would test whether post-communist Slovakia was ready to join the West.

Slovaks were to vote on whether they want their country to join Nato, and whether the president should be directly elected by citizens, instead of by parliament. But the situation was thrown into confusion by a row over ballots, tied to a long-running feud between the president and the prime minister. It led to some polling stations lacking any ballots at all, while others had voting slips without the presidential question.

Reuters – Bratislava

### And now for the porn

Japanese police arrested a computer engineer suspected of replacing public weather charts on the Internet with pornographic pictures. Koichi Kubojima is accused of taking over seven web pages of the television network Asahi Broadcasting Company and replacing five of the seven weather charts on the pages with pornographic pictures.

Reuters – Tokyo

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# Peking gives Hong Kong leeway on running elections

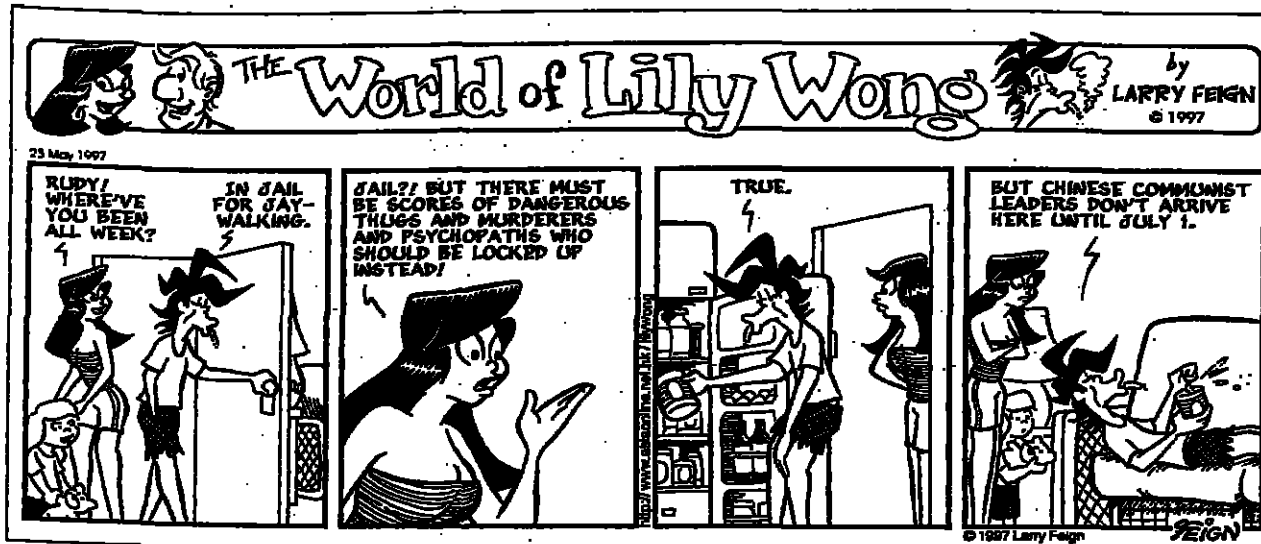
John Leicester  
Associated Press

Peking — Hong Kong won a boost yesterday in its efforts to secure the autonomy promised to it by Peking, when a Chinese-run committee gave the territory leeway in organising its own elections.

Tung Chee-hwa, Hong Kong's leader-in-waiting, who had publicly called for more say over future electoral arrangements, said the Preparatory Committee "gave Hong Kong a lot of flexibility, a lot of space". Its decision, taken during a two-day meeting in Peking that ended yesterday, "demonstrates that we Hong Kong people genuinely are our own masters. We can make the final decision on what direction we take," said Mr Tung, who will lead Hong Kong after its return to Chinese rule on 1 July.

Peking has promised the British colony a "high degree of autonomy" after it becomes a Special Administrative Region of China, with its capitalist lifestyle and many of its freedoms kept intact.

But China also says that af-



ter 1 July, Hong Kong's legislature must be disbanded, to be replaced by a provisional body, because it was elected under rules it did not agree to.

The provisional body, criticised because it was not popularly elected, will function until fresh legislative elections are held under new rules.

Mr Tung said he wanted elections held "as soon as practicable" in the second quarter of 1998. The Preparatory Committee drew up methods for organising the 1998 elections, but left final decisions on which of the methods to use to Mr Tung's government-in-waiting.

Mr Tung can employ either

proportional representation or multi-seat, single-voting in 20 constituencies. Another 30 seats will be chosen by professional groups. The remaining 10 seats in the 60-member legislature will be chosen by committee.

Hong Kong's pro-democracy parties, which have outshone their pro-China rivals in previous

elections, fear they may get fewer seats under the new system.

Pan Wei, an associate professor of international studies at Peking University, said he expects no single party will be able to dominate the polls in post-1997 Hong Kong.

"The Chinese are good at electoral engineering," he said.



Standard bearer: Peking presents Hong Kong's leader-in-waiting Tung Chee-hwa (second left) with its post-colonial flag yesterday, which has been fired into space. Photograph: Reuters

## Australia accused of genocide against aborigines

Robert Miliken  
Sydney

A political furore has broken out in Australia over a report that accuses the country of practising genocide and crimes against humanity with past government policies that removed thousands of Aboriginal children from their families.

The report was written by Sir Ronald Wilson, one of Australia's most respected former judges, who has called on the government to apologise publicly for one of the grimmest chapters in Australian history. Between 1910 and 1970, up to 100,000 Aboriginal children were taken from their parents and put in white foster homes. Many never saw their parents again.

Sir Ronald wrote his report after conducting an inquiry as president of Australia's Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission, the so-called "Stolen Generation" inquiry. Hundreds of Aboriginal adults, many in tears, told him their heart-rending stories of being taken by police and officials from their outback communities, of their mothers wailing and of their years of emotional — and sometimes physical and sexual — abuse at the hands of white officials and foster parents who were supposed to deliver them a better future.

The policies were conducted on the basis of a belief in white superiority and that the Aboriginal race would eventually die out. In reality, less than 30 years after the policies were discontinued, Aboriginal identity, cultural revival and political activism have never been stronger.

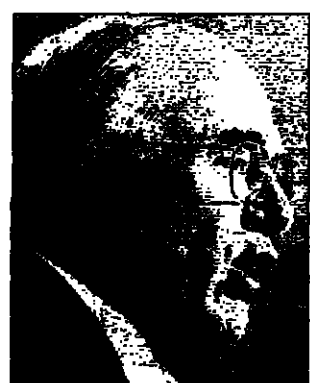
In his report, Sir Ronald accused Australia of breaching international law. "The United Nations Charter of 1945, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights of 1948 and the International Convention on the Elimination of all Forms of Racial Discrimination of 1965 all imposed obligations on Australia relating to the elimination of racial discrimination," it says. "The Australian practice of indigenous child removal involved both systematic racial discrimination and genocide as defined by international law. Yet it continued to be practised as official policy long after being clearly prohibited by treaties to which Australia had voluntarily subscribed."

The report said Australian policy involved genocide because it aimed to assimilate black children into the non-indigenous community so that their unique cultural values and identities would disappear and be replaced by Western cultural models.

Even before Sir Ronald's report has been publicly released, however, a political storm has erupted around it. The federal coalition government, headed by John Howard, has been accused of trying to discredit Sir Ronald and the report. Earlier this week, an unnamed gov-

ernment "source" was quoted as saying the report lacked credibility and that Sir Ronald was biased. This referred to a recent television appearance by Sir Ronald in which he himself apologised to aborigines. He acknowledged his unwitting involvement in the removal of children as a former moderator of the Presbyterian Church, which ran institutions where "stolen generation" were sent. After press attacks on the government's handling of the 700-page report, the government has undertaken to table it in parliament next week. It is likely to cause a sensation when its contents are revealed. The report was commissioned by the former Labor government of Paul Keating.

Mr Howard, leader of the conservative Liberal Party, is less sympathetic than his predecessor to Aboriginal causes. He has said that he wants Australians to feel "comfortable and relaxed" about their past, and declared after his election last year: "I sympathise fundamentally with Australians who are insulted when they are told we



John Howard: Accused of trying to discredit Sir Ronald

have a racist, bigoted past." The "stolen generation" report is likely to make clear that those were hollow words.

Already, Mr Howard has come under pressure from the church, human rights groups and international figures to fulfil the report's calls for a public apology and compensation to victims. Alex Boraine, deputy chairman of South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission, said in Sydney: "I don't want to tell the Australian government or society what to do. All I'm saying is that in South Africa, where deep hurt has been inflicted, it has a healing property to say 'sorry' and to deal with it." He urged Mr Howard to follow the example of President Clinton, who publicly apologised to blacks used in official United States experiments on untreated syphilis.

Lois O'Donoghue, one of Australia's leading Aboriginal spokeswomen, who was herself taken from her family when she was two, said: "The government should do something to assist those people who've not been able to find their families, who are completely lost and can't move forward."



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# A word in your ear about mobile phones

It's bad to talk. While driving a car, at any rate. Yesterday, Peter Mill was jailed for causing death by dangerous driving. He had been listening to the message service on his mobile phone when his Rover came to a bend, went over to the wrong side of the road and smashed into a van driven by Geoffrey Murray, who later died of his injuries.

Ten years after the mobile phone started to be widely used in Britain, perhaps it is time it came of age. It has become an accepted part of our social furniture, absorbed into the fabric of daily life with surprising ease and speed. But many of the rules governing its use are still being made up as we go along, and we ought to consider them before they are set in stone.

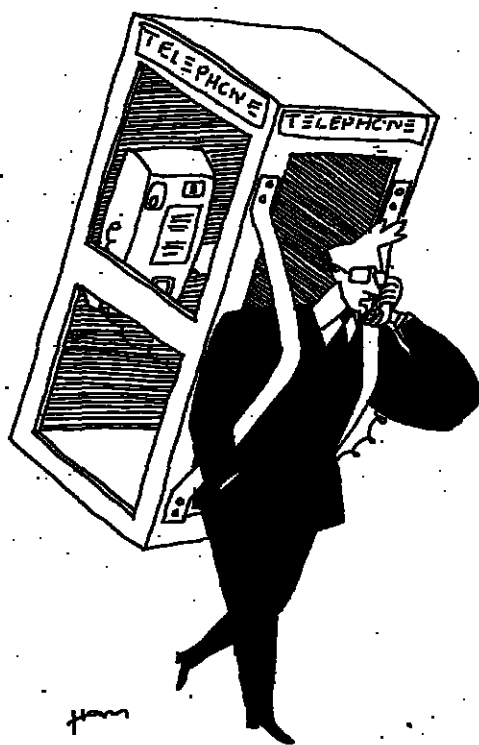
First, though, let us deal specifically with mobile phones in cars. This is an emotive subject, but the Government was quite right to announce on Monday that it would bring in a new offence of using a phone while driving. New Labour's enthusiasm for banning things is not yet universal. The very fact that Mr Mill was brought to justice demonstrates that the existing law on dangerous driving is stringent enough. However, it ought to be more widely understood that it is already illegal to use a hand-held telephone while driving.

The grey area here concerns hands-free

phones - either those microphones on the sun visor or the new headsets. A recent study in Canada suggested that drivers are four times more likely to have an accident when they are using a phone. But it also suggested that the risk was no different for hands-free phones, because concentration is still impaired. This prompted the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents to call for a complete ban on car phones, but the finding defies common sense because it implies that talking to someone requires a degree of concentration so intense as to make safe driving impossible. If that were true, then surely passengers should be banned, too? What is clearly dangerous is driving with one hand, or holding the phone with the shoulder, and the police ought to adopt a policy of zero tolerance of these reckless practices.

However, lax enforcement reflects ambivalent attitudes towards motor cars rather than towards mobile phones. The phones have merely insinuated themselves into an existing ambiguity about the acceptable risk from our favourite killing machines.

Portable telephones are now everywhere, shedding shafts of unexpected light on all kinds of different aspects of our lives. When they first hit the streets in a big way, they were the objects of envy and ridicule. "Poser phones" the size of bricks were used by yuppies in the mid-Eighties Lawson boom as a



form of conspicuous consumption. We journalists started to use them in the 1987 election, and much fun was had at the expense of Neil Kinnock and Roy Hattersley by comparing what they said on National Insurance contributions in different parts of the country at the same time. That campaign was run by a new party official called Peter Mandelson, who, 10 years later, got his revenge, running a machine of ferocious technological professionalism. The entire Labour operation this time was tightly interconnected by mobile phone, pager and satellite link. When the disciplined ranks of Blair's Model Army marched into Whitehall on 2 May, much fun was had in turn at the expense of fuddy-duddy civil servants who did not know how to work the gadgetry.

Envy and ridicule started to give way to irritation and acceptance when the mobile phone entered family life. In much of London, at least, when older children come out of school these days, half of them are on the phone as they come through the gates. This makes sense from a parent's point of view: if they have a phone, there is no excuse for not knowing where they are. It is partly about security. Whereas in America older women might carry a Beretta in their handbag, here they carry a tiny flip-open for safety. One reason why an absolute ban on mobile phones in cars

would be wrong is that lone female drivers often feel they need them in case of a breakdown.

But it is partly also about the quality of relationships. In the face of widespread alarm about the breakdown of families, it should be remembered that the rising volume of phone use does compensate to some extent for physical separation. Indeed, many parents and offspring find they get on much better talking on the phone rather than face to face.

We cannot turn the clock back on the social changes that have fragmented (and liberated) families and communities, but we can use technology to try to knit together freer forms of association.

Let us, then, stop carping about those numbingly banal snippets of overheard conversations ("We're just leaving the station, so I'll be there in about 10 minutes"). Let us learn to tolerate the fact that they do not always work very well. Let us leave aside Luddite scare stories about highly speculative and unproven links between mobile phone radio waves and cancer. Mobile phones have come of age with this Government. They are such an established feature that they are going to tax the wavebands they use. We are now governed by a prime minister who has spent much of his adult life with one ear glued to one. We might as well get used to them.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### No smoke without taxes - the case against prohibition

Sir: Ought a civilised society really to desire that its leaders proscribe certain private activities of its citizens? There is nothing "dishonest" (leading article, 20 May) about a government banning the promotion in public of activities likely to cause harm to individuals whilst also recognising the right of individuals to do unto themselves as they please.

It is to be hoped that our descendants will not be "completely bemused" that a government in the 1990s "strive to balance its own responsibility to inform the public with each individual's rights, which a forward-looking society must never neglect."

DAMIAN STAFFORD  
London E16

Sir: Dr Davison (letters, 22 May) suggests that tobacco should

ultimately be banned altogether. He needs only to recall the extreme effects of alcohol prohibition in the US, to say nothing of the unimaginably enormous global loss of tax revenues.

There are 1.1 billion smokers around the world, which represents one third of the earth's adult population. The notion that all those people shall be required to forgo what they regard as a simple and freely chosen pleasure is simply ludicrous.

CLIVE TURNER  
Tobacco Manufacturers' Association  
London SW1

Sir: Your leading article (20 May) suggests that the NHS should consider discriminating against smokers on the grounds that their illness is self-induced. Such a

punitive system in health care would require very elaborate judgements to decide exactly how much an individual is responsible for his or her illness.

First, individual responsibility for health has a social context insofar as some people find it difficult to make healthy choices in situations of deprivation. Second, where do you draw the line? There are many other situations where people knowingly take health risks: dangerous sports, drug abuse, unsafe sex and alcoholism are examples.

LYNN FIELD  
Droitwich, Worcestershire

Sir: The estimated revenue from tobacco sales in the current financial year is £9.5bn. For the same period, the Health Education Authority estimates the cost of treating

"smoking-related illnesses" at £345m. A recent article in your newspaper stated that the budget for research into all forms of cancer was £15m a year.

Smokers are subsidising non-smokers to the tune of rather over £9bn a year. One wonders just how many times over we are expected to pay for medical treatment.

DAVID J ANDERSON  
Wakefield, West Yorkshire

Sir: I agree with your correspondents that Frank Dobson's proposals do not go far enough. A first step towards the total ban on tobacco sales suggested by Dr Davison is to ban smoking in public places. There is a precedent in California and this should be put in place speedily.

R.G. FRANKL  
London N6

### McAliskey: a special prisoner

Sir: I read with dismay your report about my partner, Roisin McAliskey ("Her supporters say her prison conditions are appalling: the truth is a very different story", 15 May).

You appear to have swallowed a piece of misinformation supplied by the Prison Service. Certainly, Roisin is being treated as a special case, because she is a special case.

Roisin is the only woman in Holloway Prison who has not been charged with any offence; she is Holloway's only Category A prisoner; she is the only woman ever to be held in Belmarsh high security prison (and kept in solitary confinement while there); she is the only woman in Holloway prison to be accompanied 24 hours a day by two prison officers, even during family visits (because she is deemed a "security risk"). Most "special" of all, though, is the fact that she is Irish.

Your article suggests that the Prison Service fears that problems during the birth of our baby could create a "propaganda coup for Sinn Féin". I find this personally offensive. I was asked in confidence by the governor of Holloway Prison to treat any arrangements surrounding the birth with discretion - the intention being to avoid a media "circus". I wholeheartedly accepted this and I assumed this discretion would work both ways. I appear to have been mistaken.

If Roisin is receiving more attention than other women in Holloway, that is because she has been treated so intemperately until now. This has led to extensive publicity.

Today (22 May) is the expected birth date of our baby and should be a joyous occasion. However any joy has been marred both by media insensitivity and fears over the Prison Service's attitude surrounding the birth. Throughout this past week Roisin and I have been engaged in a constant struggle to provide Roisin with the necessary items for the birth and the baby. Last Friday I left these in Holloway, but Roisin cannot have access to any of it until she arrives at hospital - for "security" reasons. These dangerous baby-grogs and nappies sit in a black bin-liner (she is not allowed a holiday) outside Roisin's cell. Roisin is receiving very "special" treatment indeed, but not in the manner your article implied.

SEAN MCCOTTER  
London E5

### Taking advice on the windfall levy

Sir: You refer ("National Power joins tax revolt", 22 May) to BAA "threatening legal action" on the windfall tax. We have not said that. Like any major company that may be impacted by a substantial tax measure, we owe it to our shareholders to take legal advice with respect to its application to us. But that is a million miles from threatening legal action. If the advice suggested that inappropriate measures were being taken with respect to BAA, that advice would be discussed with government.

DESS WILSON  
Director, Corporate and Public Affairs  
BAA plc  
London SW1

### Not forgotten

Sir: I congratulate the headline writer who came up with "Drugs are the last straw for Paille" (21 May). It reminds me of the French headline on the retirement of the tennis star Guy Forget: "N'oublions pas Forget".

ANDREW ROSE  
Helifield,  
North Yorkshire

## LETTER from THE EDITOR

We thought the world had turned upside-down three weeks ago, but really, it was just a practice pique. The world really turned upside-down this week, when, for the first time that anyone can remember, one of the grand Tory press barons crossed the floor of the Lords to support Tony Blair's denim revolution. Not that Lord Rothermere, owner of the *Daily Mail*, *Mail on Sunday* and *London Evening Standard* as well as a large swathe of top provincial papers, would ever be seen dead in denim, let alone a Ford Galaxy.

Now, here is a new dawn if ever we saw one - enough to stir any *Independent* staffer to fantasy. After all, Rupert Murdoch has already half-recanted by encouraging *The Sun* to vote Labour; perhaps he will soon feel moved to cross the metaphorical floor, apply for British citizenship and offer to fund nursery places for all by paying zillions in back tax?

Sadly, though, the splendidly independent-minded Vere Harmsworth belongs to a different class altogether to the one inhabited by Mr Murdoch. Indeed, Lord Rothermere is very confident of his place in society. When once asked which social class he would place himself in, he instantly replied: "Noblemen." It strikes me that a good New Labour policy might be for everyone to start describing themselves as noblemen (or noblepersons, if they must).

Still, perhaps he has a more noble bearing than most. Nicholas Coleridge, esteemed Condé Nast bigwig, once described Rothermere as "vaguely resembling Babar the elephant", a man who "walks, as many rich people do, in a slightly swaying way as though he has just stepped back on to dry land from a large yacht".

Never having met him (you have to be the top bod, the real one and only editor, to get invited to his famous annual shindig), I was delighted to hear the following (probably grossly embellished) tale of how he informed some of his *Daily Mail* staff of this week's conversion.

On Wednesday night, it appears, the noble peer hosted a *Mail* bash at the Savoy to honour the long and lively service

given to his paper by the sharp-tongued columnist Lynda Lee Potter. At one point in the evening, a misfortunate reporter apparently encountered our noble gent, who asked what he'd been up to all day. "I've been busy at the Commons, sir," came the reply. "Well, you've been in the wrong place, then - the best story happened in the other one." Rothermere replied in lordly fashion. Whoops.

As you can see, the real editor is on holiday somewhere in France, at a place where, he tells me, the decor is like the setting for an avant-garde Italian S&M movie (I think he means that it has lots of high windows with bars and strange,

"Perhaps Rupert Murdoch will be moved to cross the metaphorical floor - and offer to fund nursery places for all by paying zillions in back tax?"

clanking corridors, although I'm not quite sure how he knows about such things). That means I am left with all the fun duties, such as judging our annual Children's Story of the Year Competition, which we run jointly with Scholastic.

This has been a delightful task, not least because it has made me immensely if briefly popular with my eight-year-old daughter, who consumes Puffins at the rate of two or three a day. She gaily took over my judging duties and hurried through all the books, then confidently presented me with her choices ordered one to five.

When I next get to see her, I'll be relieved to let her know that her favourite won - deservedly. Only I can't tell you what it is until I'm allowed to tell you; and then I promise that we'll print it in the paper.

Colin Hughes,  
Deputy Editor

### QUOTE UNQUOTE

When you are called a character actress, it's because you're too ugly to be called a leading lady - Kathy Burke, winner of the Best Actress award at the Cannes film festival

I'm not a saint. I never claimed to be a saint. My suits are not white, they're off white - Martin Bell, war reporter turned MP

I have tried to grow a British garden in Los Angeles and brought over 106 varieties of rose. But the gophers ate them all - Linda Evangelista, supermodel, at the Chelsea Flower Show

Big Ben is a very old gentleman and needs tender care, perhaps a full-scale medical rather than the equivalent of sticking plaster - Harry Greenway, former Conservative MP and a friend of Big Ben

I have been living a schizoid existence, pretending to be a wild man when I am really Mr Mortgage - Kik Mayall, comedian

Like used car salesmen, they are madly putting back the speedo to convince us that they are nearly new models. It won't wash - Teresa Gorman, on the rivals for the Conservative leadership

In rushing into these things, this government is showing all the signs of inexperienced men and women being intoxicated with their new power; they are 18-year-olds in the saloon bar, trying every bottle on the shelf - Kenneth Clarke, former Chancellor, on Labour's City reforms

### Britain defends useless borders

Sir: Forty years ago the Treaty of Rome envisaged the removal of all obstacles to the free movement of people between member states. In 1986 the Single European Act contemplated the ending of frontier controls. Today a new government solemnly advances the specious argument that our island position somehow justifies the maintenance of border controls between the UK and EU countries ("Germans say action must follow words", 21 May). As a result, we are likely to be excluded from important EU decisions on cross-border crime and immigration policy.

Traditional border checks lull people into a false sense of security. Random customs search and blanket passport verifications are an inefficient use of resources better employed elsewhere in the country to tackle serious crime. My years at the Bar taught me that great cross-border crime busts are almost invariably the result of shared intelligence.

The UK Customs and Excise service lobbies powerfully against change, ostensibly fearful of job losses, but perhaps merely reflecting their reluctance to accept more challenging work practices. Robin Cook's current policy offers travellers to and from the Continent an enduring prospect of dismal passport queues and whey-faced officials rifling through personal possessions in order to discover the occasional adult video or small block of cannabis resin.

ANDREW ROSE  
Blandford Forum,  
Dorset

### Why the dinosaurs were prone to gout

Sir: There is an excellent reason why Tyrannosaurus rex, and other reptiles and birds, might show signs of gout (report, 22 May).

In mammals, the offending uric acid is formed as the end-product of metabolism of the purines (both those taken in the diet and those formed normally in the body). In reptiles and birds, uric acid is formed also as the major product of protein and amino acid metabolism (a role performed in mammals by the more soluble urea).

Reptiles and birds excrete uric acid with great efficiency, but it would require only slight impairment of excretion for high blood levels to build up, leading to crystallisation of uric acid in bones and joints, and the development of gout.

DAVID A BENDER  
Department of Biochemistry and Molecular Biology  
University College London



Children loot weapons from an army barracks at Gfirokaster

Photograph: George Karachalis/Reuters

### Crime and chaos are undermining Albanian society

Sir: Andrew Gumbel's reporting from Albania yet again highlights the seriousness of the situation facing the country ("Albania heads back to chaos", 21 May).

I have just returned from a visit to Oxfam's projects in Albania, where "relative calm" may prevail, but at what cost and for how long? Parts of the country are now under the control of organised criminals with

clear links to the international mafia. The chaotic and lawless situation has facilitated the rapid expansion of drug production and trafficking, the gains of which can be traded easily for guns. State benefits have been frozen for months and children sell bullets at the roadside.

In the north, families have set up night vigils to protect their lives and in one rural area criminals have

taken refuge, making it impossible for Oxfam to operate.

This is not a time for the international peace force to withdraw but for its mandate to be better defined so that it is of real use to this fragile country.

TONY VAUX  
Regional manager, East Europe  
Oxfam  
Oxford

### How Labour should build the green city of the future

Sir: The maiden speech by Lord Rogers ("Labour peer Rogers sets out his vision for an urban revolution", 21 May) was well timed to ride the crest of the wave of Labour's reforming initial surge. He focused on the social, health and amenity benefits of urban regeneration, especially in London.

The programme he advocates also has an environmental dimension. The pollution generated by road vehicles is not only a health hazard it is also the fastest growing source of atmospheric carbon. In the short term, there would be an enormous amenity benefit in liberating Trafalgar and Parliament Squares from traffic. A longer term strategy must involve road pricing starting in central London, together with a regulation-driven programme to reduce both sulphur and carbon emissions from vehicles. The new government must support the European Parliament's proposals to reduce sulphur emissions to 50 parts per million by volume.

A radical upgrading of the Underground network should be a first priority. Previous efforts to exploit the Thames as an artery for public transport failed because they were half-hearted and did not succeed in changing the public's mind about communication. A regular service of high speed, well-appointed river buses would relieve the pressure on land systems.

Lord Rogers' proposal for an ambitious tree-planting programme in central London would have much more than aesthetic value. Broad-leaved trees provide solar shading which will become increasingly valuable as summers get hotter and the risks from ultraviolet radiation increase in line with ozone depletion. They provide shading for buildings in summer but allow maximum light penetration in winter. They moderate the micro-climate in summer, acid to the sum total of carbon-fixing greenery and sustain the hydrological cycle and ground water levels.

High-rise buildings may make powerful symbolic statements but they are energy black holes. Heavy concentrations of people make severe demands on transport systems both within and beyond the buildings in question. Above about 12 floors it is virtually impossible to avoid air-conditioning. The New Parliamentary Building by Michael Hopkins and Partners, now under construction, could be the prototype for a new generation of medium-rise naturally ventilated and daylight buildings which can perform efficiently, even within a heavily polluted environment.

All this amounts to the fact that visual quality and environmental responsibility go hand in hand. Where a strategy offers such multiple benefits no time should be lost in its implementation. Professor PETER F SMITH  
Chairman  
Royal Institute of British Architects  
Environment and Planning Committee  
London W1

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. (Fax 0171-293 2896; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk) and include a daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We regret we are unable to acknowledge unpublished letters.



# Let's see in colour, and celebrate

Young people have a positive attitude to ethnic identity. The melting pot was a silly idea, says Trevor Phillips, though he fears minorities may eventually marry themselves into oblivion

**L**et's face it: race does matter. And, thank God (ethnic groups are just variations based on His original design, after all), racial differences persist. Our problem is how to deal with them. For a start, we can bury that old melting-pot myth. In the early 1970s, if you wanted to see a black man squirm all you had to do was to play the hit song by Blue Mink. Remember these lyrics, and weep:

*What we need is a great big melting pot,  
Big enough to take the world and all it's got.  
Keep it stirring for a hundred years or more.  
Turn out coffee-coloured people by the score.*

Not even Madeleine Bell's voice could save this from terminal silliness. The idea that we could iron out all racial differences by a concentrated programme of inter-racial sex and create a deracinated mishmash was of course most useful to young men. As a student I had male friends who clearly took this literally and devoted themselves night and day to the cause of racial harmony. Lenny Henry's legendary chat-up line – "Do you have any African in you? If not, would you like some?" – made its first appearance about this time.

But while the whole of Britain was humming along to this drivel, I wondered what the person who wrote it could have been thinking about. What kind of coffee was it – black coffee, white coffee? Kenya Blend, or Colombian? And did anyone stop to imagine what it might feel like to hear that in this perfect world, your colour just would not be good enough?

However absurd, the idea has somehow taken hold that the answer to racial

difference is to eliminate it. An authoritative and thorough survey by the Policy Studies Institute, out this week, blows this liberal delusion away. If anything we are heading in the opposite direction. Though there are substantial levels of intermarriage, there is little evidence that this is reducing consciousness of ethnic difference. Getting on for half of British children of Caribbean origin come from multiracial homes. Surprisingly, the same is true for one in five South Asian children. The PSI says that younger generations have a more assertive attitude to their ethnic identity, certainly compared with their grandparents, who typically arrived with a desire to fit in, even if that meant suppressing their own traditions.

The survey carries two important consequences. The first is that the findings are a conclusive argument for ethnic monitoring. Without this painstaking research, we would not know that despite the apparent success of some young people from ethnic minorities there is still a glass ceiling that shuts us out of the top 10 per cent of jobs. After all, when was the last time a non-white person appeared in the boardroom of a major company? Probably before dawn yesterday, actually, carrying vacuum cleaners and dusters.

Without research we would not know that the simply black-white dualism that we have borrowed from the US is now actively hindering our effort to remedy disadvantage here. If we did not know that the groups proving least successful were black men and most of the Muslim communities, how would we concentrate our resources properly?

We should stop being afraid of measuring differences between ethnic groups, as long as we are prepared to

accept that there may be more differences within the groups than between them. For example, the equation between sporting success and race is one that makes most people uncomfortable. It is dangerous stuff, and conjures visions of eugenics. On the other hand, it would be perverse to ignore the evidence of our eyes: people of African descent are widely over-represented in the ranks of top track and field, soccer, basketball and American football.

It is clearly too simplistic to suggest that this is due to a genetic predisposition, and I am not arguing that we should accept stereotyping – blacks are good at running, hopeless at rocket science... Asians – great at accounts but rubbish at acting. However, unless we can understand the evidence of our eyes and explain it, how can we ever hope to tackle people's presumptions? The true answer to prejudice is not blindly to assert that we are all the same. It is to know how and why we are different.

The knowledge can be liberating. Last Saturday saw the emergence of a new hero on to national stage. Ruud Gullit, the Chelsea manager, has taken a mediocre club side and turned it into a Cup-winning ensemble. Gullit first made an impact as a commentator at Euro 96; he was fluent, intelligent and perceptive. He has also been graceful, athletic and inspired on the field. And outside the game he is stylish and much-imitated. After Gullit, no one can say that black people may be great athletes

but can't be bosses. He, and an increasing number of black sportsmen and entertainers – Garth Crooks, Tiger Woods, Lenny Henry – are defying the stereotype which says that success in one area means that people from a given race cannot be successful elsewhere.

The other, implicit message of the PSI's work is likely to be more controversial. On present trends, the UK's minority population will eventually marry itself out of existence. That happened once before; in Georgian London there was a black community, the size of which was, proportionately, comparable to today's. They were principally servants, soldiers and former slaves; but over time they too intermarried, and except for the few families that retain a folk-memory of a distant dark ancestor they disappeared from view. But today's multiracial children are not meekly going to give up their heritage, according to the PSI: if anything they are more determined than their parents to maintain their multiple identities.

Why should a child with a white mother have to accept the designation "black" if that denies the existence of a parent they cherish? But there are wider reasons why these children embrace their ethnicity so strongly. The report suggests that those who have a partially Afro-Caribbean heritage see their colour as a defining aspect of their personalities, while young Asians, particularly those from Muslim homes,

identify religion as their touchstone. It is hardly surprising.

Children growing up in the global village are more likely than their parents to find their identities as part of global tribes, and of the newest, most significant such tribes the black and Muslim tribes are possibly the most vibrant and most visible. Their unifying symbols are respectively colour and religion.

Multiracial marriages and partnerships are relatively more frequent in the UK than anywhere else. Thankfully, gone are the days when children were described insultingly as half-caste, and removed from their parents because white grandparents would not accept them, but much of the writing and discussion about children of multiracial families still focuses on their alleged confusion of identity. The truth is that it is the rest of us, black, white and Asian, who are confused and fearful of the new. And our fear may be losing us a huge opportunity.

A few years ago, a firm with which I was involved lost out in a delicate negotiation with an American company. It would have led to a huge boost in the company's fortunes. When asked why they withdrew, the Americans said, in essence, that the Brits felt like a company 20 years out of date. "We never saw anybody on your team who was not totally white; you can't get away with it these days." That is the world today – global markets, global people. Who is more likely to prosper and to be

convincing in such a world than people who in their very person straddle continents? My own children can reasonably claim to feel comfortable in Paris, New York, London and Bombay – these, after all, are just the homes of their various grandparents. It is the young, multiracial crowd who have the flexibility and adaptability that the 21st century will demand. For them, moving between cultures and using several languages is a way of life that they imbibed with their mothers' milk. Instead of teaching children that the whiter (or blacker) they are the better, the real advantage may be in being able to count the number of different roots your parents have bequeathed to you.

Race is no longer a simple black-and-white issue. Inequality and discrimination are still central facts of life for most non-white people. But it is not enough to say that we need to solve them and the differences will all go away. They won't, and we should not want them to. Painful as it might be for some of us, the real world will continue to put a value on our ethnic backgrounds. The upside is that being a European with a white skin may be valued at a discount; but so will being a "pure" anything. On the other hand, to mangle Orwell, we may find that the expression "one race bad, two races good, three races better" best describes what is about to happen to race. I hope so. But even if that is the case, you still won't get me to like Blue Mink.



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## jo brand's week

It's not often that someone you know is the victim of an extraordinary crime, by which I mean, sadly, something that is not a car theft or a mugging. This week a fellow comic moved to same Manchester hotel as our tour mob after an incident at a hotel nearby, which began with a knock on the door and someone saying "room service". When he opened the door, three men in ski masks ran in, bundled him and his friend to the floor, tied them up and put black bags over their heads. The gang then took their credit cards and demanded the PIN numbers. This was all accompanied by a fair bit of violence and the gang clearing about a grand out of their accounts. I've always felt safe in hotels and this is another nail in the coffin of those oases of safety we all presume we have. I shall be doing much peering through spy holes from now on.

Congratulations to Kathy Burke who I have worked with on a number of occasions and am very fond of, for picking up an award for best actress in Cannes. What was so brilliant about seeing her on the news getting her award was the fact that although she

may not be a traditionally plastic supermodel type, she is attractive, normal, very funny and charming. Next to her, the powdered, designer dressed, personality-free women who normally grace that self-congratulatory showbiz bash all looked like Stepford wives. It was true-to-life intelligent British grit versus glossy American pap... and I think we won.

One of the problems I have always thought that men suffer from is that many of them are spoiled rotten by either their mother or both their parents and therefore grow up having an inflated sense of their own importance. This was in evidence the other night at the Corn Exchange in Cambridge when one of the staff came into the dressing room and said, "There's a kid in the audience who would like to meet you." I do not encourage "kids" to come to my show because it is rude and enough adults find it too much. Let alone a 13-year-old. However, I was fascinated and so this child appeared accompanied by doting parents and reeled off several scenes from my television show while the parents glowed over him. But, just as the trio was leaving, the

kid turned to Arty, the support act, and said, "I hope you don't mind my saying this, but I thought you were extremely boring." There was an embarrassed silence and then the parents started doing, "Oh isn't he sweet?" routine. We would have liked to have given him a slap and all agreed that had he behaved like this in the presence of our parents, our feet wouldn't have touched the ground. I must be getting old. Kids today, eh?

We hit Wolverhampton on Thursday night and as I have been doing ever night, I scanned a copy of *The Rough Guide to England* to see if there were any interesting facts about the place I could use in the show. The guide doesn't pull any punches and

described Wolverhampton as "unattractive with a mixture of Victorian civic architecture and hideous 1960s shopping malls". What I liked about the audience, though, is that they could have a laugh about it. Not so certain other areas, where the residents are very precious about their town. It is the places where they sit stony faced or boo that you can generally be sure that a Tory MP has retained his seat.

The nature of a society can be gleaned, to some extent, by examining what the members of that society spend their money on. It is somewhat alarming, then, to discover that domestic service is the fastest growing item of consumer spending in this country over the past decade. Although this means that

many middle class women are managing to earn enough to pay nannies, cleaners etc. it also means an entirely different group of women is having to be those things and not, I assume, getting very good wages. It would be terrible if the advancement of one group of women was at the expense of a large group of others.

The fashion industry has been criticised this week by Bill Clinton because of its seeming promotion of "heroin chic". This is evident in poses of models in which they look vacuous and of course very thin, so appearing to be addicted to the demon drug. (I have always found most models to look fairly vacuous anyway, so I think it's quite hard to tell the difference). The sad fact is that many models probably are addicted to heroin, which is apparently the drug of choice of the famous empty heads. One can understand why someone living on a council estate in Glasgow might want to be out of touch with the harsh reality of their life, but as most young girls in this country aspire to the life of the supermodel, it's perhaps a lesson that it's not all it's cracked up to be.



مكتبة من الامم المتحدة



david   
aaronovitch



not too late for us to cast aside our palm fronds and our illusions, and to realise that, in the real world, as Mr Glover concludes, "if some things really do get better, others will almost certainly get worse". How very true.

**by Mary Dejevsky**

command - the legality of which, according to air force (but not army) rules, was contested. She then fell in love with Marc Zigo, the civilian football coach at the base. Zigo, by all accounts but his own and that



Kelly Flinn as the star of the air force's equal opportunities policy (above) and after being charged with adultery, lying and disobeying an order (left) Photographs: AP

Marc Zigo gave broadcast interviews damning his former lover (who, it had already emerged, was one of very many). Gayla Zigo publicised a high-flown letter she had written to the air force secretary citing air force rules, the "scaling" of her husband, and the importance of discipline.

With the air force emphasising the disobedience charge,

INSTA  
UP TO

This would help to restore her reputation – and, eventually, that of the air force. But the name Kelly Finn will long evoke pained expressions in the military establishment in recognition of a sequence of misjudgments that must on no account be repeated. As Finn's lawyer, Frank Spinner, put it: "The United States has lost a pioneer – and at what a price."

# Art, science and Self abuse

emperor of a nose, a black  
polo-neck, a horn-rimmed  
glasses clamped on his greying  
 pate: Will Self, so far unde-  
corated author of seven books,  
tens taller and bonier than  
Wolpert, with a long, brooding,  
horse's face and the permanent  
air of a sixth former just  
returned from the back of the  
bicycle shed - Self, the part-  
time journalist who had a bet-  
ter election campaign than the  
rest of Fleet Street put  
together, on the basis of one  
article and a trip to the lavatory



**'Do science and literature cross-fertilise?' The answer, if we are to believe Professor Wolpert, is a resounding 'No, no, no'**

The scientists' starkly simple task is to reveal the truth about the universe, in all its bizarre detail. And steadily this revelation is coming to pass. "With enough scientists and enough money, all will be discovered. Geniuses only speed things up."

What role can literature play in this endeavour? None at all, it seems; all writers do is to snipe from the sidelines.

"The whole of English literature is filled with nasty remarks about science," Wolpert

full of brilliant scientific writers such as John Dalton, Charles Darwin, TH Huxley and James Lovelock.

"Literature unites with scientific theory to create a strange chimera which propels scientific thought," said Self.

He developed the conceit of "enlightenment scientists going out ahead, chipping away at conceptual space" - with the artists close behind, handing them tools, perhaps, or carting away the chippings.

ture than artists are in science. (Has no one tried pointing out that literary works are on the whole much more fun to read than Heisenberg's *Physical Principles of the Quantum Theory*, or worse?)

There were several pungent contributions from the floor, of which the best was certainly the assertion that "in 20 years, Shakespeare may well be recognised as one of the great scientists." "Enough!" shrieked Wolpert. "But you haven't let

These people, however, are not Will Self, who would only like to hold hands with science, walking into the garish sunset, borrowing nifty terms and cool ideas when the opportunity arises: words such as flocculate, inspissate, phyletic, diplopia; ideas such as the "quantifying theory of insanity" (the title of his first book).

Give over, Lewis, you old sourpuss. Will means no harm. And you'd make a lovely couple.

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
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# business & city

Business news desk: tel 0171-293 2636 fax 0171-293 2098  
BUSINESS & CITY EDITOR: JEREMY WARNER



Bowing out ... and in: Katsuhiko Kondo, the president (second from right) and the chairman, Tadashi Okuda (second from left) are flanked by their respective replacements at Dai-ichi Bank Photograph: AP

## Dai-ichi chiefs quit in wake of loan scandal

The chairman, president and five more top executives of Dai-ichi Kangyo Bank, Japan's oldest, resigned yesterday in the wake of a widening financial scandal which threatens to involve senior politicians. The president, Katsuhiko Kondo, is to be replaced by Ichiro Fujita, currently vice-president, while Tadashi Okuda, chairman, will step aside for Yoshiharu Mani, another vice-president. The departures come in the wake of an official raid on the bank earlier this week in search of evidence that the bank lent 26bn yen (£137m) to an alleged corporate gangster or 'sokaiya'. Ryuichi Koike is alleged to have used some of the money to buy shares in Nomura Securities, the world's biggest brokerage. Nomura said yesterday it had appointed Takashi Tsutsui as chairman and senior executive of its European subsidiary, Nomura International, following the departure of Hitoshi Tonomura, who resigned in April following the allegations. There are reports that prosecutors are investigating whether Nomura was involved in bribing prominent politicians and bureaucrats.

## Banking boom boosts Halifax share handout

Tom Stevenson  
Financial Editor

Millions of Halifax members are set for a much bigger windfall than they had been led to expect when the country's biggest building society floats on the stock market in a week's time. If City predictions of the price at which Halifax shares will end their first day's dealings are accurate, someone getting the minimum handout can look forward to shares worth £1,400.

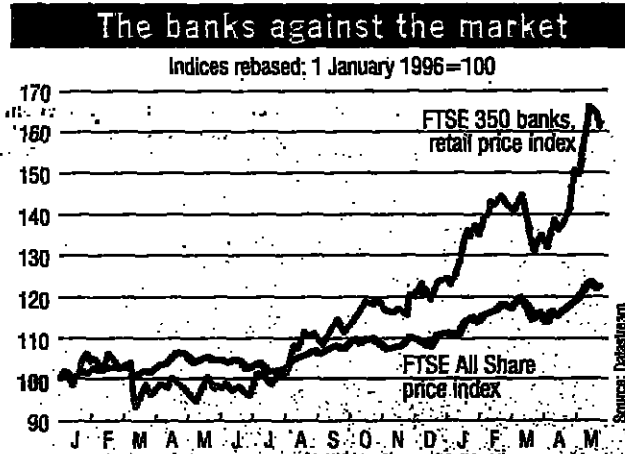
According to one of the City's spread betting organisations, IG Index, Halifax shares will be worth 700p at close of play on Monday 2 June, the first day of trading. Anyone with both a savings account and a mortgage with Halifax will have shares worth at least £2,800 and possibly much more, depending on the level of funds in their account.

That prediction is well ahead of the range originally suggested by Halifax when it announced details of its flotation and told its 8 million members their shares might be worth between 395p and 450p. The increase means the minimum handout, which two-thirds of members will receive, is more than £500 higher than expected.

Halifax received the official go-ahead for the float yesterday as the Building Societies Commission confirmed the transfer of the business of the Halifax Building Society to Halifax plc. Assuming authorisation is obtained from the Bank of England, the shares will start trading in nine days' time, entering the FTSE 100 index three weeks later.

Analysts said yesterday the short delay before Halifax enters the index was one factor in the rapid increase in expectations for the price. Big institutional investors are expected to scramble for shares in early dealings in order to maintain their weighting in the banks sector.

They will get their first chance to buy shares next Friday when, as with the Alliance & Leicester, an auction will be



held of the shares that members have already indicated they wish to cash in immediately.

The technical squeeze is one of the main factors driving expectations, but part of the rise, analysts say, is attributable to the underlying strength of the whole sector. Bank shares have soared over the past 12 months in the most benign environment for financial stocks in years.

Lloyds TSB shares, which closed last night at 618p, near to an all-time high, have more than doubled in 12 months. Four years ago they were worth 122p. Barclays, £12.29 last night, were only 751p a year ago. Abbey National has enjoyed the run, and Alliance & Leicester, up 37p yesterday to 636p, is more than 100p higher than its low point a month ago.

Banks are enjoying buoyant trading conditions and analysts said yesterday they were anticipating raising their forecasts across the sector as the summer progresses. The continuing consumer boom and the recovering housing market are providing plenty of lending opportunities, improving the banks' product mix and offsetting some of the competitive pressures on margins.

All the banks are currently in the process of slashing their cost bases, thanks to a reduction in their expensive branch net-

works and a move to cheaper telephone and PC-based delivery systems as well as alternative physical methods such as supermarket banking. With the UK still well behind the US in this regard, the cost-cutting process has a way to go.

As a result of buoyant trading and cost-cutting, all the banks are faced with an embarrassment of surplus capital. Dividend growth has vastly outpaced the rest of the market and some banks, such as Barclays and NatWest, have opted to return even more to shareholders via share buybacks. That trend is also expected to continue.

The final positive for the banks has been the rise in sterling in recent months, which has hit exporting companies so hard but left the banks, which are predominantly domestic businesses, looking relatively attractive.

Whether the Halifax shares hang on to their early gains will depend partly on the number of shareholders who cannot resist the temptation to cash in their early gains. Just over a quarter of the Alliance & Leicester's shares were sold immediately, but partly because of the performance of A&L's shares more Halifax shares are expected to be tucked away as a long-term investment.

**Shares windfall, Long Weekend, pages 27-30**

## British Airways set for £300m windfall from Galileo flotation

Michael Harrison

British Airways is set to reap a windfall of up to £300m through the flotation on the New York Stock Exchange of Galileo International, the worldwide airline computer reservations system.

BA has a stake of just under 15 per cent in Galileo, half of which will be sold in the public offering later this year. When American Airlines floated a 20 per cent stake in its computer reservations system Sabre last year the business was valued at \$3.5bn (£2.15bn).

Galileo operates through a network of 36,000 travel agents in 73 countries and made operating profits last year of \$175m on revenues of \$1.2bn. It accounts for a quarter of all airline bookings made in the US and nearly 40 per cent of airline travel in Europe.

BA and the 10 other airlines

which own Galileo have agreed not to sell any further shares for six months after the flotation, the main aim of which will be to raise funds to allow Galileo to acquire three travel businesses, the biggest of which is Apollo Travel Services Partnership in the US.

According to a filing lodged this week with the US Securities and Exchange Commission, Galileo will pay \$700m for Apollo, \$224m for Transwair of Switzerland and \$14m for Galileo Nederland.

No details were made available of the proportion of Galileo that was to be floated, although the filing says that the offer price will be a maximum of \$400m.

The most important airline in the Galileo system is United Airlines of the US, the world's biggest carrier, which accounts for 12 per cent of all the book-

ings made through it. Galileo's five biggest subscribers are the American Automobile Association, American Express, Business Travel International, Wagon Lits and Rosenbluth International who between them account for 21 per cent of bookings.

Apart from airline tickets, Galileo also operates a reservations system for booking hire cars and hotel rooms in conjunction with 48 car rental companies and 220 hotel chains around the world.

It is slightly smaller than Sabre, which made \$327m operating income on revenues of \$1.6bn last year. Amadeus, the other member of big three, is owned by Lufthansa, Iberia of Spain and Air France.

Galileo International was created in 1993 out of a merger of Covia, United's reservations system and the UK-based Galileo

company which was set up in 1987 by BA and four other European airlines.

It has headquarters in Rosemont, Illinois and employs 1,950. Last year a total of 300 million bookings were made through Galileo generating ticket sales worth \$50bn.

Ownership and control of computer reservation systems has become an increasingly important feature of airline competition in recent years. Smaller carriers complain that they are squeezed out by the likes of Sabre, Amadeus and Galileo because their flights are not featured as prominently on the computer screens in travel agencies.

Apart from BA and United, the other members of Galileo are Swissair, KLM, USAirways, Alitalia, Olympic of Greece, Canada, Portugal's TAP, Aer Lingus and Austrian Airlines.

## Broker sued over Belling affair

Chris Godsmark  
Business Correspondent

Greig Middleton, the stock-broking firm, is facing a £2.5m legal action over its alleged role in the Belling pension fund saga, which has left pensioners of the collapsed cooker company in severe financial hardship.

The group now in charge of the pension fund, the Law Debenture Trust Corporation, served a writ last week accusing Greig Middleton of negligence in over-valuing a Belling subsidiary which was then sold to the fund. Belling's former auditors, Hereward Philips of North London, are also being sued in the action for up to £5m.

The legal claim is the latest attempt by Law Debenture to retrieve more than £5m which was paid out from the fund before Belling called in the receivers. Next week is the fifth anniversary of the company's collapse. Some fund members who retired after the collapse of Belling are receiving less than half their pension entitlements.

Greig Middleton was employed by the pension fund trustees in October 1991 to value Compound Sections, a Belling subsidiary which the trustees intended to sell to the fund to raise badly needed cash for the parent company. Though around half Compound's sales were to Belling, which was then in severe financial difficulties, Greig Middleton said it was worth £5.25m.

The High Court will allege Greig Middleton should have realised Compound Sections was so heavily dependent on Belling that the true valuation should have been £2.75m. The claim also says Greig Middleton made it do so not enough to establish whether the cooker maker was solvent. According to the claim Belling already owed Compound £503,000 in June 1991.

After receiving the valuation the fund trustees, who included Richard Belling, the company chairman, and the finance director Michael Stewart, raised the purchase price to £5.5m. This amounted to about a quarter of the entire pension fund assets. Compound was later sold by the fund following Belling's collapse for just £1.4m.

## Peek sacks its chairman in strategy row

Clifford German

Peek, the traffic management group, yesterday sacked its chairman, Ken Maud, citing irreconcilable differences over future strategy for coping with the financial problems that led to a shock profit warning six weeks ago. He has been replaced by David Walsh one of the non-executive directors.

The company's share price which has been in free-fall since hitting a record 130p last summer, yesterday gained 4.5p to 39.5p on the boardroom shake-up.

Allen Standley, chief executive, said differences had been developing over a long period. They came to a head at a meeting on Thursday when the rest of the seven-man board rejected Mr Maud's "high-risk strategy" for solving the group's problems. His contract has been terminated, and Mr Maud has returned to his home in the US.



High-risk: Ken Maud's approach has been rejected

their 11 per cent rise in turnover with a 55 per cent plunge in profits to just £3.4m. The full-year figures in March showed a 13 per cent rise in turnover and a 21 per cent drop in profits to £12.6m.

That fall was followed six weeks later by a warning of a likely loss of £1.5m in the first half of the current year.

Peek blamed a slowdown in orders as a result of the deferment of government funding for clients in several Asian countries, and loss-making contracts in the Netherlands, UK and North America.

Losses include a £1m provision to cover higher than expected costs on two Dutch contracts, and £1.9m spent on product development and the integration of two acquisitions.

The warning also foreshadowed increased competition from Siemens in the Dutch market.

Cost over-runs will continue until the end of the year and second half profits are unlikely to exceed the £9.2m recorded in the second half of last year.

Brokers immediately slashed their forecasts for this year from £13m to £7m-£8m.

## BCCI fraud victims to get compensation

Victims of the biggest fraud in history won a symbolic victory yesterday after a £2.9m fine against former shipping tycoon Abbas Gokal, who was sentenced to 14 years in prison earlier this month, was turned into a compensation order, writes Tom Stevenson.

"We are very pleased by the compensation order the court made this morning. However, Abbas Gokal caused significant damage to BCCI and its creditors and we will continue to pursue his assets worldwide," the liquidator Christopher Morris of Deloitte & Touche said.

Keith Vaz, Labour MP for Leicester East and long time champion of victims of the collapse of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International, also welcomed the decision: "I am absolutely delighted that the judge has decided to reverse the decision and turn the fine into a compensation order ... I urge the liquidator to pay the money over."

If Gokal—who fled to Pakistan from his company's Swiss base when BCCI collapsed in 1991 with debts of more than \$12bn (£7.5bn)—does not pay, he faces an extra three years in prison.

# STOCK MARKETS

FTSE 100

Day	Index
Monday	4770
Tuesday	4740
Wednesday	4750

Dow Jones\*

Day	Index
Monday	7260
Tuesday	7270
Wednesday	7250

Nikkei

Day	Index
Monday	19880
Tuesday	19890
Wednesday	19870




\*New Index Data 1 graph at 1200 hours

FTSE® Stock Index Table

## Indices

Index	Close	Day's change	Change(%)	1996/97 High	1996/97 Low	Yield(%)
FTSE 100	4651.80	+9.80	+0.2	4893.80	4056.80	3.92
FTSE 250	4501.50	+1.10	+0.0	4729.40	4469.40	3.61
FTSE 350	2233.30	+4.00	+0.2	2272.10	2017.90	3.53
FTSE SmallCap	2299.95	+1.82	+0.1	2374.20	2178.29	3.05
FTSE All-Share	2212.70	+3.49	+0.2	2270.98	1989.78	3.50
New York*	7262.57	-28.02	-0.4	7333.55	5032.94	1.71
Tokyo	19877.39	+36.41	+0.2	20489.75	17309.85	0.811
Hong Kong	14212.00	-23.52	-0.2	24236.20	12055.17	3.001
Frankfurt	3579.42	-16.57	-0.5	3604.55	2846.77	1.511

Statistics as of 23 May

INTEREST RATES									
Short sterling*			UK medium gilt			US long bond			
									
* UK: last before central			* Treasury 95 2000						
Money Market Rates				Bond Yields *					
Index	1 Month	1 Year	Medium Bond (%)	Year Ago	Long Bond	(%) Year Ago			
UK	6.31	8.93	7.28	8.05	7.35	8.17			
US	5.59	6.12	6.74	6.69	6.98	6.87			
Japan	0.50	0.75	2.55	3.25	-	-			
Germany	3.06	3.31	5.91	8.45	6.70	-			
* Benchmark indices									
MAIN PRICE CHANGES									
Index	Price (p)	Change (p)	Change (%)	Falls	Price (p)	Change (p)	% Change		
Smith/David S. Ind	225	10	4.7		Takewest Comms	68	4.5	6.2	
Centrica	66.5	2.3	3.5		Natl Express Gp	490.5	29.5	5.5	
Wetherspan(Ltd)	1292.5	41	3.4		Molins	567.5	20	3.4	















## sport

## Corretja heads the Spanish invasion of Paris



A change of coach has lifted Alex Corretja Photograph: Allsport

It is possible that the British tennis establishment's reputation for looking down its nose has been misconstrued. The habit might be a consequence of years spent scanning the world rankings for British names. Ironically, Tim Henman's seeding for the French Open, which starts on Monday, may also create a false impression.

Encouraging though it is to see a British man seeded for a Grand Slam championship (it happened last in 1982, when Buster Mottram was No 14 for Paris and No 15 for Wimbledon), it must be remembered that the 22-year-old is virtually an apprentice on the comparatively slow clay courts of Europe. That was underlined by the manner of Henman's early elimination at the Italian Open and from this week's tournament in St. Polten, Austria.

The French have simply adhered to the ATP Tour rankings, so Henman, in the absence of Boris Becker, Todd Martin and Thomas Enqvist (the Swede withdrew yesterday), is seeded No 14, a reward for success earlier in the year on the medium-paced concrete courts of Qatar, Sydney and Melbourne and a fast indoor carpet in Antwerp.

Any progress Henman makes at Stade Roland Garros will be a bonus. In the opening round he plays Olivier Delaite, a 30-year-old French wild card, ranked No 143. Australia's Mark Philippoussis, a winner on clay in Munich, may cast a shadow in the second round, and Henman is projected to meet Yevgeny Kafelnikov, the defending champion, in the last 16.

Similar reservations apply to the unseeded Greg Rusedski, the British No 2, whose game, based on his mighty serve, is tailored for faster surfaces. Rusedski,

The French Open, which starts on Monday, is likely to be dominated by clay court specialists. John Roberts looks at the main contenders in the men's singles

currently ranked No 41, plays Sweden's Magnus Norman in the opening round, and Pete Sampras is a possibility in the third round.

With Wimbledon a month away, it will be a relief if Henman and Rusedski leave for the lawns of England in better condition, physically and mentally. Both players have lost momentum following time off recovering from injuries.

In Henman's case, although surgery has cleared his elbow of fragments of bone which had been floating in the joint for about 10 years, he has apparently experienced side-effects which may be psychosomatic.

Sampras, the world No 1, intends to make a challenge in spite of a thigh injury that threatens to undermine his prospects of completing his collection of the Grand Slam singles championships. The American will do well to survive a first round against Fabrice Santoro.

Sampras, 25, was asked recently if there was a likelihood of his becoming an obsessive about winning the French Open as Ivan Lendl because in respect to Wimbledon, "I think Lendl's personality and my personality are so different," Sampras replied. "He was almost to the point of being consumed with Wimbledon. He changed his whole year basically for that one tournament. I think that's putting too much pressure, at least for me."

"I tried playing more on clay. That didn't work. If you ask me, that question when I'm 29 or 30,

maybe I will be consumed. I feel like I have five, six or seven good chances to get lucky and win there one year."

Kafelnikov reckons it would take "a miracle" for him to make a successful defence, having knocked himself out of the early part of the season by breaking a hand on a punchbag. Muster has been out of sorts since flourishing on the hard courts of Florida. Richard Krajicek, it will be recalled, won at Wimbledon last year after advancing to the quarter-finals in Paris and anything is possible where Goran Ivanisevic is concerned.

Jim Courier and Bruguera, who, between them, dominated the event from 1991 to 1994, will have to be heeded, and the two men in form are Marcelo Rios and Alex Corretja, seeded No 7 and No 8 respectively.

Corretja is the possessor of a dozen Spanish titles in the world's top 100. Five are seeded and most have strong connections with Barcelona. After winning the Italian championship, Corretja was asked if he would exchange his victory for Ronaldo to remain with Barcelona football club. "I might do it if it were a less important tournament," he said.

It was also put to Corretja that he could turn out to be the Thomas Muster of the year, having reached the finals of his four clay court tournaments so far. "I wish I could be," he sighed. "Many things have changed in my tennis. I work very hard. I try to be more

concentrated. I used to see a lot of matches during the tournament. Now I just want to relax after each match. I eat and then go to bed. I am more professional. I go to bed just to sleep."

Corretja's defeat by an ailing Sampras in the quarter-final of last year's United States Open, after holding a match point in a fifth set tie-break, had a seminal effect on the 23-year-old Spaniard. "My recurring thought then was why couldn't I play consistently for two consecutive weeks," he recalled. "At the end of the year I changed my coach. Since then I started playing well for longer periods of time."

The change involved parting from Jose "Pepo" Clavet and returning to Javier Duarte, a mentor during his formative years. "I'm increasingly more confident, because my game is improving a lot," Corretja said. "I played several matches on hard courts, too, and I'm looking forward to seeing what happens on grass."

Asked why there are always so many Spaniards in the final stages of tournaments, he smiled. "That means that we are very good players," he said, pausing before adding, "Unfortunately, in Spain, people are only interested in top 10 players."

Outside Spain, some of the names take time to assimilate. Bruguera, having won the French Open in 1993, was tuning his game for a successful defence when Britain played a Davis Cup tie against Portugal in Oporto. One of a group of British supporters suggested to another that they travel on to watch a tournament in Estoril. "Who's playing?"

"Well, that Buggerer's the top seed."

French Open draw, Digest, page 31



Marcelo Rios: The in-form No 7 seed Photograph: Allsport

## HEXHAM

2.15 Acacia 2.45 Sovereigns Match 3.15 Nijway 3.45 Royal York 4.15 Colorful Ambition 4.50 Howayman

GOING: Good to Firm. 1st half, undulating course. Run-in of 280yd. 2nd half, undulating course. Run-in of 280yd.

WINNERS IN THE LAST SEVEN DAYS: None. LONG-DISTANCE RUNNERS: Brigid Duffell (3.15) has been sent 120 miles by J. Goldie from Uplandmore, Strathclyde.

## 2.15 FEDERATION BREWERY NOVICE HURDLE (CLASS E) £2,000 added 2m 4f 110yds

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## 2.15 LCL PILS LAGER HANDICAP CHASE (CLASS E) £3,000 added 3m 1f

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 2.15 LEAM AMATEURS HANDICAP (CLASS G) £2,875 added 1m 1f

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 2.15 GABLE APPRENTICE HANDICAP (CLASS E) £4,025 3yo 1m 2f

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 2.15 PATO SELLING HCAP (CLASS G) £2,875 added 2m (AW)

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 2.15 KING POST LIMITED STAKES (CLASS E) £4,025 added 1m 2f (AW)

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 2.15 LINGFIELD MAIDEN STAKES (CLASS D) £4,500 2yo 6f

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 2.45 FEDERATION BREWERY NOVICE CHASE (CLASS E) £3,000 added 2m 110yds

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 2.45 LCL PILS LAGER HANDICAP CHASE (CLASS E) £3,000 added 3m 1f

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 2.45 SANDROTTI MAIDEN STAKES (CLASS D) £4,900 added 7f

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 2.45 ANGLO HOLT HCAP (CLASS E) £4,025 added 2m 1f

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 2.45 NOVICE MEDIAN AUCTION STAKES (CLASS E) £4,025 added 2yo 5f

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 2.45 ROBERT THOMAS AYOFEYS HCAP (CLASS E) £4,025 5f

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 2.45 HALL MAIDEN STAKES (CLASS D) £4,900 added 3yo 11m 2f

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 2.45 KING POST LIMITED STAKES (CLASS E) £4,025 added 1m 2f (AW)

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 3.45 KEIGHAN'S ALE HANDICAP HURDLE (CLASS E) £2,000 added 2m 110yds

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 3.45 BUCHANAN ORIGINAL HANDICAP HURDLE (CLASS E) £2,000 2m 4f 110yds

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 3.45 ANGLO HOLT HCAP (CLASS E) £4,025 added 2m 1f

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 3.45 NOVICE MEDIAN AUCTION STAKES (CLASS E) £4,025 added 2yo 5f

1. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 2. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 3. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 4. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 5. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 6. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 7. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 8. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 9. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 10. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 11. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6. 12. P15024 BOSTON MAN (2) M Woodhouse 5.11.0. M A Fitzgerald 6.

## 3.45 ROBERT THOMAS AYOFEYS HCAP (CLASS E) £4,025 5f







## sport

# Wood primed for heavy duty forward conflict

Chris Hewett meets the Lions hooker relishing rugby union's front-row hell in South Africa

Keith Wood resigned himself weeks ago to a staple South African diet of scrummages from hell, big hits from Hades and a thousand boots-and-all rucks from the nether reaches of the abyss. So much for the training sessions, the matches, of course, will be far more physical. All of which raises a rather serious question, given the 25-year-old Irishman's injury record – a tale of anguished misery that makes *EastEnders* look like *Fawlty Towers*. How can any hooker hope to cut the mustard in the shop window of heavy duty front-row engagement with shoulders that splinter almost at will? Was there not a time this season when he felt like saying: "That's one bad injury too many. Let's call it day."

The "no, never" reply could not have been more emphatic, despite the fact that the latest in a seemingly endless catalogue of depressing setbacks – a shoulder dislocation in the match with France in January – may conceivably have cost Wood the Lions captaincy. "A Lions trip is every player's ambition," he said in Durban this week, "but I can honestly say that had there been the slightest doubt in my mind about lasting the distance, I wouldn't have gone near the plane. It would have hurt me to pull out, of course, but I'd have done it. I wouldn't have contemplated coming here if I'd had even the faintest suspicion that I might not be up to it."

"This is not the place to visit if you're not sure of your fitness, because you know full well how physical South African rugby can be: the hits are getting harder and harder generally – it's far tougher now than when I first broke into top rugby back in '92, but these guys are out there in front. If you add to that the rivalry inside the Lions squad, where the only Test certainty is Martin Johnson and everyone else is scrapping for a place, you get an idea of the intensity we face over the next seven weeks or so."

"I certainly expect an incredibly competitive atmosphere to be generated at training as the big games start to close in, but I hope it doesn't get out of hand. There is no point at all in letting inter-personal rivalry sour the spirit in the squad. Let's face it, we're in it together as a party."

The prospect of Wood not being in it at all was one of the most pressing concerns for the selectors as they pieced together the personnel jigsaw, and when their man came through five full-on league matches for Harlequins in the breathless space of 14 days in April, the sigh of relief from Chateau Cotton had more of the hurricane than the gentle zephyr about it. By pitching him straight into today's tour opener in Port Elizabeth, the managerial contingent have supplemented the player's forthright confidence with a liberal helping of their own.

Born in Limerick, Wood inherited some 24-carat rugby genes from his late father Gordon, a stalwart of the local Garryowen front row who went on to prop the Lions scrum in two Tests in New Zealand's South Island in 1959. What Wood Jr did not inherit was his father's prized red shirt, but he recently spotted it hanging on the wall of the Lansdowne club in Dublin. It was an emotional moment for him, both a reminder of his roots and an intimation of possible glories to come.

After helping the family club to All Ireland league titles in 1992 and 1994, Wood drew a deep breath and moved to Harlequins for his first season as a full-time professional.

"People asked me what the hell I thought I was doing," he admitted. "They wondered why someone they considered the most Irish of Irishmen would think for a second about joining what they believed to be the snottiest, snobbiest club in England, the side even other English clubs fell over themselves to beat."

"But I have to say that I enjoyed Quins immensely last season, largely for the simplest but deepest of reasons: friendship. I liked some of the guys a great deal, especially Jason Leonard and Jim Staples, my fellow Irishman, and that attracted me. I'm as serious as the next guy about my rugby but you have to relax, don't you? These were people I felt comfortable with and could enjoy working and playing alongside."

Like many of his fellow Lions tight forwards, Wood senses a lack of respect from the South Africans as the Test build-up moves into overdrive. "The Springboks appear to presume that we have a weakness in the front five, owing, apparently, to our lack of bulk and



Keith Wood: Injury free and raring to go against Eastern Province today Photograph: Alex Livesey/Allsport

that if they apply pressure in that area, as they are bound to do, we will crack. Well, it won't surprise them to hear me say that they can start thinking again. There is an awful lot of talk in the southern hemisphere about the Super 12, but we're not here to emulate that. We're Lions and we're above that level."

"Actually, I'm not completely sold on what I've seen of the Super 12. I'm impressed by much of it, yes, but I don't know how entertaining a match that finishes, say, 50-37, really is."

"From where I'm standing, if you concede 37 points to anyone it's not exactly a good day at the office. In fact, I'd be pretty jacked off at letting 37 slip through because I tend to spit nails every time my side concedes a single point. I'd be in a rare old state, wouldn't I?"

That uncompromising attitude makes a fit Wood an even-money favourite to win a Test cap in Cape Town on 21 June, when he might confront any one of James Dalton, Chris

Rossouw or Naka Drotske – serious competitors all.

After such merciless misfortune, it is good to see Wood relishing the challenge and, just for once, paying attention to the neglected art of self-preservation, too.

"Do you think we might talk in the shade?" he asked as the temperature gauge moved into the 80s.

"I'm frightened of burning my bald patch. It's the only part of me that's injury free, you know."

## Hill can set tone of tour for Lions

CHRIS HEWETT  
reports from Port Elizabeth

The South African province war gives way to full-scale hostilities this afternoon when the Lions confront a beefed-up Eastern Province outfit here, and the medics are on red alert. Given that more than a sixth of the squad failed to survive the first five days of unopposed manoeuvres, it will be a minor miracle if those who see meaningful action in the Boet Erasmus trenches come through unscathed.

John Bentley, the Newcastle winger, and Scott Gibbs, the 1993 Lion from Swansea, both excused themselves from the three-quarter line yesterday with minor ailments – a bruised toe for the former, a bruised thigh for the latter – and will be replaced by Ieuan Evans, who has seen it and done it so often at this level that he has an entire warehouse full of T-shirts, and Will Greenwood, who by comparison has seen next to nothing. He becomes the first uncapped Lion since Nigel Melville blazed all too brief a trail in New Zealand 14 years ago.

"You set goals for yourself at the start of every season and mine were to force a place in the England squad and perhaps push for a Lions spot from there," said the 24-year-old Leicester centre. "It happened back to front but I'm not complaining."

Neither should he. His partner today will be Jeremy Guscott – "the first time I saw him play was in 1989, when he scored that wonderful try for the Lions in Australia," recalled the new boy – and some early fire-works against Hennie le Roux and company in the Easterns back line could well set a vibrant tone, not only for this tour but for next season's England campaign.

It will be an uncomfortable and edgy 80 minutes for Ian McGeechan and his coaching team as the first combination attempts to shed its inevitable inhibitions in perhaps the most malevolent of all the major South African rugby arenas. While McGeechan has seen gauged campaigners like Evans, Guscott and Jason Leonard survive and thrive in the Lions pressure cooker, there is no way of knowing how the Greenwoods, Nick Beales and Tom Smiths of the team will cope.

In many ways, Richard Hill the England open-side flanker who turned 24 yesterday, will occupy the hottest seat of the lot this afternoon. To begin with, he is up against a distinctly useful opponent in Matthew Webber, Easterns' new recruit from the Auckland Blues – the reigning Super 12 champions who tend not to produce too many second-raters. More significant still, however, is the fact that Hill will be at the very epicentre of the breakdowns, where refereeing interpretations are so critical.

Andy Turner, an official from

Western Province, is in control of today's match and if the Lions are to breeze out of South Africa's windy city with a nerve-settling win in the bag, Hill in particular will have to stay on his right side.

"I'll approach this in the same way as I go into any game," said the quick and resourceful Saracen. "That is to say, I'll read the referee as quickly as possible and play accordingly. The tackle area is definitely a point of issue at the moment, so I'll need to react to the demands of the situation."

If the private fears of the Lions' hierarchy about the whims and fancies of southern hemisphere officials are confirmed by Turner's performance this afternoon, the tourists' chances of surviving the far harder provincial games against Western Province, Northern Transvaal, Gauteng and Natal over the next two and a half weeks will be seriously compromised. In British rugby, players kill the ball at will, south of the Equator ball-killing is an arrestable offence. The culture shock could be of a very high voltage indeed.

According to Johan Kluyts, the Easterns coach, the Lions will find themselves short-circuited irrespective of their success in striking up an understanding with the referee. "I know we have the personnel to beat the Lions," he said yesterday as he enthused over his bristling batch of newcomers, headed by Theo van Rensburg at full-back, Willie Enslin at prop and Sam Scott-Young in the back row. "At last we have a team that can go on to the field with real confidence in each other. There is a hunger here."

With the man-eating Kobus Wiese temporarily installed in the Easterns' engine room, it was probably the last phrase the Lions wanted to hear. But they will meet bigger, faster and more cultured sides on this trip and failure to win by anything less than 15 points against an invitation line-up, albeit a dangerous one, would threaten the impressive sense of unity painstakingly developed this week on the sun-kissed beaches of Umhlanga.

They will not click instantly, but they badly need a show of force today. After all, it is 29 years since a Lions side lost anything other than a Test match in South Africa.

LIONS vs Eastern Province Invitation XV, Port Elizabeth, today: N Jenkins (Pontypool and Wales); D Evans (Llanelli and Wales); J Guscott (Bath and England); W Greenwood (Leicester); N Beal (Northampton and England); R Townsend (Northampton and Scotland); R Henry (Cardiff and Wales); T Smith (Warrington and Scotland); K Wood (Warrington and Ireland); J Leonard (Rugby and England, capt); S West (Newcastle and Scotland); S Shaw (Bristol and England); L Dallaglio (Worcester and England); S Quinlan (Richmond and Wales); R Hill (Saracens and England); Replacements: T Underwood (Newcastle and England); M Bennett (Northampton and England); A Bateman (Richmond and England); P Wallace (Saracens and Ireland); S Williams (Richmond and Wales); J Davidson (London Irish and Ireland).

EASTERN PROVINCE XV: T van Rensburg (H. R. de Vries); N le Roux; D Rossouw; K Forth; C Alcock; D Snyman; J Kruuse; W Enslin; A du Preez; S Scott-Young; J Grief; M Webber; Replacements: R Guscott; D Forth; D Hurnan; M van der Merwe; M Winter; W Leisling; Referee: A. Turner (Western Province).

## England keen to establish fluent back line before the Tests

The Sale full-back Jim Mallinder and the Wasps centre Nick Greenstock look certain to win their first England caps against Argentina next Saturday. Both players have retained their places to face Buenos Aires today as England look to fine-tune their back division in time for the Pumas challenge.

"We feel that Jim needs another chance to work with wings Jon Sleightholme and Aledayo Adebayo," Mike Slemen, the assistant coach, said.

Although there are eight changes from the side who beat Cordoba 38-21 on Thursday, only two are behind the scrum as the Wasps half-backs, Alex King and Andy Gomarsall, are given a first tour opportunity.

Slemen admitted that some members of the 30-strong squad may hardly get a look-in during the next fortnight. Players such as Darren O'Leary, Matt Allen and Dave Rees must wait until at least the Argentina A game on Tuesday before making an

appearance as England attempt to win their first Test series on Argentinian soil since 1981.

"Some players are out here purely so that we can look at them from a development point of view," Slemen said.

"Experience is crucial on a trip like this and it delighted us that people such as Phil de Glanville, Ben Clarke and Mike Catt had such fine games against Cordoba."

"The really pleasing thing is that this squad has really gelled

on and off the pitch, everyone is working hard for each other and the Cordoba success proved a real confidence boost."

Buenos Aires are among the top three Argentinian club sides and were recently involved in a tight provincial championship battle with Cordoba.

England have picked an all-changed front row with the Bath props, Kevin Yates and John Mallen, either side of the Leicester hooker Richard Cockerill.

Dave Baldwin partners Nigel Redman in the second row, and Tony Dwyer and Steve Ojomoh complete the back row alongside Clarke.

Whether Yates plays will probably depend on a late fitness test. He sprained his ankle in Cordoba, but England reported no lasting damage from a physically punishing match.

The tour party flew into Buenos Aires yesterday where they will play four of the five remaining matches of the tour.

ENGLAND vs Buenos Aires, today: J Mallinder (Sale); J Sleightholme (Bath); N Greenstock (Wasps); P de Glanville (Bath, capt); A Adebayo (Bath); A King (Worcester); A Gomarsall (Wasps); K Yates (Bath); R Cockerill (Leicester); J Mallen (Bath); D Baldwin (Sale); N Redman (Bath); B Clarke (Richmond); A Dwyer (Saracens); S Ojomoh (Bath); Replacements: M Stapleton (Gloucester); J Davidson (Sale); K Bradshaw (Saracens); D Garforth (Leicester); P Greening (Gloucester); M Carty (Bristol).

Philippe Saint-André, the former French captain, will be joined in the Gloucester back line next season by his brother, Raphael. Gloucester have also signed the Western Samoan back Terry Fanolua.

quotes of the week  
"I remember going on tour with Great Britain in 1984 and everyone was talking about winning Poms," Gregory said. "Well, it wasn't the Poms who were winning last night. The tables seemed to have turned somehow."

Saints now have to regroup for their home match against Wigan on Monday, with Andy Northey added to their lengthening list of

absentees following his four-match ban.

McRae has promised a shake-up following the sub-standard performance at Salford. "Too many players didn't fancy it until it was too late," he said. "There will be changes and there will be signings."

Also on Monday night, Andy Goodwood will watch his new side for the first time as their coach when Paris St-Germain face the London Broncos.

Goodwood will be without the former Perth Western Reds winger or centre, Paul Evans, for his first two matches in charge. Evans has been suspended after being sent off for a high tackle for the second time this season.

Anderson said a change in the scoring system could help the women. In previous Whitbread races, the winner was decided on the fastest time. This time the yachts will get points depending on their position for each leg of the race, making the race more of a tactical challenge.

The experienced America's Cup campaigner Paul Cayard, who led an Italian team to victory in 1992, is skipper of the men's EF entry. He said that the men's and women's crews have been practicing together in Portugal. Cayard believes that proper

handling of the sails will be crucial to victory, but the men and women have different concerns about the problem which their crews are likely to face.

The women worry that will not have enough strength to quickly haul in a sail in a strong 40-knot wind. If needed, more women will be called on deck to get the job done.

The men seem more concerned about psychological strength.

"The tough part is not how windy and stormy it will be," Cayard said. "It is going to be a very demanding race from a psychological standpoint."

## Lyon keeps teacher at bay

Equestrianism  
GENEVIEVE MURPHY  
reports from Windsor Great Park

Polly Lyon retained her overnight lead on Wat Tyler in the International Section of the Windsor Horse Trials where her trainer, Angela Tucker, was her third place on Much the Best at the conclusion of the dressage phase.

Tucker, who is one of the three British selectors, was a member of the ground jury which judged the dressage at Badminton earlier this month. Her husband, Mike, is also heavily involved in the sport as a television commentator and course designer. This year he

will be responsible for the course at the European Open Three-Day Event Championships at Burghley.

Lyon, who spent a year with the Tuckers after winning a Subaru scholarship, still goes to Angela for training when the need arises. But the teacher proved that she can still ride a good test herself when she moved into third, just 0.6pt behind the Dutchman Eddie Stubbe who retained second place.

Tucker's eight-year-old mount, Much the Best, is competing in his third three-day event. He had a fall at the last fence at Necarne in 1995 and a refusal when stuck in the mud jumping up steps at Blair last year. According to Mike Tucker,

the horse is "ready to have a crack" over today's cross-country.

Pippa Funnell, winner of the International Section here for the last two years, is back in 36th place on her chance ride, Witch Way. She had not expected anything more of the inexperienced nine-year-old mare, having come here for fun rather than containing hopes of a Windsor hat-trick.

CHIEF INSURANCE WINDSOR INTERNATIONAL HORSE TRIALS (Bertie) Standings after dressage: International Section 1. Wat Tyler (P. Lyon), GB 47.5; 2. Much the Best (A. Tucker), GB 49.5; 3. Much the Best (A. Tucker), GB 49.5; 4. Much the Best (A. Tucker), GB 49.5; 5. Much the Best (A. Tucker), GB 49.5; 6. Much the Best (A. Tucker), GB 49.5; 7. Much the Best (A. Tucker), GB 49.5; 8. Much the Best (A. Tucker), GB 49.5; 9. Much the Best (A. Tucker), GB 49.5; 10. Much the Best (A. Tucker), GB 49.5.

## England secure Nemeth's future

Basketball  
RICHARD TAYLOR

The England coach, Laszlo Nemeth, led his side into the European Championship qualifying tournament in Slovakia this weekend secure in the knowledge that his contract is being extended beyond the end of the month.

But the Hungarian could soon be working under a newly appointed national performance director, as the English Basketball Association aim to appoint someone to develop programmes for the men's and

women's senior national teams and to encourage elite players.

Nemeth's three-year contract expires next week, but the Association's Mark Hannen dispelled speculation about the coach's immediate future, saying: "We will not be advertising for a replacement and Laszlo will remain in his post, assuming he wants to."

The Association will advertise "worldwide", according to their chairman, Peter Knowles, to fill the post as part of their latest funding application to the Sports Council. The Association will advertise soon but recognise it could be end of the

year before a director is in place.

In the interim, Nemeth will bring some continuity particularly if England are successful this weekend against Luxembourg, Switzerland and Slovakia. England must finish in the top two to qualify for the semi-final round beginning in the autumn.

For the second time in two weeks, the Chicago Bulls have been fined for failing to make players available to the media after practice. Yesterday's \$50,000 (£31,250) fine was double the penalty imposed on 8 May by the National Basketball Association.

## Faxon looks to extend hot streak

Golf

Brad Faxon continued his spring-long hot streak at the Colonial tournament, firing a seven-under-par 63 to lead after Thursday's first round. He has a one-shot lead over Justin Leonard, Paul Goydos and Jim Furyk.

But the man all eyes were focused on was Tiger Woods, the 21-year-old Masters champion who fired a three-under-par 67, well within striking distance of the first-day leaders.

"I didn't really play all that well," said Woods, who followed his Masters victory with another win last Sunday in his first tournament since Augusta.

"I drove it great, but my irons were not that good, and I had a lot of 20 and 30-foot putts for birdies," Woods said. "I had to be very defensive on the greens today. Any score under par here is a good one."

Faxon has already recorded four top five finishes this spring, including a victory at the Freeport McDermott Classic in early April. He said Thursday's round continued his hot streak.

"It was a good round. I had everything go my way," Faxon said. "I was pretty relaxed and my distances were good. If I hit a shot off line, it was the right distance and I had a lot of [birdie] chances."

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## McRae's criticism riles Gregory

Rugby League  
DAVE HADFIELD

The Salford coach, Andy Gregory, has hit back at criticisms from St Helens' Shaun McRae after Saints' Super League title hopes were buried at The Willows on Thursday.

McRae labelled Salford "a very ordinary side" after a 39-26 victory over Saints ended their hopes of retaining the championship, and also criticised the pitch and the facilities at the ground.

"He's naturally disappointed, because it looks as though they won't win the title this year, but I think Shaun will have woken

up this morning and regretted some of the things he came out with," Gregory said yesterday.

"I think any neutral in the crowd would have had his own ideas over which side looked ordinary. I don't regard us as an ordinary side and we have worked very hard to get where we are," he said after Salford went into fourth place in the table.

"I admit our pitch isn't the best, but as for our facilities, he should remember that Salford spent two years in the First Division, without all the Super League money that he has had at his disposal."

"We haven't had money to throw around and I am not in

the business of bankrupting my club."

Gregory said that the club had shrugged off McRae's outburst, which followed an admission from the Australian-born coach that Saints cannot now overtake the Bradford Bulls to retain their title.

"I remember going on tour with Great Britain in 1984 and everyone was talking about winning Poms," Gregory said. "Well, it wasn't the Poms who were winning last night. The tables seemed to have turned somehow."

Saints now have to regroup for their home match against Wigan on Monday, with Andy Northey added to their lengthening list of

absentees following his four-match ban.

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Also on Monday night, Andy Goodwood will watch his new side for the first time as their coach when Paris St-Germain face the London Broncos.

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## 'Battle of sexes' set for Whitbread race

Sailing

In what is being billed as a battle of the sexes, a Swedish company is sponsoring two identical yachts – one for men and one for women – to take part in the Whitbread Round The World Race.

The females have a goal to beat the males... and we will see how it all ends up," said Fred Andersson, who is managing the venture for EF Education, an international education company. EF Education has a work force that is 65 per cent female and Andersson said on

Thursday that it did not seem right to sponsor a yacht only for men.

Eleven yachts are entered in the Whitbread Round The World Race, which will start on September 21 from Cowes. The race will last approximately nine months over a 31,600-mile (50,560-kilometre) course.

Nine of the 11 entries are designed by the American Bruce Farr. Although EF Education would not say how much the Stockholm-based company is spending on its two Farr-designed yachts, the company has budgeted \$18m (£11m) for the project.

Andersson said a change in the scoring system could help the women. In previous Whitbread races, the winner was decided on the fastest time. This time the yachts will get points depending on their position for each leg of the race, making the race more of a tactical challenge.

The experienced America's Cup campaigner Paul Cayard, who led an Italian team to victory in 1992, is skipper of the men's EF entry. He said that the men's and women's crews have been practicing together in Portugal. Cayard believes that proper

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The men seem more concerned about psychological strength.

"The tough part is not how windy and stormy it will be," Cayard said. "It is going to be a very demanding race from a psychological standpoint."

Spirited

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QUOTES OF THE WEEK

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Other sports



did not show as he bottled up the Australian middle order. Whatever the changes, Lloyd is keen that his players still observe the rudiments of the game. "We're looking to pick strong characters these days," he said. "We've enough self-doubt as a country and were trying to put together a team the public can identify with."

"I believe we're doing everything right, structure-wise. Now we've got to perform."

ENGLAND (probable): M A Atherton (capt), N Y Knight, A J Stewart (wk), G P Thorpe, G D Lloyd.

Championship yesterday, the Australian batsman, Darren Lehman, continued his run of form, ending with 177 as Yorkshire put on 306 against Somerset after starting the day on 183 for 5. Somerset then reached 203 for 5 before declaring. Yorkshire advanced to 124 for 2 in their second innings.

There was no play due to rain at Cardiff yesterday in the match between Glamorgan and Hampshire.

<http://www.sporting-life.com>







# Molby turns ugly ducklings into Swans

Phil Shaw meets the Dane whose first full season as Swansea player-manager may end in promotion at Wembley today

The door of the manager's office at Swansea City has been disfigured so that it resembles Jack Nicholson's handprint in *The Shining*. The damage was done not by an underpaid centre-back or an irate supporter, but by a man steeped in the subtle art of unlocking the world's most secure defences.

Jan Molby, a shining presence with Ajax and Liverpool for half his life, has made few obvious mistakes in his first full campaign as Swansea's player-manager. A place in today's Third Division play-off final against Northampton before a 50,000 crowd at Wembley is testimony to that. Locking his keys inside the room just happens to be one of them.

Despite being built for battering down doors, the 33-year-old Dane's playmaking has tended to be characterised by precision rather than power. This season Molby has also belied the perception of him - which he shared before following the John Toshack trail from Anfield to the Vetch Field - as unlikely management material.

After all, he was famously detained at Her Majesty's Pleasure for a driving offence (Swansea's ground stands next to a prison, an irony which he says with a grin is "a taboo subject" with his players). Reputedly fond of a pint or two at his local on the Wirral, he often had the girls to prove it.

It was in his 11th season on Merseyside, working out a one-year contract, that Molby became resigned to the fact that he was not part of Roy Evans' plans. In spite of a bright spell on loan to Barnsley, moves to Birmingham and Coventry fell through before Swansea came calling in February last year.

"I'd never been interested in being a manager," Molby admitted, his distinctive Danish-Scouse accent showing no Welsh inflections. "I'd always been very easy-going and lived life to the full. But before I left Liverpool I was on loan at Norwich. The manager there, Gary Megson, said I should of-

fer myself as a player-coach." Swansea were in a sorry state when they landed Molby on a free transfer. Mired in the Second Division relegation zone, they had just appointed the youth coach of Cradley Town, one Kevin Cullis, to the hot seat, only to withdraw the offer almost immediately.

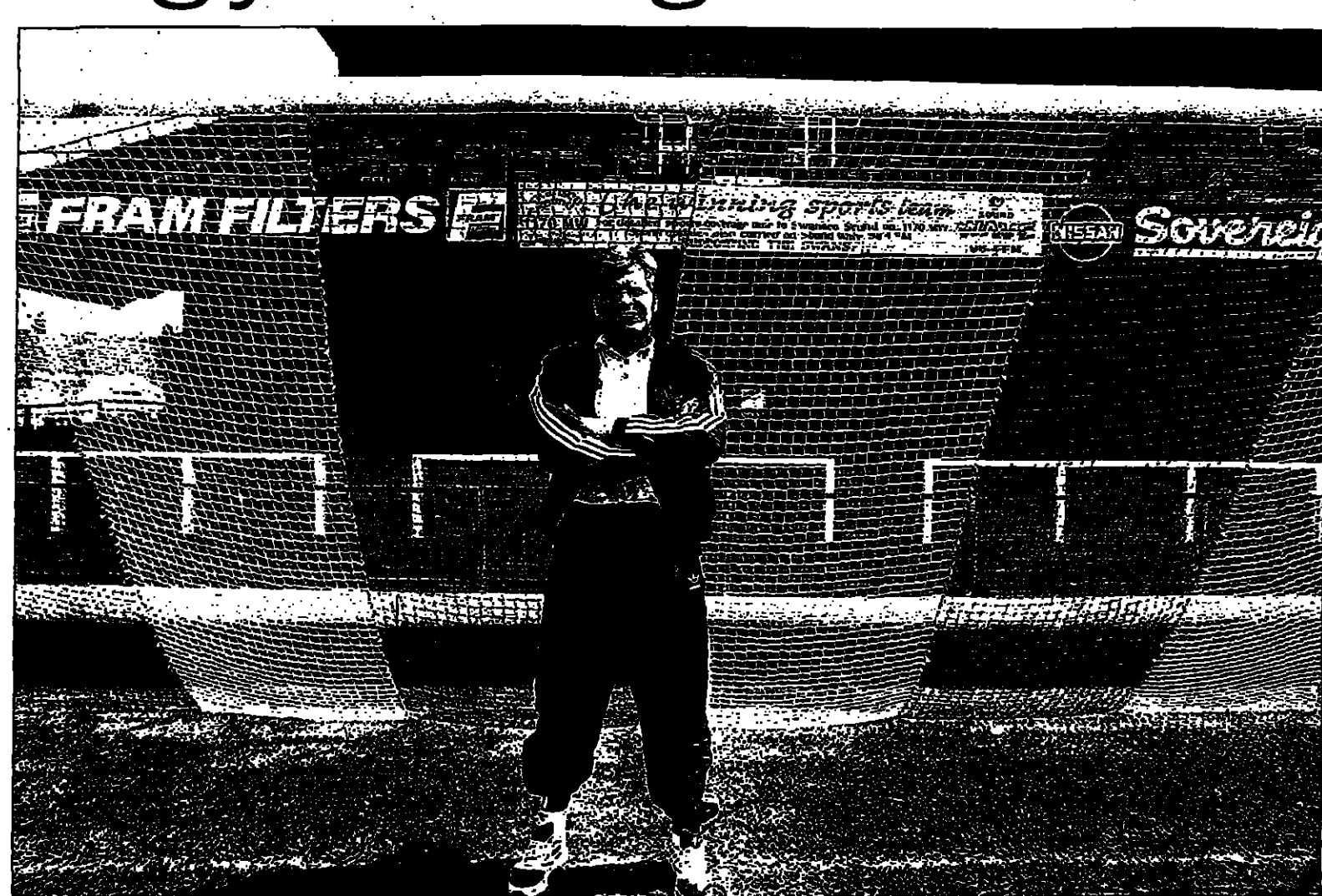
"They were having a horrendous season and there were 15 games left," Molby recalled. "We won three and drew two of my first five and I naturally thought: 'This is easy'. We then went six without a win. I realised I had to take things step by step, not cheat by taking the easy way."

Soon after Swansea took the drop, I met Molby at Euro 96. The club had no money and nothing had gone right. "Little's changed," he chuckled when reminded. "Although we've made good use of the loan system, we've only brought in one new player and let three go."

So how have the ugly ducklings of last spring become proud Swans again? "Because we didn't have the funds to bring in new blood, we took a better look at what we had here already. We've given them a run in the team and stuck with them even when we've been beaten."

"After winning the first game we lost six in a row. With a third of the season gone, we were second bottom of the whole League. Then we went on a tremendous run of 13 wins and two draws in 17 games. "We try to pass and move, the Anfield way, but you can overdo it at this level. I believe in that famous Alan Hansen quote about hoofing the ball into Row Z if it needs be."

On the opening day, Molby was sent off and missed a penalty but has since made over 30 appearances. The legendary bulk has not been an issue. "People have been going on about my weight for years, he said, looking as trim as in recent memory. "But I don't need to run like a young kid. That's not how I play my football."



Jan Molby: "People have been going on about my weight for years, but I don't need to run like a young kid"

Photograph: Peter Jay

Player-managers usually describe the dual role as impossible; to him it is "the best of both worlds". Similarly, players who have dabbled in the poacher's lifestyle often prove the harshest gamekeepers in management. Molby, while devoting his own spare time to "rest rather than partying", does not class himself as a disciplinarian.

"We try to treat people as grown-ups and give them responsibility. I have to laugh sometimes when I catch myself saying things to the lads that managers told me - 'Do this, don't do that' - which I never imagined I could say."

Of his four managers at Anfield, Kenny Dalglish is the one whose values he finds himself

imparting. "Kenny had so many quality players to deal with, yet managed to keep them all involved and happy, even when they were out of the side. I try to do the same."

In Molby, Swansea also acquired a figurehead familiar with the "European" methods now in demand in Britain. It is more than his adolescent allegiance to Arsenal (he used to travel by ferry to watch them) that makes him so impressed by Arsène Wenger. In Highbury's division of labour - the Frenchman coaching, an executive handling transfers and contracts - he sees "the way forward".

In one sense, however, Swansea are forever looking backwards. The club shop sells

a video, *Those Were the Days*, which chronicles the extraordinary charge from the Fourth Division to the old First under Toshack. Molby acknowledges that many people expect him to recreate the era.

Twenty years ago, "Tosh" was able to bring former Anfield colleagues like Tommy Smith and Ian Callaghan. Much as Molby would love to sign, say, Ian Rush, low-division clubs cannot match the money to which Premiership players are now accustomed.

"I'm ambitious and I'd like to think we could win successive promotions, but it doesn't follow that history will repeat itself," he said. Maybe not, but the impending sale of the club by the chairman, Doug Sharpe,

should give Molby the resources with which to test his judgement in the transfer market.

"We've got the potential to be a steady First Division club, which Wales is crying out for someone to do. Cardiff are potentially the biggest club outside the Premier League. Swansea don't have an open chequebook, but Barnsley and Bury have shown that you can succeed if you do things properly."

"Whatever happens this weekend, we're very excited about next season. We've got a good youth policy and a strong reserve side full of 18- and 19-year-olds who've held their own with Premiership second teams."

## SCOTTISH CUP FINAL: Renaissance man rolls back the years as the Bairs plan to roll over Killie at Ibrox

### Gray's days of Poland, widgets and Jimmy Hill

Limelight and Falkirk are an unlikely pairing, but for Andy Gray an unexpected day in the sun at the Scottish Cup final is just what he needed.

"I feel like a young kid again," Gray, the former Crystal Palace and Tottenham midfielder whose career bombed spectacularly, says of his renaissance on the south side of the Firth of Forth.

Gray, now 32, plies his trade as a central defender alongside the young Kevin James and the partnership has formed the bedrock for Falkirk's Cup run.

He could be forgiven a jealous look at the towering Scottish Under-21 squad member as James sets out on the international high road. With England due to visit Poland next Saturday, one-cap wonder Gray will be assailed by cruel memories that took him almost five years to put into perspective.

"Just sort of screwed it mind of the post," he says, his mind drifting back to the moment in a European Championship qualifier against the Poles in 1991 when he blew England's best chance of the first half and blew his own chances again.

Gray traces his slide in fortune to that match. Before his Poland mishap he had been in peak form, helping Palace reach

David Clee on the one-cap England wonder turned Falkirk defender

the FA Cup final in 1990 and finished third in the top flight the following year.

"If I had scored that goal my career would have been much different," Gray says, without bitterness. As it was, the England manager, Graham Taylor, hauled him off at half-time.

"Taylor said he was making a few technical changes and that was it," Gray said. "I was hurting real bad."

Taylor gave Gray instructions to be the ball out of play if he got it early on. "I was a bit shocked to hear the manager say that," he says. "That for your first touch in international football you're kicking the ball out for a throw."

Despite that bizarre piece of coaching, and despite his strikingly brief England career, Gray has nothing but praise for Taylor. "I love Graham Taylor to death. Things just didn't go right for him."

Gray's fortunes plummeted after Poland. "I just tried too hard," he says. "I was trying to prove a point to myself."

He took out some of his frustrations on his stomach - "that was when I put the weight on" - and on the Palace manager, Steve Coppell, but primarily on Marco Gabbiadini who had replaced his close friend Ian Wright at Selhurst Park.

"I hated him," Gray says. "We sell Ian for £2.5m to Arsenal and we buy this overweight guy from Sunderland."

Gabbiadini had a bad time at Palace. The fans dubbed him "Gabbia-donkey", he failed to score regularly and, worst of all, he spent most of his free time with his widgets.

"That's all I used to hear when we were getting changed," Gray says. "He used to talk widget, widget in cans, and I just had the hunch with it. I thought: 'I've dugged my guts out for this club and we pay this money for this guy and he's talking about some widget in a can'."

It was not long before Gray escaped the obese widget expert and decamped for Terry Venables' Spurs in a £1m deal. That it was Venables who bought him was particularly sweet, for Venables had been covering that Poland game for television.

"In the studio with Venners was big chin Jimmy Hill and he was giving me pelters," says Gray. "When Venners signed me he said, 'You showed a lot of bottle and that's why I bought you.'"



Andy Gray: Poland disaster

But what should have been the dream move for someone with international ambition turned into a nightmare. "It was the worst mistake I ever made," Gray says. "I turned down Wimbledon and if I'd gone there I wouldn't have had to change anything. I'm not a fancy dandy."

Spurs were one of the few clubs where the powerhouse aspect of Gray's game would go down badly. He was duly packed off and, after an enjoyable spell in Spain with Malaga, he arrived at Falkirk.

"I felt like I was going through the motions," he says, "but now I've started to enjoy my football, more than for years."

That enjoyment, however, could be the end of his Falkirk stay. "I don't want to be playing in front of 2,500 people a week and I know I can still a job somewhere other than the Scottish First Division," says Gray, hoping that one day in the sun turns into an Indian summer.

## History entwined for strangers to big time

DAVID MCKINNEY

Ibrox will be swathed in nostalgia as well as shades of blue and white this afternoon as Falkirk meet Kilmarnock in the Tennent's Scottish Cup final.

The blue will not belong to Rangers, nor will there be even a hint of Celtic green in a final free of the Old Firm. The Scottish Cup perhaps lacks the glamour of its English equivalent, but the full house posters are evidence of the pulling power of the showpiece at towns which have been strangers to the big time.

Youngsters will paint their faces and don the high hats that have become de rigueur for such occasions while grandfathers are old enough to remember when the memories of the last time Falkirk and Kilmarnock were involved at this stage.

Premier League Kilmarnock's last final appearance was in 1960, while three years earlier a 10-year-old Alex Totten was at Hampden to watch his heroes, Falkirk, beat Killie in a replay.

Forty years on, the cycle will be completed as Totten leads Falkirk on to the pitch as their manager. Already Berwick Rangers and Raith Rovers have

been beaten as they were in 1957, and once again Kilmarnock are the opponents in the final. The circumstances have given the Falkirk supporters a feeling of invincibility and a confidence in fate.

Such notions are anathema to Totten who is aware that history can be either an ally or a millstone for his players. "History will only be repeated if we win the game and deserve to do so," he said. "The players know they have to be very special because victory will depend on playing well and being the best team on the day."

Few will complain if this match equals the last final to be played without either Rangers or Celtic. In 1991, Motherwell beat Dundee United 4-3 in a modern classic. Both managers this year embrace an attacking philosophy, and both are good friends. Totten was, after all, the Kilmarnock manager as recently as Christmas, with his former player Bobby Williamson taking over when he was sacked.

"I called Bobby to wish him all the best when Kilmarnock reached the final and received a call from him when we beat Celtic. But I still have a lot of respect for everyone at Kilmarnock and don't see this as a personal grudge match," Totten said.

"I feel it could be a very good game for the spectators."

This will be a final appearance for Andy Gray the defender who has played in an FA Cup final for Crystal Palace. He has indicated that he leave the Scottish First Division club.

Victory for the Bairs would make them the first team from outside the top league to lift the trophy since East Fife beat Kilmarnock in 1938, another historical note which will be less than welcome in the Kilmarnock camp.

Williamson, who signed a three-year contract as manager earlier this week, refuses to accept that this could be an easy game against lesser opposition.

"There's no way we'll underestimate Falkirk. They are here on merit having beaten some quality teams and deserve to be part of the day. We won't be complacent because we don't see ourselves as favourites anyway."

Today's final will once again remind others there is life beyond the big two clubs in Scotland. For the winners there's the prospect of European football, while the losers will have the genuine consolation of being there on the day.

That is something the supporters of both clubs have not been able to boast for a generation.

## Wust is first to the line

Cycling

Marcel Wust emerged from a tight sprint finish yesterday to take the seventh stage of the Giro d'Italia, while Pavel Tonkov held on to the overall leader's pink jersey.

The German crossed the line first after the 130-mile leg from Lanciano to Mondragone, which had a flat finish conducive to a tight dash.

Mario Cipollini, the Italian who has taken three Giro stages already in closing sprints, lacked support from his team-mates yesterday. He made an early break, but as Wust moved past in the final yards, Cipollini let up and coasted home with the main pack.

### Australian rules

ARL: South Queensland 24 Sydney City 14.

SUPER LEAGUE: 12th round: Adelaide 18 Perth 22.

Century Bulldogs 42.

### Baseball

AMERICAN LEAGUE: Cleveland 9 Kansas City 4.

NATIONAL LEAGUE: San Francisco 7 Colorado 2.

St. Louis 4 Los Angeles 1 NY Mets 10 Philadelphia 3 Pittsburgh 9 Montreal 3.

### Baseball

MLB: Boston Red Sox 7 Chicago Cubs 2.

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### Rugby Union

Rob Andrew, Gavin Hastings, Franco Botica and Peter Winterbottom will be at Walsley Rugby Club today to mark the playing retirement of Richard Moon, founder secretary of the Rugby Union Players' Union.

Scottish rugby is to adopt a new points system in next season's Tennent's Championship. Teams scoring four tries or more will gain an extra point and there will be four points for a win. In addition, there will be two points for a draw and one point for the losing side where the margin of defeat is seven points or less.

### Rugby League

Leeds have appointed their new New Zealand stand-off, Tony Kemp, as on-field co-ordinator for the first season, starting with Monday's match at Castleford.

### Speedway

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## Ready for the agony and the ecstasy

Guy Hodgson on the six clubs going for glory in the last-chance saloon

Ossie Ardiles summed up the feelings of a team who go to Wembley in search of promotion via the play-offs when his West Bromwich Albion side were beaten in 1993. "It looks a wonderful, wonderful place, the best in the world when you win," he said. "But when you lose it looks dirty and empty."

Six clubs will look at the twin towers over the next three days. By Monday night three will be promoted, while three will taste the bitterness of being close but not close enough.

Any system that allows a team who finished sixth or seventh to go up instead of opponents who were four places ahead of them is grossly unfair, but you cannot fault the play-offs for their popularity. Record crowds are anticipated at Wembley, beating the 158,566 set at the end of the 1993-94 season.

The highlight comes on Monday, when a 75,000 sell-out is expected for the First Division final between Sheffield United and Crystal Palace, who are to make Steve Coppell their permanent manager next season win or lose. Even though defeat would cost Palace £6m in lost revenue, Coppell's caretaker role is to be upgraded.

Today it is the turn of Swansea City and Northampton Town to take centre stage in the Third Division final. Swansea won both games between the two sides this season, but the Northampton captain, Ray Warburton, remains confident.

"I think it will be a fair old game," he said. "It will be very tight and maybe just one goal will be enough. Wembley is supposed to be a very tight pitch so it'll be the fitter side that will come out on top in the later stages. Hopefully that will be us."

Northampton will have the backing of around 35,000 of their fans. Warburton said: "On a lot of away trips this season we've taken 600 to places like Carlisle and Hartlepool on a Tuesday night, so we hope they all have a good day because they've thoroughly deserved it. They've been the best in the division for the last three or four years since I've been here."

Crews Alexandra will not have so many behind them tomorrow against Brentford, but if anyone knows that reaching the play-offs is a two-edged sword then it is their manager, Dario Gradi. This will be the third successive year that Alex have tried to reach the First Division through the play-offs.

Their record is five appearances in the play-off lottery in six seasons without one promotion. In 1994 they did advance, but only because they finished high enough to go up automatically. "We need all the team to perform," Gradi said. "We cannot carry anyone."

Crews recorded a double over Brentford this season, although Gradi knows that means little. Their only serious problem is midfielder Danny Murphy, who has a high injury. "Our plans will revolve around his fitness," Gradi said.

Today's final will once again remind others there is life beyond the big two clubs in Scotland. For the winners there's the prospect of European football, while the losers will have the genuine consolation of being there on the day.

That is something the supporters of both clubs have not been able to boast for a generation.

## TODAY'S NUMBER

143

The number of points scored by Chicago Bulls and Miami Heat in the Bulls' 75-68 NBA Eastern Conference play-off victory - the lowest-scoring play-off game in NBA history, two fewer than Syracuse and Fort Wayne managed in 1955.



## Wood the warrior

Chris Hewett talks to the Lions hooker in the front-row hot seat, page 28

# sport

England expects  
Glenn Moore on yet another chance  
for Paul Gascoigne, page 30



PGA CHAMPIONSHIP: German stays within one stroke of first-round leaders in attempt to equal Faldo's record

## Langer keeps to the straight and narrow

Golf  
ANDY FARRELL  
reports from Wentworth

According to Nick Faldo, the famed West Course here is playing the "longest, narrowest and greenest it has been for a long time". Where once the sheer length of 6,957 yards was enough to intimidate the best players of yesteryear, now the lushness and extent of the rough has once again produced a fitting stage for the Volvo PGA Championship, the European Tour's flagship event.

Such conditions promote the cause of the better ball-strikers, so it was no surprise to find Bernhard Langer among those one behind the joint leaders from Ireland on six under, Darren Clarke and Eamonn Darcy. Additionally, poor shots are punished and three pulled drives, including one into the trees at the 15th, were costly for Faldo.

Only birdies at the last two holes got the Englishman, on his first appearance in Europe this year, to a two-under 70. Jose Maria Olazabal was on level par and his countryman, Seve Ballesteros, returned a 76. In contrast, Langer could have had birdies at each of the first seven holes.

That he finished that stretch only two under, and then took three putts on the eighth, was because "I found it very difficult to read the greens early on," he said. The German is in search of his third successive victory, which would tie him with Faldo on four PGA titles. His 18-under-par record aggregate should be safe, however.

Ian Woosnam joined Langer on 67 with his second eagle of the day at the last where he holed from 54 feet. His playing partner, Colin Montgomerie, went to the range after his 69 to correct a push in his driving. Montgomerie, who typically suggested that he would like to see the fairways even narrower, found a bunker at the 13th, rough at the 15th, and trees at the 16th.

Clarke and Darcy could not make a more contrasting pair. Clarke, 28, embodies the modern power game and has been working hard to ally some consistency to the talent that promised more than his two wins in six years on tour.

Darcy is the possessor of one of the game's most idiosyncratic swings, once described as "like a man snatching a five pound note from a grate with a pair of tongs". The style may or may not have been the root cause of the back problems the 44-year-old former Ryder Cup player has suffered in the last three years.

After the Dubai Classic, the scene of Darcy's last victory seven years ago, he had to take a break due to internal bleeding caused by the strength of the anti-inflammatory tablets he was taking. He arrived here having missed his last five cuts, but first-round rejuvenations by veteran Irishmen is becoming a theme. Christy O'Connor Jr was on the leaderboard at The Oxfordshire two weeks ago, where he revealed his tennis elbow had been so bad he had been unable to pick up a cup of coffee.

Darcy had no such worries. "I don't drink coffee," he said. "I did get to the point where I had

difficulty picking up a pint of Guinness." So it was serious. "Three years ago, I thought I was gone. Then I met this chap in Ireland, Frank Dowling, and he saved me from having a dissection operation." A rub-down in the physio's van with Tiger Balm and switching to the same putter as Tiger Woods - "I can hole half the putts he makes, I'll be happy" - proved the cure for his golf.

After birdies at four of the first six holes, Darcy only needed a fraction more luck at the 10th to have lowered his score by one. A par-three of 186 yards, Darcy's four-iron tee shot finished one inch short of the cup. "All it needed was one more roll," Darcy sighed. Although he did not manage the feat, there were two holes in one recorded: by Jeff Hawkes with a seven-iron at the second hole, and by Greg Turner with a six-iron at the fifth.

**Wentworth PGA Championship (Wednesday)**  
Early first-round scores (55 or better shaded): 65 E. Darcy, D. Clarke, 67 I. Woosnam, C. Montgomerie, D. Clarke, A. Sorenson, 68 F. Montgomerie, M. F. Faldo, 69 B. Langer, 70 D. Ballesteros, 71 J. O'Connor Jr, 72 J. O'Connor Sr, 73 J. O'Connor Jr, 74 S. Ballesteros, 75 J. O'Connor Jr, 76 J. O'Connor Jr, 77 J. O'Connor Jr, 78 J. O'Connor Jr, 79 J. O'Connor Jr, 80 J. O'Connor Jr, 81 J. O'Connor Jr, 82 J. O'Connor Jr, 83 J. O'Connor Jr, 84 J. O'Connor Jr, 85 J. O'Connor Jr, 86 J. O'Connor Jr, 87 J. O'Connor Jr, 88 J. O'Connor Jr, 89 J. O'Connor Jr, 90 J. O'Connor Jr, 91 J. O'Connor Jr, 92 J. O'Connor Jr, 93 J. O'Connor Jr, 94 J. O'Connor Jr, 95 J. O'Connor Jr, 96 J. O'Connor Jr, 97 J. O'Connor Jr, 98 J. O'Connor Jr, 99 J. O'Connor Jr, 100 J. O'Connor Jr.



Nick Faldo gets out of the woods by taking an iron on the 15th at Wentworth yesterday. Photograph: David Ashdown

## S Africa team in boycott threat

Football

South Africa's officials labelled their players as "greedy" and "mercenary" yesterday after the team threatened to boycott today's international against England over a pay dispute.

The South African Football Association said they had been forced by the players to hand over the total match fee of £125,000 after the players refused to play unless their appearance money was increased.

This is not the first occasion that the South African team have threatened a boycott, but it will be the last. "This is the final time that the association will allow itself to be blackmailed," a spokesman said.

"We are making a stand because we believe we deserve the money," said one player. "Why should we settle for less when the bosses are caught helping themselves?"

Players and officials were locked in negotiations most of yesterday, delaying a training session at Old Trafford by six hours. Officials eventually agreed to give the players an increased fee, but said the action could jeopardise future international engagements.

"We decided with great reluctance to hand over the money in order to protect our integrity and our agreement with the Football Association in England," the SAFA said.

"The decision by the squad to hold us to ransom has been nothing short of mercenary. The players have not only put their own international careers in jeopardy, but also the future of South Africa's participation in the international arena."

Six years ago, Cameroon's Roger Milla refused to play against England at Wembley because he was not given a special match fee by the FA. Beware Bafana, page 30

## Villeneuve keeps weather eye on meteorological predictions

Motor racing

DERICK ALLSOP  
reports from Barcelona

Jacques Villeneuve had the air of a man intent on making up lost ground here yesterday. He began by declaring he would not be taking any notice of his team's weather expert in his preparations for tomorrow's Spanish Grand Prix.

Williams-Renault have been the butt of paddock jokes since they, like McLaren-Mercedes, were told by their Met Office man that the drizzle at the start of the Monaco Grand Prix would cease. Villeneuve and his partner, Heinz-Harald Frentzen, duly lined up on slick tyres and slithered out of contention as Michael Schumacher, on wetty, secured a steady course to victory and the head of the championship. Villeneuve was patently not amused and after recording the second-fastest time in yesterday's practice session, was adamant: "I will not be happy to be guided by the weatherman this weekend. They get it wrong on TV, as well!"

That said, he addressed the prospect of confronting Schumacher and his Ferrari on another wet circuit. In normal conditions, the Williams remains

the class act of Formula One engineering, but local reports warn rain is possible tomorrow.

The German also mastered the conditions and the opposition in the wet here last year and the general view in the sport is that he is untouchable in such elements, which effectively produce a level playing field.

Villeneuve's competitiveness surfaces at any mention of Schumacher's accepted superiority. According to Patrick Head, Williams' technical director, he "scowls" when he hears such talk.

Here yesterday, Villeneuve, trailing Schumacher by four points in the championship, insisted he had no fears about racing him in the wet. The Canadian said: "I'm confident if we don't start a wet race on slick tyres and set things.

"I would prefer it to be dry because our car is good in the dry and our problem is we didn't do a lot of winter testing in the wet. We don't have the experience in the wet. But I don't have a hang-up about driving in the rain."

Schumacher was very fast at Monaco but he is not unbeatable in the wet. I didn't see too many people in Monaco with two cars in the pit lane - one for the dry and one for the wet. They had a very good strategy and that's why they won. Good for them.

"Michael is a good driver. He would have a psychological advantage if people let themselves be beaten psychologically. But that is not the case for everyone," he added pointedly.

Another driver on an urgent mission is Jean Alesi, the Frenchman said to be on his way out of Benetton-Renault. He had a productive test here last week and followed up yesterday by setting the best time in practice.

These are difficult days for Benetton and even a podium place would boost morale. Rumours about the camp abound, however. Not only Alesi, but also the managing director, Flavio Briatore, according to some, could leave at the end of the year.

Two seasons ago Benetton were world champions, now they are fourth and under pressure from the likes of Prost-Mugen-Honda and Jordan-Peugeot. Ralf Schumacher and Giancarlo Fisichella ensured the viper's nose remained prominent with third and fourth places yesterday. Gerhard Berger, in the other Benetton, was fifth.

Not that Friday's times are necessarily significant, of course, and Michael Schumacher was not too dismayed with seventh position. He still contends that, if the track is dry, and Williams' cars are reliable, he can aspire

to nothing better than third in the race. Even that, he says, could prove beyond him. His partner, Eddie Irvine, third in the championship, was 10th.

David Coulthard, winner of this season's opening race but without a point since, glanced scant encouragement from his sixth place in the McLaren.

Johnny Herbert was eighth in his Sauber-Petronas, while his new team-mate, Gianni Morbidelli, crashed and finished a contrite 19th. That was still a place better than Damon Hill, who endured another ignominious day in his Arrows-Yamaha. Adding insult to injury, Hill was told a lap would be deducted from his allocation today because he had one lap too many yesterday.

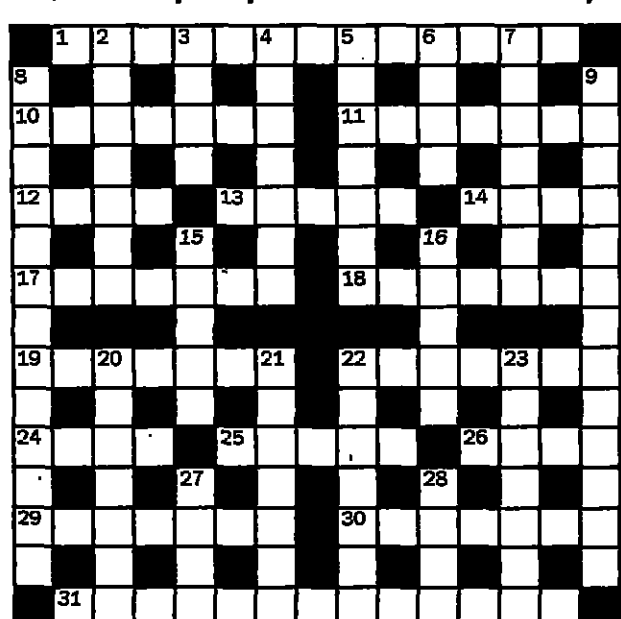
**Spanish Grand Prix (Barcelona, 2.5.97)**  
1. Michael Schumacher (Williams-Renault) 1:23.566; 2. Jean Alesi (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.766; 3. Ralf Schumacher (Mugen-Honda) 1:23.766; 4. Giancarlo Fisichella (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 5. Gerhard Berger (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 6. Eddie Irvine (Williams-Renault) 1:23.833; 7. Damon Hill (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 8. Johnny Herbert (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 9. Heinz-Harald Frentzen (Williams-Renault) 1:23.833; 10. David Coulthard (McLaren-Mercedes) 1:23.833; 11. Mika Hakkinen (McLaren-Mercedes) 1:23.833; 12. Jarno Trulli (Minardi) 1:23.833; 13. Pedro Pablo Kuczajski (Minardi) 1:23.833; 14. Jos Verstappen (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 15. Nick Heidfeld (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 16. Olivier Beretta (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 17. Marc Gené (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 18. Jenson Button (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 19. Luca Badoer (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 20. Andrea Montermini (Minardi) 1:23.833; 21. Roberto Benetton (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 22. Alessandro Zanardi (Minardi) 1:23.833; 23. Max Chilton (Minardi) 1:23.833; 24. Nicky Attwood (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 25. Jolyon Palmer (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 26. Jarno Trulli (Minardi) 1:23.833; 27. Jos Verstappen (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 28. Nick Heidfeld (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 29. Olivier Beretta (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 30. Marc Gené (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 31. Jenson Button (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 32. Luca Badoer (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 33. Alessandro Zanardi (Minardi) 1:23.833; 34. Roberto Benetton (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 35. Nick Heidfeld (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 36. Olivier Beretta (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 37. Marc Gené (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 38. Jenson Button (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 39. Luca Badoer (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 40. Alessandro Zanardi (Minardi) 1:23.833; 41. Roberto Benetton (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 42. Nick Heidfeld (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 43. Olivier Beretta (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 44. Marc Gené (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 45. Jenson Button (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 46. Luca Badoer (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 47. Alessandro Zanardi (Minardi) 1:23.833; 48. Roberto Benetton (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 49. Nick Heidfeld (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 50. Olivier Beretta (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 51. Marc Gené (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 52. Jenson Button (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 53. Luca Badoer (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 54. Alessandro Zanardi (Minardi) 1:23.833; 55. Roberto Benetton (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 56. Nick Heidfeld (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 57. Olivier Beretta (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 58. Marc Gené (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 59. Jenson Button (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 60. Luca Badoer (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 61. Alessandro Zanardi (Minardi) 1:23.833; 62. Roberto Benetton (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 63. Nick Heidfeld (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 64. Olivier Beretta (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 65. Marc Gené (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 66. Jenson Button (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 67. Luca Badoer (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 68. Alessandro Zanardi (Minardi) 1:23.833; 69. Roberto Benetton (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 70. Nick Heidfeld (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 71. Olivier Beretta (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 72. Marc Gené (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 73. Jenson Button (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 74. Luca Badoer (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 75. Alessandro Zanardi (Minardi) 1:23.833; 76. Roberto Benetton (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 77. Nick Heidfeld (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 78. Olivier Beretta (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 79. Marc Gené (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 80. Jenson Button (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 81. Luca Badoer (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 82. Alessandro Zanardi (Minardi) 1:23.833; 83. Roberto Benetton (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 84. Nick Heidfeld (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 85. Olivier Beretta (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 86. Marc Gené (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 87. Jenson Button (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 88. Luca Badoer (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 89. Alessandro Zanardi (Minardi) 1:23.833; 90. Roberto Benetton (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 91. Nick Heidfeld (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 92. Olivier Beretta (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 93. Marc Gené (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833; 94. Jenson Button (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 95. Luca Badoer (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 96. Alessandro Zanardi (Minardi) 1:23.833; 97. Roberto Benetton (Benetton-Renault) 1:23.833; 98. Nick Heidfeld (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 99. Olivier Beretta (Sauber-Petronas) 1:23.833; 100. Marc Gené (Arrows-Yamaha) 1:23.833.

Fresh setback for Ecclestone, page 23

## THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

No. 3307, Saturday 24 May

By Phil

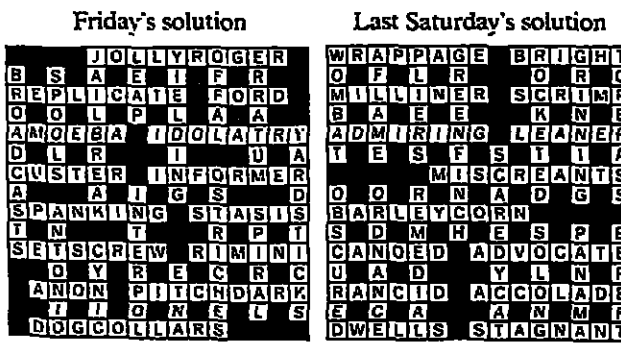


ACROSS

DOWN

- 1 Craftily get a month ahead? (5,5,2)
- 2 Gender and goose tangling with elk (not good) (4-3)
- 3 Swing net with no difficulty, we hear (7)
- 4 Element backing absence of scripture lessons (4)
- 5 Rumi Bible dropped in wine, mostly (5)
- 6 Agreement gets President introducing piece of legislation (4)
- 7 Site of massacre has sergeant, say, in great good humour (7)
- 8 You'll see me in festival with new exotic orchestra (7)
- 9 Loving Ma giving nothing to disreputable idle Pa (7)
- 10 What's rotten about Christianity's first doubter? (7)
- 11 Opposition topic is curtailed (4)
- 12 What you get from good little pig? (5)
- 13 It's found to the rear of holy city in Italy (4)
- 14 Get the number wrong: 1000 is put down in reverse order (7)
- 15 City, British one, getting many coming back (7)
- 16 Crying a lot, about end of teacher's Fare's expression of sympathy, perhaps (9,4)
- 17 Both BBC channels will include a little time in black and white? (3-4)
- 18 Sources of Artesian liquid such - obviously - as well (4)
- 19 Mean one to invade American border (7)
- 20 Cunning young fellow grinned initially and lied (3-3)
- 21 Be encouraging about embracing love and kiss (4)
- 22 Altogether against English interrupting spoken line (7)
- 23 Exhausted over excellent party? Just you wait! (3,2,4,4)
- 24 Enter sad clown, distraught - a mixture of gravity and entertainment? (7,6)
- 25 Head of sales has to manage the range (5)
- 26 Stone room without central heating (5)
- 27 Actor's assistant faces missing a series (7)
- 28 Folktales I collected about the French seducer (7)
- 29 Decline to accept unruly band as bomb protection (4-3)
- 30 Giggles about woman's bird-like sound (7)
- 31 Part of Scotland one investigated in following lead from Europe (4)
- 32 One's found among various CDs (4)

The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday receive hand-drawn copies of the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4011, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winners: A. Thomson, Glasgow; N. Walters, Ashford; J. Donaldson, Stirling; J. McCracken, Glasgow; M. Duggan, Macclesfield.



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## For Poland v England just lift a finger.

Make sure you've tuned in your TV for the match. Remember you don't need to have your video returned to tune in to 5. Most people simply need to tune



in their fifth button. Channel 5 is now available as a free-to-air channel on cable and satellite (transponder 63, 10.921 GHz, horizontal).



expects  
other...  
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S Africa  
team in  
boycott  
threat  
Football

صباحنا من الامل



IMAGE OF Children run free on a beach in Natal on the north-west Brazilian coast, their kites flying in the breeze. The picture was taken as part of an advertising campaign for the mobile phone company Orange.  
THE WEEK Photograph by Ashton Kleiditsch, using a Mamiya Pro II R267 with a 65mm lens at 125th of a second at f.8. 'In a lot of my work I shoot toward the sun,' said Ashton. 'I like the shapes and shadows on the sand'



# the long weekend

THE INDEPENDENT • SATURDAY 24 MAY 1997

weather  
prediction

**T**he rise of Machado de Assis to world eminence was even more of a miracle than it normally is for those few writers who attain it. He was of mixed race, epileptic, an orphan, half-educated, unhealthy and myopic, and he never once left his native Rio de Janeiro, yet he taught himself English and French, inveigled himself into Brazil's literary milieu, wrote a vast amount in almost every literary vein, and became (by unanimous vote) the president of the Brazilian Academy of Letters, a post he held from 1897 until 1906. All this while holding down a regular job as a civil servant. He was one of the very few writers who not only received a state funeral, but deserved it.

Modern readers receive a surprise upon delving into Machado's work. "Oh, it's Brazilian," they think whilst hefting the volume in their hand. "It's bound to be exotic, full of strange animals and customs and beautiful prostitutes, and magic, and gods with African names, and revolutions, and violence..." They think wrongly, however, for Brazil's literature has always been wider and more varied than we foreigners have realised, and, furthermore, Machado was writing at a time when Brazil's literary consciousness was still almost completely European. He inhabits the same territory as Manzoni of Italy (1785-1873) and Eça de Queirós of Portugal (1843-1900). His influences were first French and then English, but naturally and inevitably he also kept abreast of Portuguese letters, once famously accusing Eça de Queirós of having plagiarised *Madame Bovary* in *Cousin Basilio*.

Despite this, Machado's voice is more similar to Eça than to any other of his great contemporaries. There is the same irony, the same mockery, the same limpid style, the same urbanity and lightness of tone, and the same preoccupation with protagonists who have plenty of time and money, but who make nothing of their lives. Eça de Queirós has been neglected in the English-speaking world, but he is at least comparable with Flaubert, Dickens, Zola and Balzac.

Machado, on the other hand, is not only comparable to Eça, but also seems to have been born 100 years before his time, which is perhaps why he appeals to modern writers as diverse as Salman Rushdie, Paul Bailey and William Cooper.

The latter also, incidentally, writes like Machado, in snappy little chapters that tempt you to read just one more before you feed the cat, or get out of the bath, or turn off the light. Cooper

## WORDS OF THE WEEK

**'I have already compared my style to the progress of a drunk.' But what an entertaining drunk!**



This summer sees an unprecedented influx of Brazilian artists and writers. The Long Weekend salutes their arrival with Louis de Bernières' introduction to a new publication of *Epitaph of a Small Winner* by Machado de Assis, above

also compares for wit and deftness of touch. Machado would have laughed at me for what I am about to say (and please, dear reader, do not be put off) - but he is really a post-modernist writer. Of course, we all know that there is nothing remotely new about post-modernism - Homer begins the *Odyssey* half-way through, after all, and *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* is composed of letters - but there is more of it about these days. Alongside Machado's very 19th-century habit of confiding directly in his readers, we find a text that has been deliberately and playfully fragmented. We are offered delightfully whimsical and irrelevant passages of light philosophising, we find chapters that are only one sentence long, chapters which are quite strangely inconsequential, chapters about why Machado has not written a chapter, chapters consisting of dots and punctuation marks. We are referred to other chapters, as if Machado is spoofing a legal document or an academic tract, and he reflects often upon the text itself, so that, as he says, 'I have already compared my style to the progress

of a drunk.' But what an entertaining drunk! This is the kind of drunk who has had three glasses of excellent red wine, has loosened his belt by one notch, and has just hit his stride. "I like jolly chapters," says one of his characters. "They are my weakness." Fortunately for us, each and every chapter of Machado, however dismal, is a jolly one. Every sentence, in fact, is a jolly one, and a fair proportion of them ought to be collected in a small volume entitled *The Wit And Wisdom Of Machado de Assis*. Here is a selection:

"The best way to appreciate a whip is to be holding it in one's hand."

"Philosophy is one thing, and actual dying is another."

"A ridiculous old age is the last and perhaps the saddest surprise of human nature."

"God alone knows the power of an adjective, especially in new, tropical countries."

"I know you have a certain philosophy - but let's talk about dinner."

And, of course, "To the victor the potatoes".

Quite apart from the sheer pleasure that we derive from several passages, of great poetic force, this "jolliness" is the reason why we do not go out and hang ourselves after reading Machado. That he is a pessimist is something that has been so frequently reiterated that one hardly dares to contro-

vert it, and it is true that he presents us with the arbitrariness of fate and the inevitability of death. He tells us that our romantic loves are venial and ephemeral, and that our inveterate apathy always triumphs over our deepest passions and noblest aspirations. He tells us that a freed slave goes out and buys a slave of his own. He demonstrates the irresistible tug of our basest desires, and the emptiness of our high philosophies.

*Dom Casmurro* is perhaps an exception, but for the most part his books do not leave us with a bitter aftertaste. We have, it turns out, hugely enjoyed the experience of reading him, because Machado is unlike the greater majority of pessimists and satirists, in that he is not for one second a misanthrope. On the contrary, he likes us quite a lot, and there is no sourness, hostility or contempt in his manner as, with a kind of detached amusement and with one eyebrow raised, he sketches out our foibles, follies and delusions. This is not pessimism; it is a profound and affectionate celebration of the triviality and inanity of the human race.

Machado is still laughing at us from 6ft down, and cordially invites us to join him, both in his laughter and in his grave. Enjoy his books, and if you go to Rio, place a potato on his tomb.

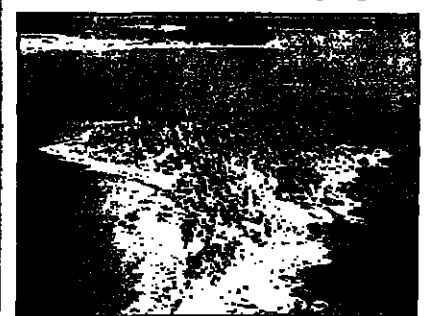
*The Epitaph of a Small Winner* is the first in a quasi-trilogy which continues with *Quincas Borba*, *Philosopher or Dog?* and ends with *Dom Casmurro*. The "epitaph" is narrated by its dead protagonist, Braz Cubas, and is written with "the pen of mirth and the ink of melancholy". Braz relates the story of an adulterous love affair that finally fizzles out, and, indeed, the entire story of his life, which also fizzles out.

In the meantime Braz has suffered some reverses, betrayed lovers and friends, lost a fiancée in a plague, become a disciple of the mad philosopher Quincas Borba, whose "humanism" is clearly a spoof of the optimistic philosophies then fashionable, and has become a deputy in parliament for only one term of office. He has wasted his life entirely, but, after all, what else can one do with it, and what else might it be for? In death he is consoled by the one small thing that there was on the plus side.

Introduction by Louis de Bernières to *Epitaph of a Small Winner* by Machado de Assis (Bloomsbury, £6.99). To buy the book, call Excel Cash Sales (01634 297123), *pep* free on UK mainland.

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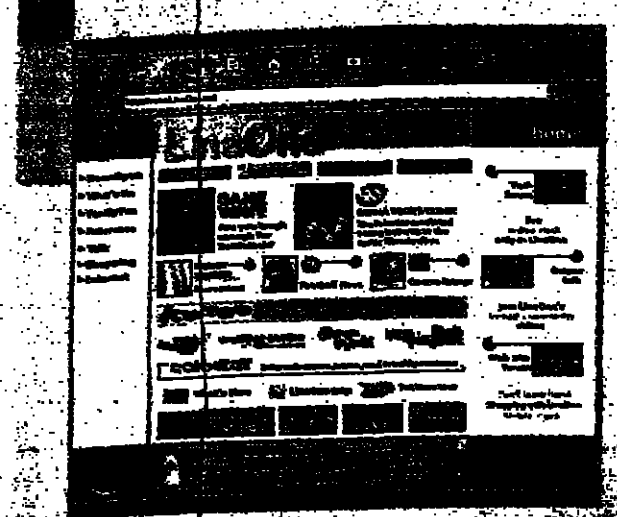


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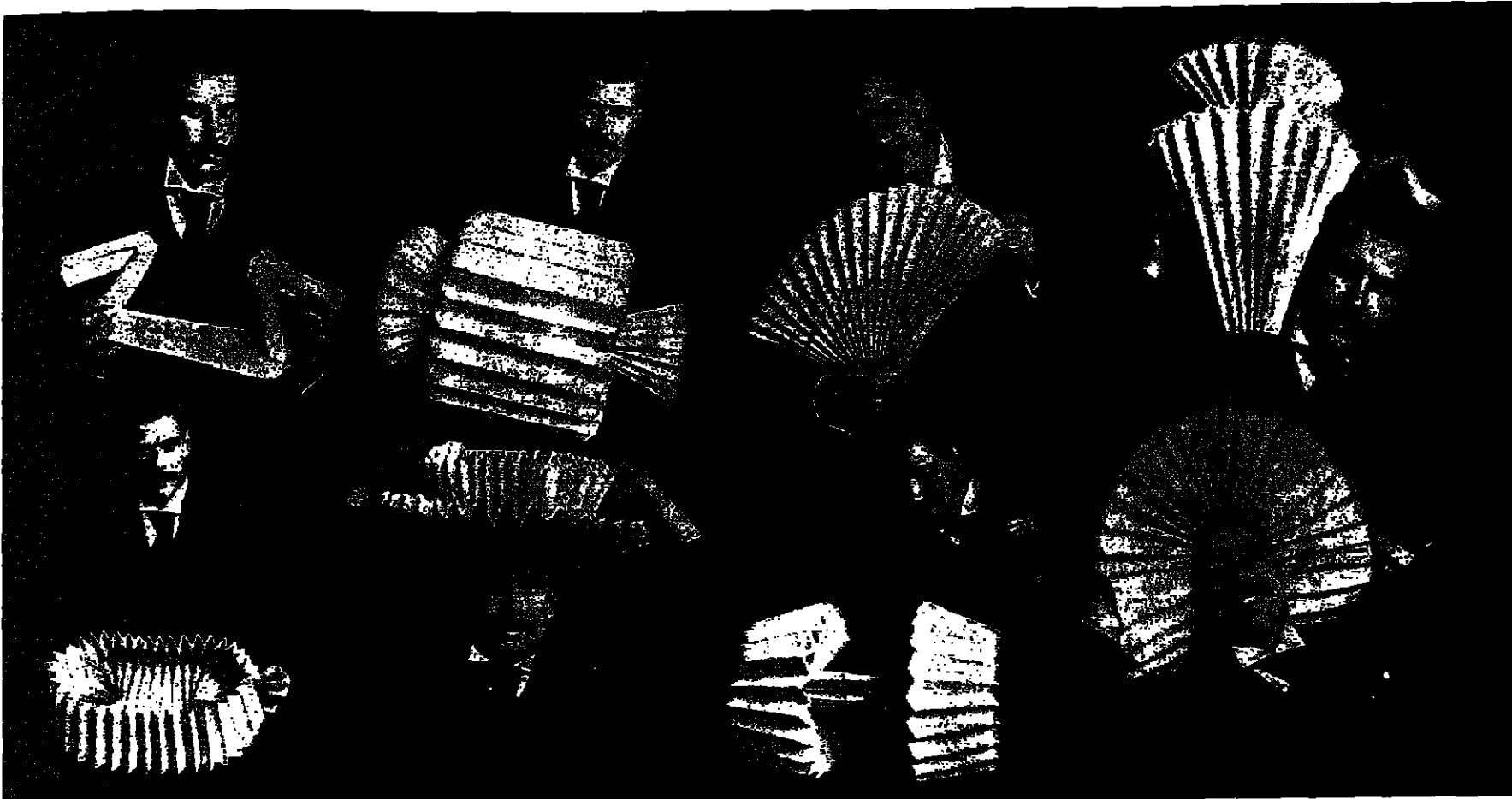
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Mr David Devant demonstrates. Upper row: the basic fold, big bon-bon, fan, Eastern water-pot. Lower row: foot-bath, befeater's hat, dumb-bell, Dutch girl's bonnet

Perhaps no more entertaining form of indoor pastime has ever been devised than the rapid folding of a sheet of pleated paper into various shapes. That, at any rate, was the expressed opinion of a writer in *The Strand* magazine in 1896 as he praised the performance of Mr David Devant, "the well-known prestidigitator and popular entertainer" who "electricized the audience" at the Egyptian Hall with his dexterous displays of paper-folding. From one folded piece of paper, he constructed 40 different designs in five minutes; "his record is 10 in 30 seconds".

A hundred years earlier, the same pastime was known as "Trouble-wit", though until you have acquired the necessary dexterity, it seems to be more trouble than wit. You start with a single sheet of paper. The magazine advises beginning with a sheet of notepaper, then working up to a great square of stout cartridge. For some of the objects illustrated, you will need something the size of a double page of this newspaper.

The first folds are double pleats of the sides to a point close to the centre. Start by folding one edge at about a third of the way along the top, then folding back on itself to meet its new edge. Then do the

## Papyrological prestidigitation

William Hartston rediscovers the art of lightning paper-folding, as performed by Mr David Devant to appreciative audiences in the Victorian music hall

same with the other side. This should leave two vertical pleats, with a small gap between them. Now you can get on with the pleating, working your way down the sheet in concertina fashion, with the folds about half-an-inch apart. "The proper folding of the paper in the first instance is an absolute condition *sine qua non*." You end up with what looks like a Venetian blind, but has two concealed folds on each side.

"Never, by any chance, let the audience see the back of the

paper," we are advised. "The fact is that spectators are led to believe that it is a plain sheet of pleated paper, which it is not." All the tricks come from easing out one, two, three or all of the hidden folds. The first picture above shows the basic arrangement, with all four folds eased out and ready for the pleats to be fanned out in various ways.

"While there are no definite rules governing the manipulator's dress, the unwritten law of professional demeanour compels him to

wear at least a worried look. He should bound hither and thither, wave the paper up and down, round and round, and generally convey the impression that the whole business is a severe strain upon him." The right aspect to assume is one of "flirtatious archness".

Apart from the objects illustrated above, Mr Devant's repertoire included a rosette, a table-mat, a settee, a flower-holder, a lampshade, a saucepan, a cosy corner, a garden seat and a sentry-

box. The dumb-bell, incidentally, "by a little judicious manipulation on the part of the operator", can be made to do duty as the paddle-wheel of a Thames steamer. It is very important, however, not to show the audience the oriental water jar until some time after the lamp-shade has been presented for their approbation. Because it's the same thing upside down.

And do not forget, when trying on the Dutch girl's bonnet, to heighten the effect by executing a "well-simulated simper". Expression, we are told, is everything, but we are warned to beware of overstepping the mark: "Take heed, we say, lest in straining after adventurous effect you excite perversely the risibility of your audience."

If you want to do some 20th-century paper-folding, on the other hand, contact the British Origami Society (The Membership Secretary, 2A The Chestnuts, Countesthorpe, Leicester LE8 5TL). Membership costs £17 a year (£12.50 for students).

They can also sell you a copy of *COET 91* - the proceedings of the first international Convention on Origami in Education and Therapy, "perhaps the most important origami book in the last 10 years" - and without any adventurous straining.

## Games people play

Pandora Melly meets a man who fibs about his aunts

Peter Elcock, 65, architect, painter and friend of the famous

The best games are those that are appreciated only by oneself. Take the 1907 photograph of the pyramids up there. To most observers, those people with the camels are a number of my aunts of particular hideousness. The fact of the matter is, I have no idea who they are. The next picture is of an attractive boy called Abdullah, with whom I had an affair many years ago; he's in fact a newspaper cutting. You see, some of the things are real - like the photograph of my godson - and some are not.

My godson's parents had a drawer in which there was money, and I was allowed to help myself to pay for his treats. By the time he was three, he'd been to the Caprice, the Ritz, Mirabelle - the works. This required considerable sums, so I visited this drawer quite often, noticing that the money was constantly refreshed. I found a lot of Swiss notes in there one day, and at the exchange booth at Victoria

Station, instead of the usual £10 or £20, I was given £270. So I went away, and what I bought with it was an extremely expensive frying-pan. I've still got it. Guilt made me do it. I had to hide the money somewhere. Have you any idea what it's like trying to hide money in central London? I didn't want the embarrassment of being found out in the house of the person I stole it from.

They never noticed that it was missing, and I don't think I ever told them. That is a sort of game, and if one learns something from it - which I did - it is never to steal a penny from anyone again. And I'd thank you not to repeat it too closely, or I'll be arrested and sent to prison.

Swiss currency may be changed into sterling at any good bank. The current rate is approximately 2.33 Swiss francs to the pound. A small commission may be charged. A Le Pensole frying pan may be purchased at David Mellor Kitchen Equipment, 4 Sloane Square, London SW1. Price £63.80 (£26 extra if you want the lid as well).

## Don't junk it ... use it

Creative ideas that need a lot of bottle



An early attempt at blood transfusion, framed in a plastic bottle

A few months ago, I mentioned in this space a method of making an elegant frame out of a beer can. Several disappointed readers have asked whether there is anything similar that might be used by non-beer-drinkers. So here is how to make a teetotalitarian picture frame out of a soft drinks bottle.

It's very simple. For a postcard-sized picture, you'll need a two-litre bottle. All you need to do is cut a slice from the middle of the bottle to the required depth (having taken care to drink the contents of the bottle first), then, using either a cold iron or brute force, squash it flat.

The picture may then be cut to a tight fit, and slid into the frame. By ensuring that the frame is not totally flat, you will enable it not only to stand up on its own, but to create a pleasant, bowed effect on the picture itself.

If you started with an opaque plastic milk bottle, you may find it suitable for framing pictures of any hideous aunts you may have, or you may prefer to use it to make a useful plug remover.

Just slice a section from the middle of the bottle, and cut holes for the plug's prongs. Insert the plug from the inside, then plug it in. You now have a handle to pull it out by.

Pulling the plug creatively

Bawn O'Beime-Ranelagh

The games page is edited by William Hartston

## Limbering up for Wimbledon

Maureen Hiron offers us the first sight of a new dice game, with all the thrills of tennis and no skill required. All you need is two - or ideally three - dice. Here's how to play (© Maureen Hiron):

Toss to decide who serves in the first game. One die is rolled to serve. A "1" indicates an ace - point won outright; "2" or "3" is a good serve; "4" or "5" is a fault; "6" is a let - roll again.

As usual, a double fault loses the point. The returner then rolls two dice and notes their combined score. The server then rolls the two dice, trying to equal or better that score. If a lower total is rolled, the point is lost.

The rally proceeds with the players rolling the two dice alternately until one or the other loses the point by failing to equal the previous roll.

Scoring proceeds exactly as in tennis: 15-30-40 game, with deuce reached at 40-40, after which a two-point lead is needed to win the game. Service alternates between games; six games to win the set and the match.

So get out your dice, and now you have something to do when rain stops play at sunny Wimbledon.

## Board games in Brighton

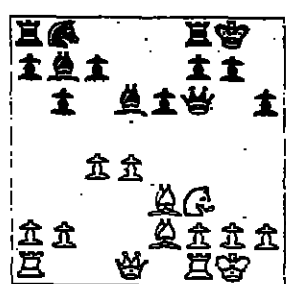
The UK Board and Card Games Championship reaches its climax this weekend at the Old Ship Hotel in Brighton, where some 200 enthusiasts from around the country have, since yesterday evening, been playing all manner of games.

The event reaches its climax tomorrow with the competition for the Intergame UK Cup, in which teams of four will be

competing at a special selection of games with exotic names: Detroit/Cleveland Grand Prix, RoboRally, SISIZIMI and Turf Horse Racing. The winners will represent England in the European Championships.

Play continues all day today, tomorrow and Monday. Spectators are welcome, and may even find themselves encouraged to join in.

## Chess William Hartston

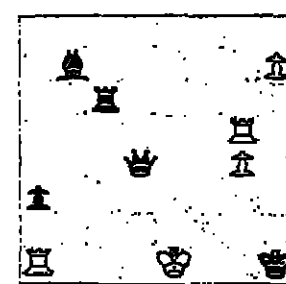


In the introduction to his book *Stunning Castling* (BT Batsford, £15.99), the Dutch master Robert Timmer deplores the fashion for ever more works on opening theory and writes: "I myself prefer bizarre books, in which one specific move - or particular theme - is investigated in depth." Timmer's move is castling and his researches have succeeded in producing a bizarre and entertaining work. Its 275 instances of castling include examples of games where a player castled when he should not have, did not castle when he should have, castled so late in the game that his opponent had clearly forgotten it was still legal, castled to deliver mate, castled to instant defeat and even castled illegally.

The first diagram was the scene of a fine piece of illegality by a reigning world champion. In a simultaneous display in Salamanca, Spain, in 1944, an inebriated Alexander Alekhine, playing White, moved his rook to c1, then

flicked his queen over it leaving her on b1, in a movement well practised from K-side castling with the black pieces.

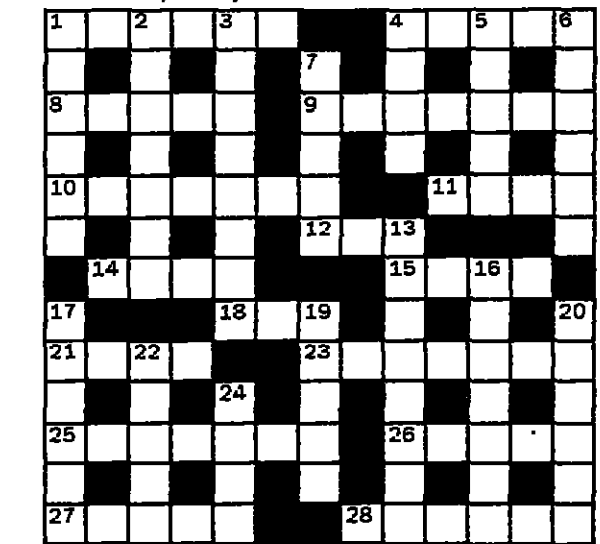
Alekhine was soberly requested to put his queen back where she belonged. He went on to lose the game. That salutary tale comes from the "Bizarre Ways of Castling" chapter. Here is something a little classier, an endgame study.



White to play and draw, by Alexander Herbstman. Since 1.Rxa3 Rb6+ leads to a quick mate, White must do something quickly. The forcing start is easy enough: 1.h8=Q+ Qxb8 2.Rh5+ Qxb8 3.gd5 Ra6 (not 3...Rc5?? 4.Kd2+), but what now? And where does castling come into it? Since the white-squared bishop and a-pawn cannot win if rooks are exchanged, White's task is clear. He gets there with 4.h6 Bc4 5.h7! Bxh7 6.0-0-0 Kg2 7.Rd6! Ra4 8.Rd4! and White draws by perpetually offering his rook. If it is ever taken, the game is drawn by stalemate.

## Concise crossword

No.3307 Saturday 24 May



- |                          |                              |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| <b>ACROSS</b>            | <b>DOWN</b>                  |
| 1 English astronomer (6) | 1 Roman poet (6)             |
| 4 Data (5)               | 2 Bird (7)                   |
| 8 Speedy (5)             | 3 Imperil (8)                |
| 9 Set free (7)           | 4 Dossier (4)                |
| 10 Hairstyle (7)         | 5 Long for (5)               |
| 11 Assistance (4)        | 6 Drowsy (6)                 |
| 12 Animal (3)            | 7 Make (5)                   |
| 14 Eye imperitously (4)  | 13 Branch of mathematics (8) |
| 15 Dash (4)              | 16 Lumblie (7)               |
| 18 Uncooked (3)          | 17 Mordant (6)               |
| 21 Mountain goat (4)     | 19 Dance (5)                 |
| 23 Naval officer (7)     | 20 Sheep's wool (6)          |
| 25 Come into (7)         | 22 Upper air (5)             |
| 26 Board (5)             | 24 Cunning (4)               |
| 27 Waist measurement (5) |                              |
| 28 Evergreen shrub (6)   |                              |

**Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:**  
ACROSS: 1 Brian; 4 Kugel; (Pekinese); 10 Jostell; 11 Drill; 12 Linc; 13 Outman; 14 Harm; 15 Pops; 16 Ensign; 17 Game; 18 Cutless; 19 Fung; 20 Theta; 21 English; 22 Miths; 23 Kenya; DOWN: 1 Eastel; 2 Anarchy; 3 Noddy; 4 Enigma; 5 Ruff; 6 Floor; 7 Plank; 8 Amen; 9 Agn; 10 Lot; 11 Terry; 12 Refugee; 13 Acute; 14 Aspen; 15 Tight; 16 Arkash; 17 Noddy.

## Bridge Alan Hiron

**Game all: dealer South**  
North  
♠ 7 2  
♥ 5 3 2  
♦ K Q 8 7  
♣ A 6 4  
West  
♠ J 9 6 3  
♥ none  
♦ 9 5 4 3  
♣ K Q 10 9 7  
East  
♠ Q 10 4  
♥ Q 8 6  
♦ A J 10 6  
♠ 8 5 2  
South  
♠ A K 5  
♥ A K J 10 9 7 4  
♦ 2  
♣ J 3

"That was an extraordinary finesse!" complained East at the end of this deal. "I must learn to hold my cards up," he added, with what passes for humour at my local club.

Can you spot why the trump finesse in 4♠ was not at all bizarre? This is the full story: South opened 2♥ and North raised to 3♥. South cue-bid 3♠. North co-operated with 4♠ and, with commendable restraint, South put on the brakes.

## Perplexity

A novel reordering:

Pale snakes injured fat man

The letters in the five-word sentence above can be rearranged to form the title of a book and the name of its author. A prize of the new *Chambers 21st Dictionary* will be awarded to the sender of the first correct answer we open.

with 4♥ and North passed. It was just as well that they had stopped in game, for the opening lead was ♠K, attacking dummy's side entry before a diamond trick could be established. Declarer held off in the hope that West would switch, but East's ♠2 suggested a three-card holding and West sensibly continued with ♠Q.

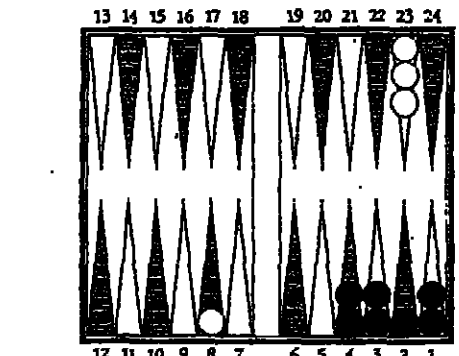
Inspiration! After winning the second club, South led ♣2 from dummy and finessed the nine! (You can see why East felt aggrieved when his partner showed out.) The point, of course, was that, in danger of losing a trick in all four suits, declarer was taking a tiny precaution. If West held all three missing trumps there was nothing to be done, but if East held them the finesse was necessary. And if the trumps were 2-1 all the time and West was able to win with, say, a singleton queen? No matter, for now a diamond trick could be established for a spade discard and provide the vital entry.

Send answers to: Perplexity, *The Independent*, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL to arrive by 4 June.

10 May answers: Netherlands (slender than) Rotterdam (troit armed) Maastricht (harm static)

Winner: Sally Bonnett (Roach, Cardiff)

## Backgammon Chris Bray



Black has hit a man late in the bear-off. He has managed to take off eight of his own men before White re-enters, reaching the position above. Should Black double? If he does, should White drop or take? How should you evaluate positions like this? You could try using the Thorpe count, which I described a few weeks ago (the article contained an error in that when calculating the leader's Thorpe count the final step is to add 10 per cent to his total if his count is greater than 30, not less as originally published). The Thorpe counts here are Black 30 and White 30 indicating double/take, but Thorpe does not cope well with men in the outfield.

It is clear that Black will take three or four rolls to bear off his remaining men. What about White? First he has to get his straggler into his home board. The average dice roll contains 8.17 pips so for practical purposes we can use eight. This means it will take White two rolls to reach his home board and then another two to bear off. On average, then, it looks as if it will take White four rolls to bear off his men. Given that four rolls versus four rolls is normally a take, does that mean that White can take a double in this position?

Sadly for White, the answer is no. When he rolls a big double on his first roll he will quite often win, but too frequently he will take three rolls to reach his home board, or reach it in two and then only take one man off with his next. Meanwhile Black has the opportunity to roll doubles, and while most doubles are good for Black, the small doubles are not very effective for white. Black will win this position 80 per cent of the time, meaning that it is clearly a double and a drop.



# The torch bearer

Talking to Tony Bennett is like tuning in to some gossipy database or website of 20th century showbiz. The data you pick up isn't necessarily very riveting, instructive or insightful, but the quality of the personnel in these little stories is what counts. Every few minutes he hits you with another volley of *sacra conversazione*.

"Frank Sinatra told me once that the funniest thing he ever saw in his life was Jimmy Durante in a show called *Jumbo* in a small theatre on Broadway, with a real elephant and the Keystone Cops..." "Recently Bob Hope, he's 93 now, said to me..." "Laurence Olivier used to say that Mickey Rooney was the best actor around. So did Marlon Brando..." "I had never met Gloria Swanson, but she called me from out of nowhere when I was on the Johnny Carson show, and said 'You're in top shape, don't ever change'..." "I only met Frank Loesser once. I spent a great day with him. I think *Gypsy* and *Dolls* is going to be one of the authentic classic operas in the States..." "George Burns once explained it to me this way..." "Judy Holiday, I just could not persuade her she could sing. Rex Harrison..."

A running theme in this flow of vaudevillean *obiter dicta* is the fun of people whom time has consigned to Showbiz Hell. It is disconcerting to hear Bennett talk, for instance, about Judy Garland: "Everyone condemned her towards the end of her life, but I never met anyone who was more humorous, more soulful and more wonderful than Judy at the end. She was having so much fun. She'd meet someone and she'd have that glint in her eye and she'd say, 'I played that guy just like in the movies...'". Speaking of his new CD, *Tony Bennett on Holiday*, a 21-song tribute to Billie Holiday, the blues singer who took to heroin and died at 44, her heart serially broken, Bennett performs a similar act of reclamation: "There were many years when she was very healthy, she wasn't on drugs, she sang very optimistically and hopefully, she sang happy songs. And I chose mostly those for the new record. But when I hear Billie on the radio, it's not her old records they're playing, but her later records, where she's really tragic. Same with Piaf. They don't play any of her early work..."

The concept that there might once have been an innocent Edith Piaf, a happy Holiday or an emotionally secure Garland seems so alien as to suggest that Tony Bennett lives in a universe that's parallel to ours but fogged-up by stardust and bluebirds. And there's a temptation to write off such reminiscences as part of his eccentric listlessness, everyone-havin'-a-good-time schtick. But you have to give him the benefit of the doubt because he has known everyone on the popular music scene, from Jolson and Crosby to Sondheim and McCartney, every musician from Louis Armstrong to Miles Davis. His present-day address-book must be an awesome sight, given the 70-year-old's collaborations with Elvis Costello, kd lang, Sting, Madonna and a number of decidedly non-ecce-listenin' American bands such as the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Even the people who write off his resurrection as some kind of postmodernist jape can't argue with the fact that he's had five Grammy awards in the past four years, and his tributes to Sinatra, now Billie Holiday, sell as well as he ever did in the pre-Beatles heyday of tuxedoed schmaltz. Even if, like me, you always regarded with deep suspicion people who "phrased"

rather than sang, and who snapped their fingers to display their familiarity with tempo, you have to tip your hat to a career that's lasted five decades.

In the flesh, Bennett is shorter than you'd expect, broader of face, more handsome (he has an absolutely killer grin) and considerably more intelligent and thoughtful than you'd bargained for. His conversation, name-drops apart, is peppered with Big Ideas lightly worn. He was just back from looking at the new flower-in-vases paintings by David Hockney. Bennett is a friend of Hockney's, and a painter in his own right, and was fulsome in his praise of the flaxen Yorkshireman. "I think he's one of the great painters. I love his spirit. He's just got the whole essence of what an artist is about. He knows the whole history of art so well. He's learned about lighting - how the colours change and nuance at different times of the day. It's in those flower paintings, the beautiful understanding of colours and combinations. I don't know how anybody could dislike it. But the critics do, as they have done through the whole history of art."

Phew. What was the best technical advice Hockney had given him? "Oh - that Eastern perspective is better than Western. Western perspective always looks towards infinity, towards a God that's unattainable. It's all based on religion and war. Eastern perspective is about the fidelity of seeing, straight ahead and peripherally at the same time. It's more natural. It's saying that God is here, and here and here..."

A cynic might suspect that this lesson in aesthetics is a justification for Bennett's own mode of realist painting, a half-completed example of which lies on the table

of his hotel suite: a rendering of the view from a window overlooking downtown São Paulo in Brazil, a symphony of right-angle thoroughfares and skyscrapers in muted blues and ochres. It's what keeps him sane, apparently, during his endless concert tours. "The painting keeps me down, you know? Entertaining is very gregarious, lots of people and autographs and parties. It's very calming to paint, but - talk about stage fright. I get paint fright. I have a white page to fill up and hope it works. You paint for four hours, and it feels like four minutes. It's a Zen attitude..."

On the new album, he sings a score of Billie Holiday classics ("Willow Weep for Me", "Good Morning Heartache", "My Old Flame"), culminating in a duet on the gorgeous "God Bless the Child", a studio-constructed number with Ben-

nett alternating lines with Holiday's recorded voice and finally joining her, triumphantly and movingly, at the climax. Had he ever met her?



## John Walsh meets Tony Bennett

they all wanted to play their instruments the way she sang.

Bennett, by contrast, always wanted to sing like he was playing an instrument. Unlike Sinatra, in whose cool penumbra he has always lurked, or Crosby who used to describe himself as "just a guy who could carry a tune", Bennett was never

concerned to sing a straight melody. "My singing teacher was always telling me to sing like the musicians. She said, if you sing like one of the other singers, you'll just be one of the chorus. So I took from Stan Getz because of his warm honey sound, and Art Tatum, who could make a whole performance out of a simple popular song. In those days, singers were taught to sing in a long straight line so everybody could dance to it. I was the first dramatic singer, who'd sing out of tempo, in tempo, come in on the beat, then off it. In those days it was quite shocking to sing like that."

Bing Crosby was his biggest influence. The prototypical exponent of the less-is-more musical gospel. "It's the art of intimate singing. Before the microphone, you had to be able to hit the back of the hall, like Ethel Merman or Al Jolson. It's too hot for recordings. The more intimate it is, the more you can communicate. Suddenly you're in someone's living room and it's very calm and relaxing. Crosby gave us all a great living, because he told us all how to relax. We've all taken from him. All the top singers - Dean Martin and Perry Como and Sinatra and myself."

He started out as Antonio Dominick Benedetto, born in 1926 to an Italian *émigré* family in Astoria in the Queens district of New York. Bennett's father died when Antonio was 10. His mother, a seamstress, raised three children on a tiny income in the middle of the Depression. His first audience was an admiring family circle. "My aunts and uncles and cousins, they'd come over every Sunday

and my brother and sister and myself would entertain them. I couldn't wait for the next weekend, to do something a little different when they'd take out the mandolins and guitars."

"I was very envious of my brother John. He sang at the Met [Metropolitan Opera House] when he was only 14. He was a tenor, 'Little Caruso', and he had all the schooling. I'd envy his popularity within the family, so I started to imitate entertainers - Jolson, Crosby, Louis Armstrong. I had an uncle who was a hooter in vaudeville. He'd do a little tap dance as Bing was singing. That was my real influence."

After the war, Bennett did his singing apprenticeship in the bars of Greenwich Village, where he was discovered by Bob Hope (who told him to anglicize his name). Investigating these early days plunges you into a maelstrom of trauma and idealism, when Bennett encountered, first racism, then organised crime. Of the first he is happy to speak, telling his off-told tale of being thrown out of the infantry because he entertained a black friend to Thanksgiving dinner in the bombed-out town of Mannheim in Germany; Bennett was sent off on "Graves Registration" digging bodies out of mass Nazi execution sites, as a punishment. Later, "I was the first one to put a black man up in the Roosevelt Hotel in Louisiana." His voice trembles when he remembers how a white entrepreneur came up and spat in his face for putting a black musician on a New Orleans stage. "Those two incidents, just two, changed my spirit about things. It was so inhuman, so ignorant." He became thereafter a devoted adherent to civil rights causes and a campaign singer for Martin Luther King.

He builds up a fine head of steam, too, about the evidence of human greed that infects the music industry - how, in his day, "You started out, you were able to go from one town to another and you were allowed to get lousy before you got good, and after 10 years you became a performer. Today, there's so many accountants, they're not nice to young performers. They shoot them up, tell them they're gonna be bigger than the Beatles. And the majority just crash. I heard of a group - his eyes widened in wonderment - "that made \$500m and went bankrupt. I mean, how do you spend \$500m?"

Bennett also has no sympathy, the odd tune apart, for the whole rock 'n' roll circus that scuppered the art of the crooner for two generations. "Jimmy Durante gave me the best answer. I asked him what he thought of rock 'n' roll and he said, 'They play three chords and two of them are wrong.' He groans. His feelings about the infantilism of modern instrumentation clearly lie too deep for words."

I ask him: what's the big secret about being a torch singer, about being part of that curious platoon of lazy *chanteurs* who sent post-war middle America looking for a Paradise of golf, nostalgia and poolside highballs?

"It's storytelling with music. You have to search for songs that have that quality, that create images. Like in 'I'll Be Seeing You' - 'Cathedral bells were tolling/ Our hearts sang on/ Was it the spell of Paris/ Or the April dawn?'. As you sing it, you see these images. The audience react because it happened to them too, in their own way. You find songs that make them dream, just like you're dreaming as you're singing it."

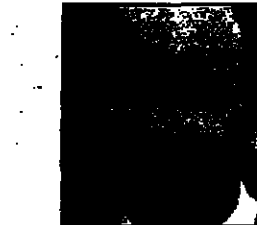
The time-transcending old smoothie, who never wanted to be one of the chorus, hummed rapturously on.

The meeting of Westminster councillors that banned the film *Crash* from central London this week was itself a fascinating piece of theatre. There deciding on whether to allow this cult movie house room in Leicester Square were 69-year-old antiques dealer John Bull, chairman of the licensing sub committee, and eight colleagues, some of whom also looked suspiciously over retirement age.

"It doesn't exactly look like a cross section of Westminster citizenry," Chris Auty, the 39-year-old whippersnapper executive producer of *Crash*, whispered nervously to me in the public gallery, looking equally nervously down at his jeans and brown suede shoes. Auty had prepared an impassioned plea for the councillors. But as he told how

he had read JG Ballard's novel *Crash* at Cambridge, where it was on the mandatory reading list for the modern English novel, and how he felt "the very meaning of 'love' was under assault in the world of car-TV-telephone-fax", one began to feel he might be playing to the wrong audience - an audience that probably wouldn't give a licence to the modern English novel if it had the choice.

The clash, cultural and sartorial, between the antiques dealer and the movie producer was a worthy plot, but every good movie needs a subplot and a scene stealer. It came, starlet-like, in the shape of the committee's youngest member, Labour councillor Kate Wilkins, a throwback to the much missed militant feminist days of the early



David Lister arts notebook

Eighties. Voting against the ban, she explained that she did so only because she thought the film too tedious to deserve all the publicity and was fed up that "as usual in an art film, it has women taking their clothes off".

This is an interesting thesis,



which I suspect may contain an underlying truth. Where would the recent history of European art-house cinema be without the aesthetic exploration of women's underwear? Ms Wilkins tells me that in her viewing both for Westminster and as a private art film

watcher, she has become something of an expert on this. "The women in these films always wear suspenders, which they don't in real life," she says, "and, sure enough, in *Crash* they're wearing suspenders. *Nine and a Half Weeks*, that was another we watched. All

these films come with pretentious waffle about being art, and they're all shot in strange colours or soft focus but, at the end of the day, there's some attractive women naked while the men never take their trousers off. And the films are always made by men."

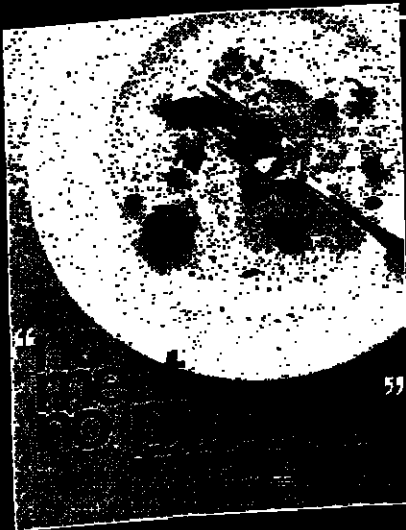
Discuss.

Two pieces of non nudity film news: Roger Mitchell, who directed the BBC's version of Jane Austen's *Persuasion*, will soon be named as the director of *Notting Hill*, the follow-up by comedy writer Richard Curtis to *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, likely to star Hugh Grant. And, in a far more unlikely comedy pairing, we can also expect to hear shortly that Kenneth Branagh will be starring in the next Woody Allen

film. Allen has approached Branagh, whose last role as Hamlet should have prepared him for the off-screen introspection sessions he can now expect.

Would you stop the car to pick up some over-aged teddy boy, guitar over his shoulder, must be well into his fifties? Me neither. Grow up, get a proper job, then you might be able to afford a car yourself. Paul McCartney's promotional film for his rather good new album involved being filmed hitchhiking in Hastings. Embarrassingly, no one stopped for the poor old chap. All those years The Beatles complained they couldn't live an ordinary life. And all the time they could have been ignored as easily as the rest of us.

Serena Mackesy on a bouncy night out; Jasper Rees on TV; Robert Hanks on Radio TURN TO PAGE 31



## No meat & two veg

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# arts & books

## Lovers' Guide 1790

OPERA  
Mozart's *Così fan tutte*  
Opera North at the Grand Theatre, Leeds

The Bay of Naples is nowhere to be seen. The garden contains neither trees nor flowers. Powdered wigs and crinolines are out. Tim Albery's *Così* is for our time and of our time. The simple and abstract sets, by Matthew Howland and Robin Rawstorne, reflect the character of the piece as it is presented by Nicholas Till and the other contributors to the well-planned programme book. For what we are witnessing is a suspect scientific experiment, conducted in limbo. Where and when it is happening are irrelevant, and in any case unclear. It might just as well take place in a theatre and, at the opening of Act 2, we are reminded that it is, as Despina presents her instructions to the sisters in the form of a music-hall act in front of red plush curtains.

The intention is that the two sisters from Ferrara are to have their fidelity tested. But their male lovers cannot stand outside the experiment. They must act out their parts and, in the end, perhaps only Don Alfonso is left untouched by this day of deep moral and emotional disturbance. It is a fine touch when, at the end, Despina, seeing the chaos she has helped him to create, slaps his face.

There are no weak links in the sextet of characters, each of whom is vital to sustaining both narrative and atmosphere. Jonathan Best is an admirable Don Alfonso, authoritative rather than benign, free of bonhomie and leering. Linda Kitchen is a wise and witty Despina, very much her own woman. Her doctor is a bottom-wiggling blonde out of *M\*A\*S\*H*, her lawyer

a raincoated Raymond Chandler figure. The two sisters owe something to the terrible *Ab Fab* pair – stylish, dizzy and out for a good time, they finally find themselves out of their depth. When the lovers leave for the supposed wars, Fiordiligi vents her grief by letting down her hair, donning dark glasses and swigging tomato juice. Dorabella snatches off her blonde wig as soon as Ferrando is out of the house, and it is never seen again.

But in Act 2 things get serious, and the distress of all four lovers is very palpable. Fiordiligi is a hugely demanding part. Susannah Glanville is not absolutely on top of it, but her performance is moving and genuinely communicative. She is an exciting artist. Paul Nilon excelled as Ferrando. His Act 1 aria was a delight. William Dazeley and Emma Selway were both more than adequate. Diction was excellent all round, and the witty English translation was much appreciated.

The talented Claire Gihault conducted. Her speeds were brisk but never heartless. She was alert to the changing moods of this kaleidoscopic score. There was great clarity in the orchestral playing and some lovely phrasing. Of Opera North's recent Mozart productions, Tim Albery's *Così* is by far the best, and will be much enjoyed. There is no happy ending, nor could there be. We are left with a sense of deep unease, which is as it should be.

In rep to 7 June at Leeds Grand (0113 345 9251), then touring

Anthony Arblaster

## Left in the dark

SONG RECITALS  
Susan Graham Wigmores Hall, London  
Paul Agnew Purcell Room, SBC, London

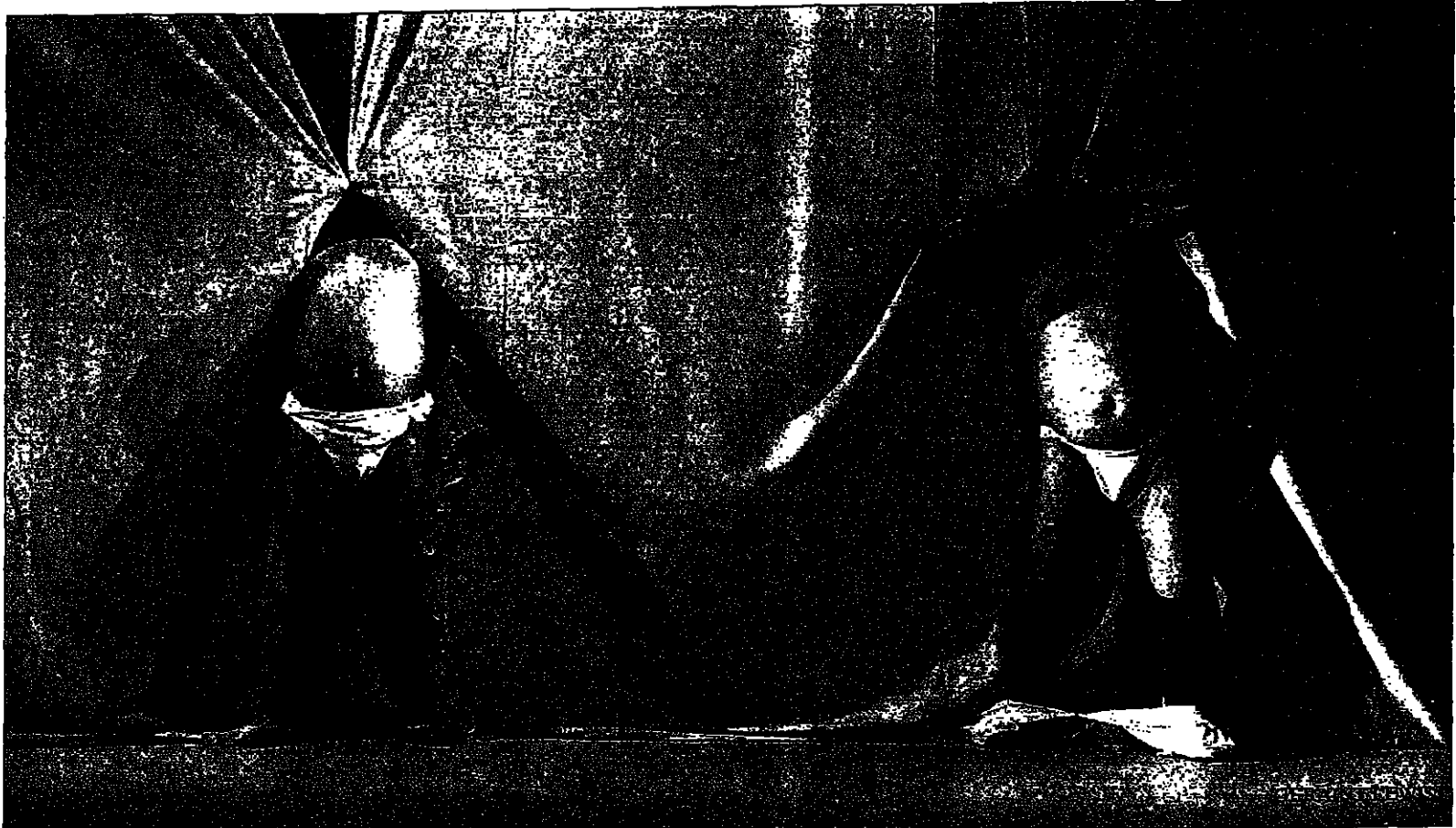
The American Susan Graham is familiar to opera audiences here as a creamy-voiced mezzo, and she's currently making her first international recital tour. Her programme at the Wigmores Hall on Tuesday included songs and arias in German, Italian, French and English, by Mozart, Mahler, Strauss, Reynaldo Hahn, Poulenc and several Americans – quite a range. Graham looked dignified, rather like a glossy advertisement in *The New Yorker*, sheathed in a very expensive-looking gown of stiff silk. Her voice is steady and strong, and she is impressively agile in 'Al desio, di chi t'adora', a later addition to Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*. But she was also rather cool, and all the pathos of Mahler's *Die schöne Wirtin* seemed to be imagined from the extraordinary scene-painting of Roger Vignoles's piano part, which he drew very sharply. Nor did anyone feel like laughing at the end of the nonsense-song *Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?*, as surely they should.

Graham chose some very difficult songs by Strauss, including the cruelly high-lying *Leiser Lied*, which was a small triumph of technique but not very comfortable listening. The much better-known *Cäcilie* wanted more punch and ardour. It was rather a relief, after the interval, to relax to the sophisticated simplicity of Hahn's songs with their gracefully shaped vocal lines: quasi-baroque in *4 Chlörin*, reminiscent of Fauré in *Si*

*mes vers avaient des ailes*, though Graham didn't quite melt into its curves. Her words could have been more forward in Poulenc's *Mémoires*, too, but the American songs, both humorous and romantic, by Ned Rorem, John Musto, Bernstein and Bolcom showed that she didn't articulate very energetically in English either.

Graham has a very good voice but she seemed a slightly aloof performer. She really unbent for the first time in her second encore, 'Non so più', from Mozart's *Figaro*, into which she threw herself with a sort of painful urgency – a good alternative for the more usual breathlessness.

On Wednesday Paul Agnew and Christopher Wilson began their Purcell Room programme of Dowland and Morley in darkness. After the second Dowland song, Agnew told us they didn't want to add to the mood of despair, but the lights made a constant buzz. His words were clear enough to make printed texts unnecessary, but his honeyed tone tempted you to ignore any meaning. Only a very light voice can match the lute's intimate sound, and the way these two musicians melded was the next best thing to one doing both jobs. Within a certain range, Agnew used considerable light and shade without seeming to exaggerate, but his soft-grained tenor was so suave, his manner so genially confiding, you couldn't take all that melancholy too seriously. Adrian Jack



## Not a pretty sight

With his dark, intensely imaginative stagings of 'Three Sisters' and 'Titus Andronicus', Romanian director Silviu Purcarete continues to amaze Paul Taylor

Who is Silviu? What is he, that Europe's swains commend him? The answer to those questions is a good deal clearer now than it was when Romanian director Silviu Purcarete first hit Britain at the Edinburgh Festival in 1991 with a high-energy, blackly pantomimic intercutting of *Ubu Rex* with scenes from *Macbeth*. Two plays about bloody tyrants, wildly different in style, were shown to be absurd photographic negatives of each other and the fact that the production opened just as we were getting news of the August coup against Gorbachev gave a horrid frisson of topicality to the show's final image. Upright in their satin-lined coffins, the Ceausescu-like Ubus fix the audience with a fatuous, knowing smirk, as if to say 'Don't worry, we'll be back.'

Since then, Britain has had several opportunities to get better acquainted with Purcarete's directorial imagination. Distinguished by their peculiarly hypnotic fusion of sound and spectacle, his productions tend to have the seamless intensity and archetypal quality of a dream, with images of poetic beauty and surreal barminess passing in a weird, lateral drift across the scene. Brought to the last LIFT, his unforgettable *Phaedra* staged that tragedy as an unending mythic conflict between the principles of militant chastity and dangerous, but life-affirming love. An out-of-time atmosphere also suffused his music-haunted 1995 *Tempest*, his only work with English actors to date. Meanwhile, the pictorial plasticity and epic scale of his vision could be seen last November when the vast Birmingham Arena was filled with a whirling, punctuously drilled 100-strong chorus for *Les Danaïdes*. Purcarete's reconstruction of Aeschylus's *Danaid* trilogy,

Now the National Theatre of Craiova has brought his staging of *Titus Andronicus* for a tour of Britain, while over in Limoges, where last year the 47-year-old Purcarete became artistic director of the Centre Dramatique National, his new production of Chekhov's *Three Sisters* has just opened. When I met the gentle grizzly bear of a man at his new home-base, this conjunction of ventures moved him to some wry observations on the way French theatrical culture is at the opposite extreme from the Romanian. In Limoges, eight weeks of rehearsal on *Three Sisters* is followed by just 13 performances. In Romania, this *Titus* has been in Craiova's repertoire since 1992, the actors only replaced as they die, and Purcarete was facing the prospect of coming over to England with just three hours available before the first night for tweaking a production he hadn't seen in two years.

You can't tell there have been any such restrictions as you are swept up into this overwhelming vision of a barbarically decadent Rome. The play's spaces are defined by vast sheet-like curtains that flush with blood-red light; hospital trolleys propel characters over the stage. The feel is of some violent mental ward crossed with Shakespeare's image of a 'wilderness of tigers' whose hungry growls reverberate on the dense soundtrack. Microphones and mobile monitors showing the jabbering heads of competing demagogues link the scene to the insane tyrannies of our own day.

The production compellingly grasps the essential point that this play is not, as it was once thought, the theatrical equivalent of a stroll through an abattoir but a powerful study of what the experience of atrocity does to people. It's the tragedy of a veteran warrior who


only learns to feel the primacy of family ties over blind obedience to the state when the state's callous ingratitude has already begun to turn his wits. Confronted with his raped and mutilated daughter, Stefan Iordache's searingly punchdrunk, brutalised Titus starts to rock the bed on which she cowers and to sing to her as though she were a baby in a pram. The pathetic desperation of the gesture escalates as he bangs the bed in a mad frenzy of grief-stricken impotence and farcically doesn't even notice she's been thrown off it.

That deliberate, risky and curiously modern borderline in the play between horror and bad-taste laughter is trodden here with finesse in a production that presents the queen's wicked sons as a pair of grinning, creepily pre-moral sumo wrestlers and that stages the climactic cannibalistic banquet to the incongruously civilised strains of a Mozart piano concerto.

Purcarete's bold, imaginatively unified production of *Three Sisters* also ends with a big shock, as through a curtain we are shown the spectacle of Natasha, the upstart sister-in-law who gradually evicts our sensitive trio, in labour with yet another child. 'She's giving birth to the Soviet army,' explains this East European director. Underlining Natasha as the harbinger of a new order is typical of a staging which, in seizing on the symbolic status of things and in throwing up images from the inner reveries of the sisters, is out to expand the drama's non-naturalistic elements. Fascinating to see how this goes down in England, where the preference is for subtext rather than symbols.

*'Titus Andronicus'* ends tonight at the Lyric, Hammersmith (0181-741 2311) then tours

**NEXT WEEK IN**  
**THE INDEPENDENT**  
**MONDAY**  
**KATHY BURKE**  
talks to Deborah Ross  
"It was all to do with him and nothing to do with me," says Kathy, by way of explaining why she didn't let Gary Oldman take her virginity when he was a teenager. Last week she won the best actress award in Cannes in the film he directed. Some consummation you might say.



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David Benedict WEEK IN REVIEW		
THE PLAY	THE FILM	THE OPERA
<b>Prayers of Sherkín</b> The English premiere of Sebastian Barry's play about allegiances and faith set among the last family of a visionary Protestant sect off the West Coast of Ireland in the 1890s. John Dove's cast includes Ron Cook, Harry Towb, Catherine Cusack, Julian Glover, Susan Engel and Stanley Townsend.	<b>Anna Karenina</b> Sophie Marceau follows Greta Garbo and Vivien Leigh playing Anna. James Fox is Karenin and British Standard Crumpet Sean Bean is Vronsky in the latest screen version of Tolstoy's tale of an adulterous woman who didn't mind the gap. Tchaikovsky wrote the score and Bernard Rose adapts and directs.	<b>Simon Boccanegra</b> David Pountney directs Verdi's powerful, political drama of the struggle between the patricians and the plebeians for Welsh National Opera. Phillip Joll sings Boccanegra, Amalia is Nuccia Focile, Paul Charles Clarke is Adorno and Alastair Miles is Fiesco. Carlo Rizzi conducts and Ralph Koltai designs.
Paul Taylor applauded: "The primary impulse seems to be lyric rather than dramatic... affectionate humour, strong charm and elegiac ache." "Slow, stylised and poetic... Although I love the ending, it is a long haul getting there," admitted the FT. "For some time I could not find my way into the substance of a play that seemed too dense with peripheral detail for a love story," worried <i>The Times</i> . "One looks forward to some conflict between love and religious imperatives. In fact, the conflict never really happens," frowned <i>The Guardian</i> . "In the Old Vic, the parochial quaintness and narrative slenderness are cruelly exposed," noted the <i>Standard</i> . "Glides like a rowing-boat propelled by one light stroke of the oars," sighed the <i>Telegraph</i> .	Ryan Gilbey was stupefied. "Should you really leave a film of Tolstoy thinking 'nice curtains'?" "It takes more than long tracking-shots through ballrooms delirious with gilt to make a movie live and breathe," scoffed <i>The Times</i> . "The passions vocalised by Marceau's Anna and Bean's Vronsky would fill a small broom cupboard," snorted the FT. "Truly dreadful," snarled <i>Time Out</i> . "Only James Fox shows a fragment of life... Tchaikovsky and tedium. Pathétique in every sense," spat the <i>Standard</i> . "The one good thing is that he didn't cast Demi Moore and give it an upbeat ending," asserted <i>The Guardian</i> . "Absolutely no chemistry," sniffed the <i>Telegraph</i> . "A haunting, extraordinary, unforgettable film," hallucinated <i>The Observer</i> .	Mark Pappenheim suffered "a largely dispiriting evening... the weakness of the staging is that within the bare simplicity of this set, the cast's vocal and dramatic shortcomings are painfully exposed." "Frustrating... sounded like brash early Verdi and it really should not... at its best when focused on directing singers, and at its less than good when striving for effect," felt <i>The Times</i> . "Superb... it emerges as a compelling drama, utterly lucid. Underpinned by Carlo Rizzi's supercharged conducting... the interplay of emotions becomes even more complex than the plot," yelled <i>The Guardian</i> . "The audience was gripped and moved by its power. Welcome back to sanity, David. The performance was musically distinguished too... the WNO chorus was stupendous," announced the <i>Telegraph</i> .
Sundays and Mondays at The Old Vic, London SE1 (0171-928 7616) to 15 June.	Cert 15, 108 mins, Odeon Haymarket, (0181-315 4212) and on selected nationwide release.	28 May, New Theatre Cardiff (01222 878889) then touring.
Like his later <i>The Steward of Christendom</i> , it's beautifully written (and acted) but short on drama.	Sold as "Leo Tolstoy's <i>Anna Karenina</i> ", so as to distinguish it from, say, Enid Blyton's or Bernard Bresslaw's version.	Not a patch on the dynamic Alden / Fielding staging from the glory days of ENO over which Pountney presided.

So W  
Flemish artist  
Jan Fabre sticks  
dead beetles  
together and  
doodles with biro  
Phil Johnson tries  
to pin him down

Going t  
BBC  
the c  
director's Jean Stewart.

THRILLING. DAZZLING  
NOT JUST FOR BOYS  
AN INSPIRATIONAL AND  
★★★★★  
NOW SHOWING



# So what's the Bic idea?

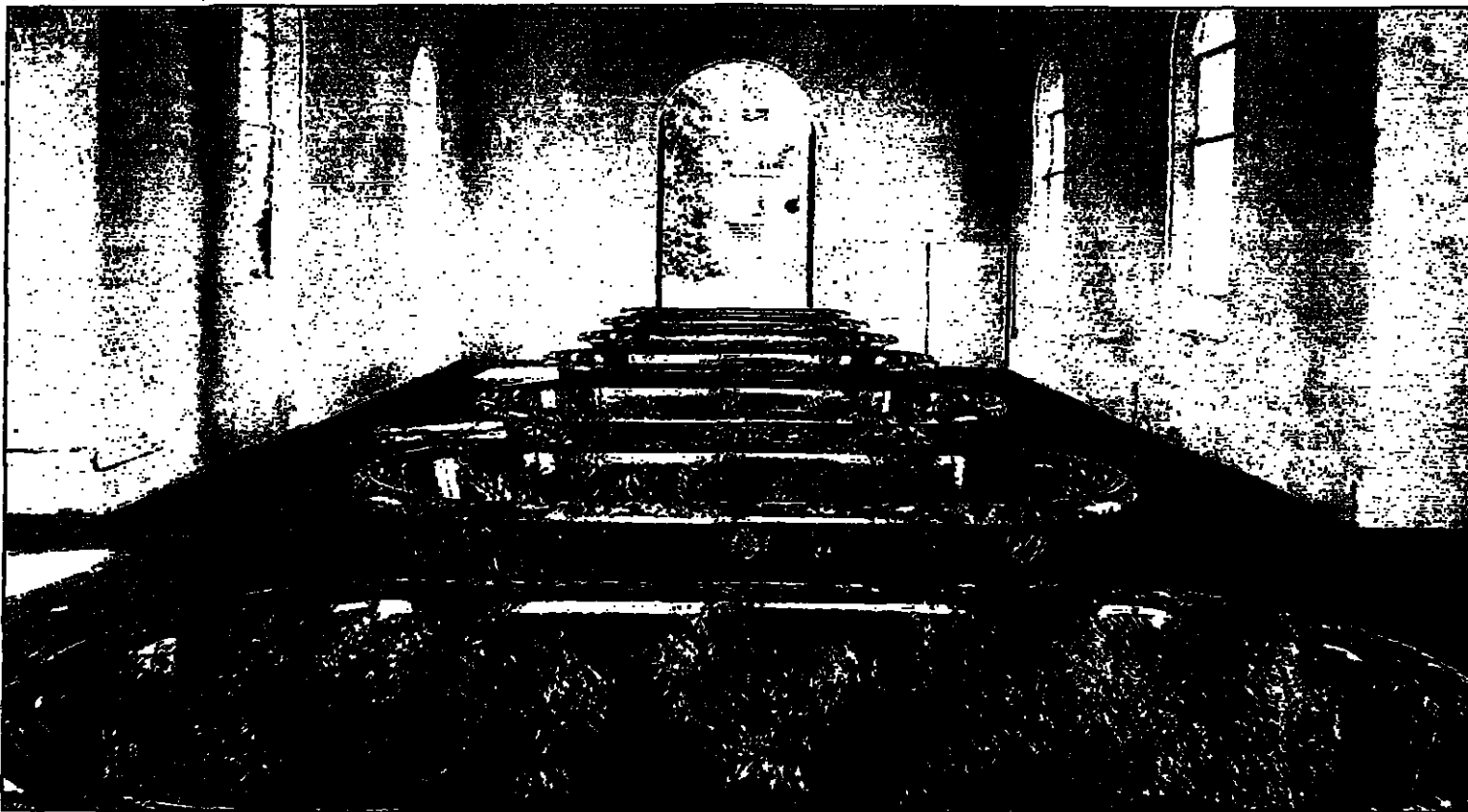
Flemish artist Jan Fabre sticks dead beetles together and doodles with biro. Phil Johnson tries to pin him down

Even if the Flemish artist Jan Fabre did not exist, it would probably be necessary to invent him, if only to goad popular prejudices about contemporary art even further. After all, how could you choose to miss out on so much fun? As an artist famous for working with the chemical blue ink of Bic biro, the bodies of beetles, and installations involving teabags and rashes of smokey bacon, Fabre could, from a cynical perspective, be said to stand in relation to the world of art as Spinal Tap does to the world of heavy metal, and then some. For compared to what Fabre does, the business of cutting farmyard animals in half begins to look decidedly cosy.

Consider the evidence: in the installation entitled *The Bic Art Room*, of 1981, in Leiden, in the Netherlands, Fabre locked himself up in a room for days and proceeded to draw on every available surface – walls, bed, clothes, floor, and his own body – until everything was covered in a cross-hatched biro scrawl. Earlier, in 1978, he had exhibited drawings made with his own blood. In 1991, he covered Tivoli castle in Belgium in biro drawings, wrapping the entire building in paper which was then obsessively blued in Bic and left there for three months, its image mirrored in the castle's lake so perfectly that Fabre was able to exhibit photographs of the building the wrong way up. For next month's Venice Biennale, he will create an enormous globe fabricated entirely from the bodies of beetles, which will represent – as his assistant Tjls Visser says proudly, and with no trace of humour – the largest beetle-construct ever made.

Fabre's visual art is paralleled by performance-works in dance, opera and his own staged texts, in which he has collaborated with composers such as Gorecki and Wim Mertens at venues throughout Europe. Under his direction, dancers imitate the movements of beetles, dressed – when they are not naked – in armour-plated costumes modelled on the carapaces of insects.

For his current showing, as the featured artist of this year's Bath Festival, Fabre has surpassed himself. The series of site-specific installations for Bath, *Seven Rooms*, is wonderfully inventive, placing his work in new, non-gallery settings of aban-



After Brueghel, biro... or bathtubs, as in the last of 'Seven Rooms' in Bath's Walcot Chapel; inset: 'Self-portrait' (PHOTO: WOODLEY AND QUICK)

doned rooms and odd semi-public places where their strangeness resonates with extraordinary energy.

Accordingly, a specially commissioned essay for the festival by Pavel Buchler meditates on the significance in Fabre's work of the number seven, bringing the seven seals of the apocalypse, the seven dwarfs, the seven samurai, the Magnificent Seven, and everything but the seven kitchen sinks into its orbit. The one thing it doesn't mention is perhaps the only seven-reference of real relevance: the Hollywood film *Seven*, where the murderer arranges the sites of his kills in a series of carefully wrought, macabre installations. The hanging form of a beetle-encrusted carcass (which recalls Rembrandt and Soutine), the drawing-pinned and bacon-wrapped figure of *Me Dreaming* and the subterranean-flooded cavern of *The Tea-Bags Cellar*, where the ceiling is hung with multiple *Tetley's*, each containing an image of the artist, are all stunningly accomplished examples of *mise-en-scène*, and so weird and disconcerting that they could easily serve as sets from the film *Seven*. Fabre has said, "is the number of impossible perfection".

The final, seventh, room of the Bath series forms an appropriately climactic *coup de théâtre*: in the majestic empty space of the disused Walcot chapel, a row of Bic-painted bathtubs covers the floor, looked down upon by the sentinel figures of glass owls mounted high on the walls, their forms blued – naturally – with Bic-ink. The owls, the insects, and

the blue of the biro drawings all relate to Fabre's great influence and inspiration, his ancestor Jean Henri Fabre, a late-19th-century entomologist and writer who coined the phrase "the hour blue" to refer to the magical period that occurs when night melts into day. This symbolic interstice is at exactly the point, according to Fabre, "when the night animals are going to sleep and the daytime animals are waking up, and there is a moment of sublime stillness in Nature in which everything rips open, breaks apart, changes. That is the moment I have tried to capture."

Born in Antwerp, where he still lives, in 1958, Fabre studied fine art at the city's academy. As a child he created a secret garden which no-one was allowed to enter, and his first experiments in biro-drawings evidently began when he attempted to follow the line of an insect crawling over the page of his sketch-book. His fascination with insects followed the example of his great-grandfather, whose collection he still occasionally plunders, although normally he orders his beetles by catalogue from the Natural History Museum in Brussels or uses the network of insect-collectors in Europe. The German writer (and one-time Nazi controller of Paris) Ernst Junger is a fellow insect-enthusiast and he has agreed to write an essay for one of Fabre's forthcoming exhibitions. Hand-stitching the beetles on to a chicken-wire frame to create his sculptures is, says assistant Tjls, terribly dirty work.

In person, Fabre comes across as a bit of an operator. He could, you feel, charm the beetles right out of the trees. With his light-coloured hair brushed back in a quiff, he looks a little like the Hollywood actor Mickey Rourke. Short, fit and wiry, and dressed in a classic artist's mix of the formal and informal – a mac over a smart suit jacket and matching waistcoat worn with blue Levi's and brown suede brogues – he has an actor's intensity and manages to dominate the space around him through sheer force of personality, even if he's just standing there looking bored, as he often is. He keeps carefully to the edge of the press group on a tour of his Bath Festival sites, waiting patiently outside each of the installations, furtively puffing at a cigarette, as if present and absent at the same time. As we shelter from the rain under the canopy of the Holbourne Museum by a window looking into the room housing the modern carapace collection, I ask if he has seen Eric Gill's decorated lawn-roller, which is one of the objects inside. He hasn't, but he knows about Gill. "He used to have sex with his daughters," I say by way of passing the time. Fabre takes a long drag on his bag and exhales. "Sounds Belgian," he says.

The relationship between his visual art and his performance works is, says Fabre when I interview him, an accidental one. "There's only one relationship, and that's me. It comes out of one mind but they are two different mediums," he says. "I think theatre has nothing to do with visual art and



visual art has nothing to do with theatre. I learned a lot about space from people like Balanchine but I also learned a lot from the insects, from observing the quality of the way they go through space. The reason I make theatre is because I like to work with people, and there the human beings on stage are the most important factors, while with visual art it's my work that is the most important, and it's a more lonely process. For me, the theatre is like two wooden legs whereas visual art is only one. In theatre you have to step into structures while my visual art is always free of that sort of pressure."

The influence of his great-grandfather is, he feels, overplayed by commentators. "I was lucky in that I had a heritage from when I was younger of photographs, manuscripts and an insect collection in my family, but I was much older when it was given to me. Like any little boy, I took spiders from the earth and pulled out their legs to discover how they worked. I made a lot of drawings and when I was older, about 18, when my mother and father saw them and knew that I was serious they said 'Hey, there's a guy in the family who was interested in insects, here's some books about it.'"

Insects, he says, "are like the biggest memory in the world, they are the oldest computer and we're still learning from them. The cybernetic world goes back to insect behaviour to learn how they behave, adapt and metamorphose. It's a very humanistic behaviour but they are almost more complex and more successful than human beings in history, because they have survived and adapted so well." After we have visited the last of the seven sites, Fabre scuttles off to the airport where he will wing back to Belgium to attend a premiere of a new performance that night. Faithful assistant Tjls, who has struggled with the logistical problems of meat, teabags and beetles for weeks now, remains in Bath for the duration.

*'Seven Rooms' continues in Bath to 14 June. The Lime Twig Man' is at the Arncliffe, Bristol (0117 9299191) to 6 July. 'Cross in the Silence of the Storm' is at Oriel, Cardiff (01222 399477) to 21 June.*

## Going the distance

If 'Born to Run', the BBC's new Sunday-night drama, looks like a winner before the off, that's probably because its director is Jean Stewart. Interview by David Benedict

Fourteen minutes into the BBC's cracking new series *Born to Run*, blustering businessman Terence Rigby stands up at a party he's thrown and thunders into a karaoke version of the theme song from *Fame*. "I'm gonna live for ever," he threatens... and keels over with a heart attack. You find yourself gasping at the screen as this family drama lurches into black farce.

The great strength of Debbie Horsfield's funny, sharp-toothed six-parter is that her sinewy, slippery script defies categorisation. It plunges straight into the story of Keith Allen, second-in-command at his father's garage, who is cheating on his dowdy wife Marian McLaughlin – "she's neither use nor ornament" – with marathon-runner Linda Henry. Just when you think you're in a Northern *Bouquet of Barbed Wire*, we're suddenly into *Charltons of Fire* meets *Shirley Valentine* as not-so-grieving, almost-widow Billie Whitelaw returns from Tenerife and starts causing uproar. Plus a high-life and comedy *King Lear* sister-act and Tiffany, the comedy *King Lear* receptionist with dreams of stardom who sings Eurythmics songs and cartoon commercials over the tannoy. A script as bold, emotionally powerful and downright wacky as this needs a director with a very wide range. The smart move the BBC made was to hire Jean Stewart.

"I just stared at the script and thought, 'What are these people doing? Who are they?' It reads a very fine line but there's an emotional honesty underpinning everything so you keep on being interested despite the outrageousness." She saw her role as being about marrying the broad comedy with the detailed exploration of the lives of a tight-knit group of people, but admits to having been frightened by the prospect. "I thought, 'You could go really wrong with this.' At the time she was being offered a lot of American films for much better money, but the scripts didn't interest her. 'I think I'm fairly picky about what I do. My agent tried hard to persuade me not to do it, saying 'It's a year of your life' and 'Are you sure you want this at this point?' but I just loved Debbie's scripts."

There's a calm, quiet determination about this warm, confident woman who jettisoned a lecturing career, after pursuing a PhD, and broke into film by acting in a video project. "I was lousy at being a student," she jokes, "it was so lonely... I couldn't sit in that library day in, day out and not talk to anyone!" She realised she wasn't going to be an actress, but became completely intrigued by film. At a time when women technicians were in vogue, she worked as a camera operator on Channel 4 documentaries and

then went to the National Film School.

Armed with two graduation films, including one by rising screenwriter Philip Myall, she walked straight into *East-Enders*. "The night before my first studio I couldn't speak I was so terrified, but it was very exciting. I'd advise anyone to do it. You learn to think very quickly and it teaches you so much about pacing and rhythm: that's what you're manipulating all the time." From there, she whipped through the genres, doing the police on *The Bill*, hospitals on *Medics* and then *Men of the Month*, Rona Munro's semi-improvised drama about men and sex – "only partially successful," she concedes, although it led to the notorious *Cracker* trilogy about a rapist which challenged all the ideas surrounding representations of black people and violence towards women.

She thought long and hard before accepting it and then shot the rapes from the victims' point of view to remove the erroneous equation of rape with sex. For logistical reasons the first attack had to be shot at night. "We were in this huge, empty swimming-pool at three in the morning reenacting a rape and some of the crew got very upset. Standing back and looking at what we were doing, I thought, 'What the hell am I doing?', but they came up to me afterwards and said it was worth it."



Jean Stewart, former part-time English lecturer, now a frontrunner director

She credits writer Jimmy McGovern for his skill at weaving between all the issues, adding that she hopes that what she gave it was emotional truth. Despite a public demonstration by Women Against Rape, she received masses of letters, nearly all of them positive. "One woman wrote that she had been very badly raped and never wanted to go out or see anything on the subject but she had steeled herself to watch it and found it a kind of therapy and said it had strengthened her. My biggest worry was that it had frightened women into their homes, but I don't think it did."

Stewart displayed a similarly sure, empathetic approach to emotional intensity on the funny, tough, gay love story *Nervous Energy*, which the BBC chose to show on World Aids Day, but, bizarrely, despite countless ovations at film festivals around the world, has never repeated. Writer Howard Schuman is convinced that her



input strengthened his script. "Slowly and discreetly, she pared away things that were excessive, releasing the spine of the material." Having watched her shooting a memory sequence of the lovers' relationship, he cut six others that he realised were no longer needed. "She was the same with the actors, simplifying over-complex emotions. Her scenes were conceived very simply but she knew exactly when to pull out the emotional shots. She was inside my head to an astonishing degree."

An unflashy director, Stewart is at a loss when asked to define her style. "I like to move the camera a lot... I'm told there is a fluidity about the way I shoot. And I think I'm quite brave about allowing actors enough space to move within a scene. I hate tying them down. I do push. I keep going with them until I get what I think is right." Which is why actors of the calibre of Marian McLaughlin and John

McArdle keep returning to her as they do to such moving effect in *Born to Run*.

The series is cantilevered around Keith Allen's adultery and the truth of the character of his fitness-obsessed lover. Stewart was determined to cast Linda Henry, the feisty mother in the film *Beautiful Thing*, despite her having the wrong accent, the wrong shape and the wrong hair. "We got her a personal trainer and about three weeks into her fitness regime she said, 'I don't understand. You want me to change my hair, change my voice, change my shape, why do you want me for this part?'" Her character's immovable view of life could easily have seemed implausible but as Stewart says, "Linda just made you feel it." Which is exactly what Stewart's direction does. Emotional recognition is, after all, what it's all about.

*'Born to Run' is on Sundays, BBC1, 9pm*

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# Coffee and culture with Dr Johnson

The 18th century brought the British a new sense of nationhood. Marlborough won glorious victories, Britannia ruled the waves, and the industrial revolution made Britain the workshop of the world. More was going on than that. In 1700, the English still looked enviously at the French and Italians for pre-eminence in literature and fine arts. A century later all that had changed: a national culture had been forged. That transformation is traced in John Brewer's masterly book – a model of the new cultural history.

High culture turned from an exclusive privilege into a public commodity. In Tudor times, the arts had depended on royal and aristocratic patronage. After Charles II, however, civilisation relocated from the Court and into the city with its coffee houses, theatres, debating clubs, galleries and concert halls. Traditionally the servant of sovereigns, culture became the consort of commerce.

Between the Restoration and George III's accession, myriad cultural producers sprang up in London – journalists, Grub-Street hacks, publishers and print-makers, all looking for employment and favour not to the Crown but to the affluent. The rise of the media and the invention of the critic turned culture into a booming business serving the people at large.

London became the marvel of the world, throbbing with news, spectacles and entertainment. Like New York in the 1920s, it operated as an addictive geography of the imagination, the hero – and often villain – of plays, poetry and Hogarthian prints. Symbolically, the key site for the new public culture was the coffee house. By 1739 the capital boasted well over 500 of them. Along with taverns, they served as places of pleasure and business, catering to customers from all walks of life. Newspapers were read, critics held forth, while sexual scandal and political rumours were hotly debated.

Coffee houses were remarkably democratic. One day the Irish clergyman Dr Thomas Campbell noted "a specimen of English freedom" when "a workman in his apron and some of his saws under his arm, came in, sat down and called for his glass of punch and the paper, both of which he used with as much ease as a Lord".

Coffee houses led to clubs. Towering over the rest was Dr Johnson's, which met at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street. It included Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, Oliver Goldsmith, Edward Gibbon, actor-managers like Garrick and Sheridan, the musical historian Charles Burney, and the later President of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks.



Trendy cafés, cool art galleries, clubs packed with glitterati: Roy Porter visits swinging London, Georgian style

Such clubbable élites laid down the cultural law. They ranged over fiction, biography, history, literary criticism, medicine and science, languages, political economy, travel, divinity and music. Together, the members of Johnson's club codified the culture and set its standards. Reynolds' *Discourses*, Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* and his editions of the English classics established a canon, an authorised critical heritage. They told the people what to read, what to view and what to think. They set themselves up as cultural custodians to

The Pleasures of the Imagination: English culture in the Eighteenth Century by John Brewer, HarperCollins, £30

the nation. It was no accident that Shakespeare was just then being deified as a national institution.

Women were excluded from Johnson's club but, Brewer shows, they were not debarred from participation in the culture, exercising power as arbiters of taste. There were women's periodicals like *The Female Tattle*, while sentimental comedies, artistic conversation pieces and above all the new novels were all regarded as

humouring feminine tastes. A third of the most popular novelists were female, while in 1779 Richard Samuel exhibited at the new Royal Academy his "Nine Living Muses of Great Britain" – a pantheon of female artists, actresses and writers.

The age spawned huge cultural audiences served by producers, entrepreneurs and institutions. Thousands flocked to plays and art shows. Attendance at the Royal Academy exhibition in 1780 topped

60,000; on Friday 2 June, an amazing 1,680 visitors crammed into Somerset House. The "public" was being born.

Yet this dizzying new culture bred profound ambiguities. Who formed the public whose preferences and pockets were being appealed to? Who decided good taste? Authors wanted it both ways, seeking the applause of the public at large, while also laying claims to superior judgement and mocking the "vulgar". Amid the flux, it was up to performers themselves to stake out their relationship to their public as fashion-leaders and legislators.

Move over, Spice Girls: Richard Samuel's 'Nine Living Muses of Great Britain', painted in 1779 'taken from 'The Pleasures of the Imagination'

Hogarth, Garrick and other performers excelled in managing "public relations". They projected themselves as the nation's voice, or as larger-than-life stars.

No longer prepared to be the parrots of peers or catspaws to the market, top culture-makers strove to achieve a new independence. Johnson could afford his magnificent put-down to Lord Chesterfield on the worthlessness of patrons because the public was already taking the place of aristocratic protectors.

Authors and critics set about training their audiences and improving their taste. In the Augustan age this aesthetic education was conducted through satires like Pope's *Dunciad*, scouring the vulgar, the ignorant and pretentious. Later authors made their peace with the public, acknowledging that their own status depended on its support. "I rejoice to concur with the common reader," pronounced Samuel Johnson; and if that tribute doled out a spoonful of flattery, it also reflected the times.

Brewer highlights a double process in the making of national culture. On the one hand, popularisation, and, on the other, regulation. As for the consumers, what was crucial was a sense of participation. It became essential to a citizen's self-respect to shop in the cultural mall that distinguished the civilised from the yokel. The admission ticket was "politeness": an ideal commanding gentility of mind and manners. Elegant refinement was meant to smooth away religious bigotry and political divisions.

Prescriptions for politeness poured off the new periodical press, particularly in Addison and Steele's *Spectator* (1711-12) and its imitators. Politeness gave rise to a more refined ideal: sensibility. This marked out special qualities that fitted the genteel for admission not just to the public sphere but to its charmed inner salons.

In *Britons*, Linda Colley highlighted the new political, patriotic and religious tides which flowed in the Georgian age, creating a fresh confidence and sense of national identity. From its different angle, *The Pleasures of the Imagination* confirms this view of the making of the public mind. It shows how the English came to feel not just strong but civilised too, polite as well as powerful. God's chosen people, of the age of Cromwell, were reinventing themselves as Shakespeare's heirs.

## Unravelling the rubric of the cube

Somewhere around 1637, the lawyer Pierre de Fermat penned the most notorious marginal note in the history of mathematics. "It is impossible for a cube to be written as a sum of two cubes, or a fourth power as the sum of two fourth powers, or, in general, any number that is a power greater than the second to be written as a sum of two like powers." By the 1990s, Fermat's statement, now known as Fermat's Last Theorem, was still unproved. Generations of mathematicians had given it their best shot, and all had failed. Along the way they had shown that the theorem was true for all powers up to the 250,000th or so, but nobody had put the problem to rest.

On 23 June 1993, Andrew Wiles – a diffident English-born mathematician working at Princeton – gave the last of three lectures at the Isaac Newton Institute in Cambridge. Towards the end, Wiles outlined a partial proof of a central problem in number theory, the Taniyama-Shimura Conjecture. "And this proves Fermat's Last Theorem," he added. "I think I'll stop there".

Wiles's dramatic story has been told in a marvellous BBC television programme made for *Horizon* by John Lynch. It nearly didn't happen. For in mid-1993 the proof began to unravel. The usual plot-line consists of ever more frantic attempts to repair the flaw, degenerating into abject failure. Wiles avoided that plot. By a stroke of good fortune, allied to months of intense effort, he suddenly saw how to fix his proof so that it really worked.

Two books attempt a down-to-earth explanation of mathematical theory. Ian Stewart sums them up

Fermat's Last Theorem by Simon Singh, Fourth Estate, £12.99  
Fermat's Last Theorem by Amir Aczel, Viking, £9.99

Now we have two books that put the tale into print for the person in the street. One is by Simon Singh, who worked with Lynch; the other is by Amir Aczel, a Massachusetts statistician.

Both hook the reader's attention with Wiles's enigmatic announcement, and then put Fermat's problem into historical context. Neither offers more than allusions about what Wiles actually did – though on balance Singh gets closer. I don't blame them: there is absolutely no way to explain the nuts and bolts to non-specialists. Even experts find the ideas tough going. Instead, both authors sensibly opt to tell the story of the people whose ideas led up to Wiles's achievement, and to offer glimpses into his background and his motivation.

The tale must inevitably be spun as two virtually separate yarns. The first tails off ineffectually in the 19th century, after the epic ideas of Ernst Kummer had made it possible to tackle the theorem for a great many powers – but not all. The second picks up in the mid-1950s with the bold – and widely disregarded – conjecture of the Japanese mathemati-

cians Goro Shimura and Yutaka Taniyama, the discovery by Gerhard Frey of its possible link to Fermat's Last Theorem, and the link's confirmation by Ken Ribet. Prove Taniyama-Shimura – "every elliptic curve is modular" – and Fermat inevitably follows. And that, pretty much, is what Wiles did.

Aczel is shorter, and unlike Singh he makes it clear that Wiles proved only part of the Taniyama-Shimura conjecture – the so called "semistable" case. But rather than much of Aczel's history comes straight from Eric Temple Bell's flawed classic *Men of Mathematics*. His pictures are too often of poor quality. A crucial illustration, captioned "Pierre de Fermat's Last Theorem as reproduced in an edition of Diophantus's *Arithmetica* published by Fermat's son Samuel", is nothing of the kind. It is a picture of the problem that motivated Fermat's conjecture – but his crucial comment, which in the edition edited by his son follows immediately afterwards, is omitted. Singh gets the right picture: comparing the page numbers, it looks as if Aczel's illustration has been taken from the wrong edition.

I especially disliked Aczel's attempt to inject controversy by suggesting that presenting research at a conference, before publishing it in a journal, is

unconventional. As a mathematician, he must know that nowadays most research in the subject first sees the light of day at conferences and seminars. Publication usually takes years, and the mathematical community can't afford to wait that long.

Singh's history is far better researched, including lots of detail that is not readily available from standard sources. Singh also conveys a graphic impression of what the key personnel did, and why, based on interviews and discussions. His treatment of the relationship between Taniyama (who eventually killed himself, for no obvious reason) and Shimura is informative and moving. Unfortunately Singh spoils his ending with his own piece of phoney controversy – a spurious suggestion that Wiles's magnificent achievement somehow represents the final gasp of pencil-and-paper proofs.

I know exactly where he got that idea from: a now notorious article "The Death of Proof", written by John Horgan for *Scientific American*. It is notorious because virtually every mathematician Horgan interviewed has repudiated his conclusions. Horgan has now played the game for much higher stakes with *The End of Science*, a wonderfully readable book with a completely ridiculous theme.

Which Fermat should you buy? Both books are readable and enjoyable, and most people will not be bothered by their shortcomings. Neither is as definitive as I would have hoped. But Singh is better researched, better written, better illustrated – and only a third expensive at twice the length.

Monday  
Tuesday  
Wednesday  
Thursday  
Friday  
Saturday  
Sunday

A week  
in books



Boyd Tonkin

According to one of W H Auden's brilliant little doodles, "To the man-in-the-street who, I'm sorry to say, is a keen observer of life, the word 'intellectual' suggests straight away a man who's untrue to his wife". Some years ago, Paul Johnson wrote a long and silly book that added up to little more than a gloss on that quatrain. Although they spawn just as many thinkers and scribblers *per capita* as any other nation, the English still like to pretend that the contaminating I-word stops, like rabies, at the entrance to the Channel Tunnel.

Yet suspicious old Abion has, for a quarter-century, hosted one of the world's most successful efforts to mobilise intellectuals. This week *Index on Censorship* magazine celebrates 25 years of defending free expression and documenting every threat to it. *Index* began in 1972, with a response by its founder Stephen Spender to an appeal by Soviet dissidents against a show-trial in Moscow. Since then, Russia has shifted from terror and torture to a flawed but functioning democracy, as have many other states from Spain to South Africa, Poland to the Philippines. It's worth recalling this list of gains for liberty – and the huge role of intellectuals in winning them – when moral-mazars whinge about declining standards.

The anniversary number of *Index* (£7.99) fixes its gaze on "The Future" and avoids any lolling on laurels. Its star-spangled essays range from Umberto Eco (on the grounds for a universal ethics) to Salman Rushdie (warning against both old nationalism and the "New Babylonism" of PC zealots), from Gabriel Garcia Marquez to Nadine Gordimer. Yet, as always with *Index*, the topical testimonies best bring home the value of intellectual witness. Selim Zaoui reports with chilling eloquence on terror in the mountains of Algeria; Aung San Suu Kyi explains her Burmese version of Vaclav Havel's "power of the powerless", while the exiled writer Yang Lian defines his condition as a Chinese "poet without a nation".

Yang's piece, like several others, confirms that coming battles over free speech will be fought in Asia, and China in particular. Elsewhere, Ian Buruma mocks the local despots' claims that so-called "Asian values" rule out true democracy. Surely this is merely a kitsch-Confucian version of the colonial belief that lesser breeds neither want nor need freedom, as long as they enjoy full rice-bowls (read: fully-cabled air-con duplex apartments in Kowloon or Singapore). A patronising myth in Kipling's time, it sounds just as phoney now.

Our own intellectual trouble-makers might point out that the next time some investment-hungry politician bangs on about duty and discipline among the "Asian tigers". There are more important things in life than the prosecution of people who pee in lifts.

## Understudy in Downing Street

Amanda Foreman on the prime minister who fell from grace with Queen Victoria

When John Major became prime minister, one commentator likened him to Mr Pooter wandering into Downing Street by mistake. Melbourn's accession to power, after a scant six years as a minister, excited similar incredulity. He was a political nobody, without an ounce of charisma or drive. Metemorphosing scathingly dismissed him as Charles Grey's "understudy". But the understudy played the role of prime minister, night after night, for seven years. How a man who was an acknowledged human failure could be such a success is one of the many, intriguing issues explored in L G Mitchell's *Lord Melbourn 1779-1848*.

This latest biography is a revelation in two senses. It reveals a darker, much more complicated man than the urbane aristocrat of previous studies. Second, it proves that academic history in the hands of a first-rate historian is never boring.

Lord Melbourn was irreplaceable for most of his tenure. Only someone as politically un-

Lord Melbourn 1779-1848 by L G Mitchell, OUP, £25

Cabinet divided into Whigs, Radicals and Irishmen. Unfortunately, that Melbourn incited no great feeling underlined his uninspiring and hopeless leadership when bold action was required. His enemies accused him of "loungeing" his way through politics. This was not strictly true. Melbourn was not lazy, merely passive. Whereas team captains usually want to win, the best outcome in Melbourn's point of view was a draw. When the Whigs were turfed out of government in 1841, he cheerfully remarked it was no great surprise: "We've always been losing since '33".

Ironically, for a man who disliked fuss, he had an uncanny ability to attract notoriety. Melbourn's private life was alternately chaotic and tragic. His marriage to Lady Caroline Lamb was a 22-year exercise in public humiliation. She was an exhibitionist who relished publicising the most intimate details about her life, particularly her affair

with Lord Byron. She was also a spoilt, insecure fantasist. But, Mitchell argues, their marriage was a *folie à deux*. Far from exonerating him, he suggests that Melbourn used Caroline as a kind of emotional proxy. There is some evidence that he beat her and that they indulged in games of ritual humiliation.

Mitchell has also unearthed extraordinary letters which show Melbourn expressing an unhealthy interest in corporal punishment. He was excited by flagellation and regularly used to thrash his child wards. "Well cocky, does it smart still?" one of them recalled being asked, after a long whipping.

After Caroline died, Melbourn continued to be dogged by scandal. He was cited in two embarrassing divorce cases. Even his quite innocent relationship with Queen Victoria fuelled gossip because of its intensity. The 18-year-old queen couldn't go to Ascot without spectators mischievously chanting "Mrs Melbourn".

In his two-volume study, David Cecil simply ignored those facts

about Melbourn he didn't like. Philip Ziegler, on the other hand, condemned him outright as a man with "ice in his veins". Mitchell's humane biography provides a more balanced portrait of a difficult man whose personality and politics were deformed by his marriage. According to Mitchell, Caroline's betrayals left Melbourn scarred for life. Emotional responses were beyond him: "He could not join others, cope with others, accept others, or perhaps, love others."

Melbourn's fear of intimacy also made itself felt in his dislike of innovation. Ideas and strong policies required engagement and commitment. When he finally did summon the courage to make himself vulnerable again, to Queen Victoria, he enjoyed the happiest three years of his life. He adored her as the daughter he had never had; in turn, she worshipped him as a father-figure, mentor, and first love rolled into one. Sadly, he never recovered from the way she dropped him once she married Prince Albert. Visitors to Brocket Hall, where Melbourn spent his last days, were startled to find that



Lord Melbourn: marking time and beating retreat

the mere mention of her name caused tears to roll down the old man's cheeks.

Lord Melbourn is both absolutely uncompromising and utterly compelling. It is full of the most elegant, witty remarks, recalling a bygone era when stylish historical writing was prized among academics. There is something 18th-century about

Mitchell's prose. Describing Melbourn's detachment from his Whig colleagues, he says that "Party, perhaps like a wife or a clinging mistress, closed options, made demands, and was generally noisy and tiresome". Melbourn may have inspired indifference among his peers, but Lord Melbourn will be an inspiration to historians.

مكتبة من الامم المتحدة



# He's my Squeeze from suburbia

Is pop music the key to a lost Arcady of Englishness? In your dreams, says D J Taylor

England Is Mine: pop life in Albion from Wilde to Goldie  
by Michael Bracewell, HarperCollins, £18

Not long ago I had a curious dream in which I was invited to a house in Somerset to witness a reunion concert by the Sex Pistols – the band (Sid Vicious included) thrashing away in the front room while Powell looked on benevolently and Lady Violet served slices of pizza to the onlookers. Normally one wouldn't inflict this kind of thing on readers, were it not that the whole experience seems peculiarly relevant to *England Is Mine*, which knits together many threads from recent cultural life in its breakneck pursuit of that elusive animal, the English pop sensibility.

Summarised as briefly as possible, Michael Bracewell's thesis is that the first half of the 20th century brought a sustained attempt by certain artists – E M Forster's novels and the films of Powell and Pressburger are key reference points – to create a lost Arcady of Englishness. Perpetuated via a range of cultural artefacts, from Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited* to the *Carry On* films, this was given its sharpest focus by popular music ("a belief that pop could be a spiritual quest through the boredom and hostility of modern English life in search of self-identity") and made manifest in a number of artistic obsessions.

Two that Bracewell picks out, for example, are the pre- and postwar fascination with suburbia, and the idea of "the North", which hangs over everything from the career of the Beatles (who, after all, called their publishing company Northern Songs) to Keith Waterhouse's novel *Billy Liar*.

At the very least, this type of cross-cultural enquiry leads to some eye-catching juxtapositions: Neil Tennant of the Pet Shop Boys as a modern Auden; Brian Howard as the 1920s equivalent of Boy George; the Cure as Laurence Durrell's musical blood-brothers; *A Room of One's Own* described (admittedly tongue-in-cheek) as the "Top Five single in Virginia Woolf's otherwise patchy discography". I was particularly taken with a paragraph that somehow manages to skate from Dery's *Midnight Runners* to the cast of *Auf Wiedersehen Pet*, and thence to the Angry Young Men and the Dominican order of friars, all within a couple of brisk sentences.

Nothing wrong with cultural relativism, of course, and when Bracewell is good he is very good. The chapter on the suburbs – from Betjeman to Siouxi

Sioux by way of Orwell's *Coming Up For Air* – is a shrewd investigation of a particular set of English attitudes, while the section on Manchester rock-poets such as John Cooper Clarke and the Fall's Mark E Smith confirms long-held opinions that their dramatic use of vernacular idiom (see, for example, Clarke's "Beasley Street" from 1980) is considerably more interesting than a lot of what passes for modern poetry.

He also has a nice line, rounded off in a discussion of Nicholas Roeg's 1970 film *Performance*, of a new kind of late 1960s pop male "for whom life is a quest for identity and sincerity which doubled as an assault course between traditional masculine roles and the pop underground".

*England Is Mine's* failings, inevitably, are the faults of nearly all post-modern pop theorising. There is the occasional tumble into naked Savagery (as in Jon), which might be defined as the tendency to assert without actually demonstrating; a faintly inappropriate seminar vocabulary ("officialization", "indurate", etc); not to mention some conspicuous overlooking of evidence that would have been helpful to his thesis.

It's odd to find a discussion of pastoral noise in English pop that doesn't mention XTC, or an account of late 1970s musical social realism that ignores bands like Squeeze. The literary references, too, could have been better checked. George Bowling's birthplace in *Coming Up For Air* is Lower not Little Binfield, and you fear that "Captain" Hooper from *Brideshead Revisited* was actually a subaltern.

Bracewell's hero, as one suspected all along, is Steven Morrissey – late of the Smiths, now an increasingly sporadic solo performer. His point about Morrissey – that "his project was organically English, at a time when popular culture was synthetically international" – and his readings of the songs are excellent, but other performers mentioned here could have done with this degree of particularisation. Howard Devoto, for instance, who has some claims to be considered the great lost genius of English pop, barely gets a couple of paragraphs.

But Bracewell's reflections on the different personae that postwar culture has thrown up are always worth thinking about. If his book occasionally seems to lose its centre, this is more than compensated for by the incidental diversions along the way.



Organically English? Oscar Wilde (above) and Morrissey PHOTOGRAPH: HULTON GETTY

## Monty Dylan and the Holy Greil

Charles Shaar Murray rejoins The Band

*My Life in a Stolen Moment* was the title Bob Dylan gave to a rambling, beat-poetic faux-autobiographical sketch composed in 1963 for the programme of one of his first major concerts. The particular stolen moment in Dylan's life which obsesses Greil Marcus came later, between 1966 and 1968. This was the long moment that Dylan stole, under the pretext of recuperation from a motorcycle accident, to enable his drifter's escape both from a punishing work-schedule and from the increasingly arduous task of being Bob Dylan.

During that retreat, he spent much of the summer of '67 making music with some new-found friends: the Canadian psychobillies, formerly known as The Hawks, he had adopted as his backing group and who would go on to trade under the name of The Band. Rehearsing and jamming in a rented house in upstate New York, and informally recording their work-in-progress, various combinations of Dylan and The Band explored new songs and old, digging deep into their own private mythologies and the collective unconscious of North America to mine a fresh-minted folklore, simultaneously ancient and modern.

Dylan emerged from the experience shorn of his rock and roll trappings, with the mystic neo-traditional album *John Wesley Harding*. For their part, The Band released a revolutionary debut album which established their guitarist, Robbie Robertson, as a major song-writing voice. Never intended for public consumption, some of the material eventually surfaced in bootleg form as *The Basement Tapes*.

Alongside Nik Cohn and the late Lester Bangs, Greil Marcus is one of the founding fathers of modern rock criticism. Indeed, that the field exists at all in anything like its present form is partially attributable to his pioneering work. Marcus first explored the folk-mythic world of *The Basement Tapes* in a major essay on The Band which formed one of the cornerstones of his massively influential first book, *Mystery Train*. He was the perfect – if not the only – choice to annotate the first official release of that music when it was finally offered

*Invisible Republic: Bob Dylan's Basement Tapes*  
by Greil Marcus, Picador, £16.99

to the public in 1975. *Invisible Republic* is the culmination of decades of fascination with this extraordinary achievement. Reading it is an experience akin to viewing those sequences in such movies as Antonioni's *Blow Up* or Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner*, wherein the protagonist enlarges and refocuses the background dots of a photograph to reveal new pictures that recontextualise the original.

Marcus's most formidable critical asset is his ability to make unexpected connections. He draws on his knowledge of literature, politics, art and history to tease out the resonances of the topics he addresses. His previous works have used Elvis Presley and the Sex Pistols as crowbars to pry open subterranean vaults of the 20th-century psyche.

The "stolen moment" magnified herein expands to span centuries. That summer snapshot becomes a panorama of the invisible republic of the title: "the old weird America" of Mark Twain and William Burroughs, of high tides and tall tales.

The world of *The Basement Tapes* exists on a mythic American frontier between "the confessional and the bawdy-house", as Marcus put it in the *Mystery Train* days. *Invisible Republic* could have used more of both: as Robbie Robertson recalls those seminal sessions, "We went in with a sense of humor ... it was all a goof."

Marcus does indeed have a sense of humour, albeit one of Gobi-like aridity. A lean, scarred Johnny Cash is described as having, at 33, "a face like cancer", which is about as mordant as you can get. But for all its awesome erudition and vaulting imagination, this epic conflation of secret history and badlands balladry could have made use of some leavening levity.

This is a subject with which the author has not finished, and is unlikely to do so this side of the grave. One senses that the saga of Monty Dylan and the Holy Greil has some distance yet to run.

## Passionate biology

Ruth Padel applauds shape-shifting sensuality

*The Metamorphoses* was a dicey project for a poet of urban sex. Ovid – who lived from 43BC to around 17AD – had published *Amores* (love poems), *Heroides* (love-letters from legendary women), *Art of Love* (a treatise on seduction); then he embarked on *Metamorphoses*: "Bodies Changing Shape". By 6AD he had finished, then got exiled – for sex, it's said: either a politically sensitive affair or the dazzling smut he'd written. But his weird epic became one of the best-sellers of the millennium.

Its success was due to four things. His technical brilliance and newly sinuous hexameter. His focus on the significant moment, which made him Mr Big for painting and opera. The extreme pain of his stories, which he matched (however bizarre the situation: women becoming bears, men becoming mincemeat, hoopes, anemones) with extreme feeling. Plus his rushing enjoyment of the physical world. Things happen to bodies in lush landscape. Human physicality is Gaia-linked to creation. Geography is passionate biology.

The idea of "bodies changing" is basic to us. We fear it, desire it (see under *Slimming* magazine), watch it happen. Fatter, bigger, thinner, stronger, iller. How we end is different from how we began, as the Sphinx pointed out. (You know: "What goes on your legs in the morning, two

*Tales from Ovid*  
by Ted Hughes, Faber, £7.99

at noon, three in the evening?") The most dramatic metamorphoses are to do with sex – which is where Ovid and Ted Hughes come in.

Ovid's *Metamorphoses* begins "My mind is going to new things". An epic about bodies, beginning with "mind"? This sums Ovid up. Cerebral and sensual; but wit first. Hughes makes something quite different. "Now I am ready to tell how bodies are changed to different bodies," he starts. His first noun is "bodies". He doesn't mess with "mind"; he's after bigger game.

*Tales from Ovid* reminds us of Hughes's stature as a tragic poet. Ovid tells tragic stories for formal and evocative purposes, not out of need. Hughes's voice is naked, his sensuality tougher and darker than Ovid's. But they meet, in their unflinching way, with passion.

The stories have everything Hughes made his own: animals, pain, cruelty, land, death – plus grief for a world that's like this. He picked the stories he wanted and wrote poems in varied forms with page-turning narrative drive and a wonderful strength, delicacy, and music. Poems of desire, sex, jealousy, the dangers of self-reliance. (Phaethon thinks he's good with horses.) And the Alzheimer's nightmare of being the same person inside after cruel transformation:

Human tears shone on his stag's face  
From the grief of a mind that was still human.

He ends with two lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe. "Their addiction to each other. Absolute, helpless, terminal", expressed through a crack in the wall. There are walls between us all. That crack is an image of poetry, or any formal miracle of verbal communication. It seems feeble compared to the way bodies communicate, but lasts longer:

This crack, this dusty crawl-space for a spider  
became the highway of their love-murmurs.  
Brows to the plaster, lips to the leak of air  
And cooking smells from the other interior.

*Tales from Ovid* witnesses to meditation on the dangerous physical boundaries by which we live, as bodies that want to join each other. "Burn us as we lived in the one flame", says Thisbe to posterity. Those lovers joined their bodies only in death. And this is where Hughes's whole book, having begun with creation, ends:

Two lovers in their love-knot,  
One pile of inseparable ashes,  
Were closed in a single urn.

Here is a master-poet writing some of his most powerful and poignant work. Read him.

## When I see that I am wrong, I change my mind

Diane Coyle is encouraged by a dashing editor's speedy about-turn

How appropriate that one of the most devoted followers of the economist John Maynard Keynes, the dashing *Observer* editor Will Hutton, should take to heart one of his hero's most famous remarks: "When I see that I am wrong I change my mind. What do you do?"

Contrary to popular Islington opinion, this new Hutton manifesto is a much better book than his bestseller *The State We're In*. Although it is shorter and was written in a few weeks ahead of the election, the new book is as passionate in its diagnosis but more realistic in its prescriptions. Perhaps the proximity of the Labour Party to power helped concentrate Hutton's mind.

One sentence in *The State to Come* sums up the new realism. "We have to start ... from where we are, with the institutions we have and in a highly open economy operating in a globalising market." The absence of this sense of history and context was its predecessor's glaring flaw. The evolution of the Huttonesque analysis of the Bank of England illustrates the distance he has travelled since 1995. In the first book, the Old Lady of Thread-

needle Street was the malign emblem of the City of London, the evil succubus sucking the vitality out of the British economy by keeping it in thrall to the extremes of financial orthodoxy.

I exaggerate – but only a little. "The way the Bank of England manipulates and guarantees the vast short-term money markets is the first of many incentives that forces the banks into keeping their lending as short-term as they can," he charged.

At that point, he was against independence for the Bank of England: "To pass the control of interest rates to a semi-private organisation run as an extension of one wing of the Conservative Party would be a disaster."

Now, however, he is rather in favour: "The growing power and possible independence of the Bank of England – as long as it is properly constituted – would be an important potential counterweight to the Treasury's institutional dominance." The Treasury, he argues, embodies the

*The State to Come* by Will Hutton, Vintage, £5.99

defects of the British constitution, with its narrow focus on financial orthodoxy, its centralised power and its lack of accountability.

Well, the economic bogeyman has only moved from EC4 to SW1, but at least Hutton has accepted that there is a respectable case for central bank independence. Indeed, he was positively glowing in his comments on Gordon Brown's recent surprise announcement of that independence, greeting it as "part of a process of modernising the British state".

This intellectual voyage parallels the journey from Old to New Labour. For all the ferment aroused by Hutton's notion of "stakeholding" 18 months ago, it never developed political clout. Here, Hutton gives stakeholding – the somewhat vague idea that economic fairness requires institutions that give all interested groups a voice – a

token four pages. His prescription is more focused this time.

For example, he argues, globalisation has narrowed governments' options over interest rates and levels of borrowing because of the power of the financial markets. But they have another spectrum of more detailed policy choices, such as the regulation of landing slots at Heathrow, the structure of corporate taxation and the quality of public transport.

The Hutton critique of free-market capitalism has also grown far more coherent. He draws on Anthony Giddens's use of the concept of reflexivity to argue that demand and supply are too shifting and unstable for market prices to give efficient signals, as classical theory supposes them to. And he exploits Robert Putnam's "social capital" metaphor for effective institutions to make the case that markets are too short-term to build the economic relationships necessary for lasting pros-

perity. Both are more useful than the tired, old-left rants about overpaid dealers in the City of London.

Hutton is right to sense that these building blocks for an alternative approach to economic policy could inform the new government's programme. But, although spot-on with the questions, this slim volume does not have the answers. I counted less than a handful of policy prescriptions. It is, in fact, a disappointingly unspecific analysis, prone to long lapses into vague language about seizing opportunities and overturning intellectual hegemonies.

In the end, *The State to Come* boils down to a cheer-leading exercise for New Labour. This is not to belittle it: there are real reasons to cheer. Readers depressed by *The State We're In* will end up in better spirits after learning that "the country stands on the threshold of a new course which could lead it to become the most dynamic economy and healthy society in Europe". I, for one, am encouraged that Will Hutton has changed his mind.



# The oasis where life's a blur

Simon Louvish goes to slumberland and explores the modern English soul

Here is a book which answers a question that has puzzled me for some time. What do the English dream? This strange people, who are capable of producing both Bertrand Russell and the Spice Girls, appear to have a bizarre somnambulant glaze that often confuses and confounds the foreigner. Jonathan Coe has committed a number of books examining these odd creatures, and here is another, digging a little deeper.

The setting of the novel, Ashdown, is a stereotypical Victorian cliff-top house, the kind of place where American motorists with a puncture might encounter Bela Lugosi leering from an upstairs window. In Coe's book, this has been a 1970s student residence, transformed years later into a centre for the study of sleep disorders presided over by one ex-student, Gregory Dudden – yes,

terday a nerd, today a mad scientist.

In keeping with my alien outlook, I experienced some difficulty at first distinguishing between the blurred characters who fetch up, in both time lines, at this mansion. But it soon emerges that a certain amount of blurring of identities, and of desires, is very much a component of Coe's work. These characters are either narcoleptic, tending to switch off at random and awake confusing dreams with memory, or unable to sleep at all and wandering through life in a disgruntled daze. This reminded me of the late George Mikes, who remarked that the English declare "I say" and then fall silent for several hours.

So here goes: Robert used to love Sarah, the narcoleptic nut-case, who was briefly wooed by nerd Gregory, and worked, for a time, for a now-defunct film magazine with Terry, who is to dis-



Jonathan Coe: pipe dreamer?

cover Gregory's present secret. Furthermore, Sarah had, in the past, a lesbian past with Veronica, which devastated Robert and was to transform his life.

The mini-dramas of dreams and memories are counterpointed by a theme of lost or forgotten works of fiction: a 1930s pulp novel called, of course, *The House of Sleep*, and a mythical Italian sex-'n'-neo-realist director of whose last film, *Larine Duty*, no trace can be found

*The House of Sleep*  
by Jonathan Coe, Viking, £16.99

but an old faded photograph. (I must assure Coe that another "lost" film, *The Ghoul*, is not in fact missing but is slinking about in the vaults of one of our esteemed TV stations.) Terry, the insomniac film writer, carries this obsession with him towards the pulp reality of Dr Dudden's secret sleep-laboratory.

Dudden has concluded that sleep itself is a disease from which mankind must be saved. As the story progresses, the nervous banality of the floating characters shifts into a more sinister mode. But Coe, who is following his creations through the stages of sleep from dozing to rapid-eye-movements, shies away from a Universal Pictures denouement. No crowds of frenzied villagers emerge with torches to pursue the monsters to their doom.

Instead, a tangle of misreadings and misunderstandings is steadily revealed, with the characters travelling down twisted pathways to random, or ironic fates. The outcome is ingeniously plotted, and the final revelations have a melancholy that remains oddly haunting. Coe's previous book, *What a Curve Up*,

was a sprawling, cheeky social satire of what might be loosely termed the "ruling" or "chattering" English classes. The present book focuses on a kind of "middle-England", twenty- or thirty-somethings, decoupled from society. Unable to connect, their desires turn inward, until they encounter what Freud classically termed "the return of the repressed". No wonder they can't sleep, when their waking life so closely resembles shifting dreams. Perhaps we might term them "Wilson's Children". The next step has to be the "wannabee" generation, Thatcher's tots. And what will Blair's babies be?

The book ends with a recorded transcript of a patient, Ruby's sleeptime mumbings are a more coherent version of what psychiatric talk calls a "word salad". All Coe's characters, except the psychiatrist, are distressingly sane in their inability to achieve their desires. But behind this meticulously structured book lurks the potential of a darker, bolder and less tidy narrative. Perhaps Coe or someone else will give us this vision some day: the modern English soul according to Blake, rather than Blair. But, as I have become acutely aware, attempting any kind of verbal complexity is a literary sin south of the Borders.

## Subversive sex in the savannah

Paula Burnett enjoys a magic post-imperial riposte to Evelyn Waugh

This is a dazzling extension of Pauline Melville's territory. Her first book, *Shapeshifter* – a collection of stories which mine the strata of intercultural deposits linking Guyana and London – touched profundity through wit and precision. This first novel shows her confidently tunnelling under the ramparts of institutions and myths, to run out chuckling just before the charge goes off. Here, the empire writes back to Evelyn Waugh, to the anthropology of Lévi-Strauss, to church, state and sexual mores, using a Guyanese, Amerindian culture to question western assumptions. Melville plays with conventions with all the grace and control of a cat with a bird.

At the start the parents of a small boy, Bla-Bla, discuss his future. Living on the savannah of up-country Guyana, following a mainly traditional way of life, they are present-day members of a family visited by Evelyn Waugh: the McKinnons, of Scottish and Wapisiana descent. Waugh's memoir of his journey to the South American interior mentions a Teddy Melville as his host; Pauline Melville's book thanks Chofoye Melville for lending his name to the novel's Chofoye McKinnon, Bla-Bla's father. This is a book about living tradition as a kind of echo-chamber, in which the intricacies of history reverberate.

It feels time like an angler. The story's narrator is a mythic figure. To people the world, like the plumed serpent Quetzalcoatl, he calls up the bones of the dead, who arrive "chattering". But this mythic astrology is brought bang up to date: the white noise picked up by radio telescopes is "the final wheeze of an enormous laugh".

Melville's narrator introduces himself in scintillating magic-realist style. But, as he points out, "Magic is private", and what is also needed for successful hunting is mimicry and camouflage. He intends to tell the main story in a "hard-nosed, tough-minded realism" – well, of a kind. All narration, he says, is "for revenge or tribute". This story of the McKinnons seems both a

*The Ventriquoist's Tale* by Pauline Melville, Bloomsbury, £15.99

tribute to them and an attack on the language that deems them "primitive".

"Beyond the equator, everything is permitted." The Portuguese proverb introduces the novel's exotic eroticism. Early in the story, Bla-Bla's father – driven to the city by a harsh rural environment of drought, flood and vampire bats – declares his love for a newly met British-Jewish woman researching Evelyn Waugh. The narrative coolly refuses to indulge in foreplay. It just makes the history-reversing affair happen. At the opposite pole to this exogamy is the ultimate endogamy of incest, between a McKinnon brother and sister in the 1930s – the story Waugh supposedly chose not to use. The novel quotes Lévi-Strauss on the pan-American myth of incest between the sun and moon. The Wapisiana disapprove but accept that it happens, just as the west accepts that adultery happens.

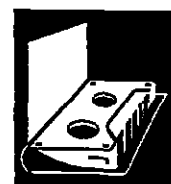
The book's moral landscape is non-judgmental. Lust is taken on trust. A young Wapisiana girl is described discovering her sexuality alone, stimulated simply by the brilliance of nature, but the region reduced Waugh to boredom which he tackled by reading. He later wrote stories in which a guest is forced by an illiterate rancher to read Dickens aloud to him for ever. Melville's version deftly uncovers the self-deception that riddles this imperialist fantasy.

She offers no easy solutions, however, to the threat globalism poses to remote civilisations. At the finish Bla-Bla is dead, from a mining company's explosions. Ironic to the end, the symbolic narrative seems to paint a bleak future for the savannah's people. But there remains the hope that by listening to one another's narratives we might make our interaction benign. Like Quetzalcoatl's bone-people, the boy lives on in the telling. Jaw-jaw is better than war-war; or perhaps, in this quizzical mythology, "Bla-Bla" is in the ascendant over "Waugh-Waugh".



A pose of her own: Man Ray took this portrait of Virginia Woolf in 1935. It appears in *Man Ray: Photographs* (Thames & Hudson, £19.95), a sumptuous collection of the great Surrealist's camera work that stretches from eerie Dadaist collages through sculptural, silvery nudes to the glacial fashion shoots of his later years

## Audiobooks



Two talented readers, Jeremy Nicholas as narrator and Peter Yapp as the mysterious Persian *detus ex machina*, and contemporary music ranging from Berlioz to Massenet brilliantly conjure up the gothic grand guignol of Gaston Leroux's original 1911 tale of *The Phantom of the Opera* (Naxos, 2hrs 40 mins, £7.99).

Rik Mayall puts so much breathy degeneracy into his reading of Joseph Connolly's grotesquely comic *Poor Souls* (EML, £7.99) that you feel as if you are actually seeing the sleazy and selfish world of yuppie Britain – *Friends* gone horribly wrong – with your ears.

Christina Hardyment

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## Awful charms of an imaginary Bedlam

Roz Kaveney interprets a terrifying fable of western reason run amok

The whims of absolute power are as terrifying as its policies. Various legendary rulers investigated the origins of language by having children reared by mutes, presumably – though the legends never state as much – mutes forbidden to sign. We know, from children reared lovingly by animals or abusively by humans, that to fail to acquire language is to fail to acquire thought. There is some damage that cannot be undone.

The narrator of Burnside's terrifying little story is no stranger to damage. His vague father and self-dramatising mother keep him at home and desocialise him to the point where, once they are dead, no one else is real. The damage he does is a requital of subtler damages done to him.

He acquires an interest in language; it might have been anything, strictly speaking, and he would have found ways of

turning the pursuit of knowledge into the abuse of power. Language, though, is a novelist's business, and Burnside shows the perversion into monstrosity of his own natural curiosity. And Burnside's own reading in popular linguistics and cognitive studies is rehearsed at a length which never quite becomes tedious because it is represented as the symptom of a dangerous monomania.

The narrator's quest for knowledge leads him to a mother whom he repeatedly rapes when she is drunk, and a child whom he brutalises. The child is speechless, but not without a certain knowledge; the narrator breaks his fingers for dumb insolence, the first indication that the resistance of the powerless will have its price.

He pursues knowledge with the ferocity of the hobbyist and the autodidact. Burnside's intense cynicism about the

*The Dumb House* by John Burnside, Cape, £8.99

**'A powerful addition to the sub-genre of portraits of the dangerously mad, eg *The Wasp Factory* and *The Debt to Pleasure*'**

rational is crude enough: it is in a branch library that the narrator catches sight of two of his victims. The vulnerable innocence of one, the almost mindless Lillian, is signalled by the fact that she goes to the

library not to read, but to look at pictures.

The narrator is not, over, in control. When he brutally murders Lillian's beggar boyfriend, it is through a misunderstanding. Lillian dies in childbirth under his inexperienced care – there are some things you cannot just look up in a book. His experiment with the twin children she bears him is endlessly frustrated; he played them non-verbal music and they develop a private language of chant and singing. Even toddlers can frustrate him.

But of course he has more power than the twins. He severs their vocal chords and then, satisfied at having suppressed their singing, poisons them. He has got away with it, and will do it again. It is at this point that we realise most fully that what we have just been harrowed by is fable as much as novel. If the narrator is not intended to be the western

rational mind in semi-allegorical action, he bears a more than passing resemblance to it. This is a powerful addition to that sub-genre of fiction which consists of Theophrastan portraits of the dangerously mad: a sub-genre that includes, for example, Iain Banks's *The Wasp Factory* and John Lanchester's *The Debt to Pleasure*. To add moralising to the pleasures of the sub-genre is bad faith, though. Surely our pleasure in visiting such imaginary Bedlams is itself a symptom of the whimsical, all-powerful rationality that Burnside so much dislikes.

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By Christopher Hirst  
and Emma Hagestad

*I May Be Some Time* by Francis Spufford (Faber, £7.99) Despite Capt Oates's breezy note to his mother that he was off to the South Pole ("The climate is very healthy, though inclined to be cold"), the psychological background to the ill-fated Scott expedition was complex, stemming from a peculiarly British strain of romanticism. Original and perceptive, Spufford's exploration of this uncharted mental terrain touches on Burke's discovery of the "sublime", the disastrous Franklin expedition and the Victorian obsession with eskimos.

*Innocence* by Paul Lynton (Sceptre, £6.99) Martyn Fenton, young boy from the Fens, soon learns that home is not a pleasant place to be. Fleeing the unwelcome advances of his brutish father, he arrives in Ely where he falls straight into the hands of some equally lascivious clerics. This powerfully imagined novel of 17th-century nastiness is energetically told, though the regularity with which people want to slip their hands down Martyn's breeches eventually strains belief.

*A Handful of Summers* by Gordon Forbes (HarperCollins, £5.99) Sparkling memoir of the tennis circuit in the Fifties, when the courts were still populated by humans rather than over-paid backhand machines. It's unlikely that this year's SW19 jamboree will see the likes of Tippy Larsen ("he never trained, smoked a lot, drank beer, slept in the dressing room") or Abie Segal, who had problems on court after eating a massive meal followed by a dose of Eno's ("Throughout the match, he retained an intense, anticipatory look... as if not quite sure of his immediate future"). Modest, engagingly written, this book is an ace.

*The Touch* by Julie Myerson (Picador, £5.99) Myerson writes about unusual love affairs. Her first novel, *Sleepwalking*, famously featured a heavily pregnant woman. *The Touch* is a sexy, scary tale involving Donna, a young woman with a twisted spine who is persuaded by her sister and boyfriend to seek the help of a local faith-healer. But her miraculous recovery comes at a high price.

*Vice Versa* by Marjorie Garber (Penguin, £12.99) After probing transvestism in *Vested Interests*, Garber, a professor of English, has turned her attention to bisexuality. As ambiguous as its subject, this voluminous study roams far and wide, in pursuit of sexual omnivorosity. Shakespeare rubs shoulders with pop band, Living Colour. Mick Jagger with Henry James. Though occasionally sharp – she notes that "Michael Jackson has gone from being Peter Pan to J M Barrie" – Garber reads too much into the fact that Calvin Klein sold 80,000 pairs of women's boxer shorts (with fly) in 90 days.

*You Are What You Eat* by Kirsten Hartvig and Dr Nic Rowley (Piatkus, £9.99) Having scared us to death with *Superbug*, an inventory of horrible diseases, Rowley and Hartvig are now redressing the balance by explaining how we can improve our chances of longevity by changing what we eat. Dr Nic's "naturopathic" advice is perfectly sound and seems unsettlingly easy to follow: enjoy the food that's good for you, stop worrying about the food that's bad for you, don't take vitamins, do have sex and, above all, think organic.

*Pooh and the Philosophers* by John Tyerman Williams (Mandarin, £5.99) What a mystery that this exercise in ponderous whimsy should be a bestseller, translated into 13 languages. Do readers experience a self-congratulatory thrill for spotting the subtle humour in "For Winnie-the-Pooh's demonstration of the Principle of Verifiability we turn again to the episode of the HUNNY jar"? Destined for the smallest room of a million middle-class households, it should at least ensure that no one will linger there for long.



# travel & outdoors

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## The raw, chewy taste of paradise

Simon Felton found out why it cost £3.75 to stay on an Australian island. But the beach was great



Beach beauty: the white sands of Whitsunday surround a dense forest of eucalyptus

PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN BARRAUD/TSW

"That's not a knife, mate. Now, that's a knife." Big K pulled out a weapon that a Samurai warrior would be proud to own, and sliced an oyster off the rock. Big K, or Mr Knowledge, a burly, resourceful Aussie, and his petite partner Miss K, were my neighbours and the only other people on Whitsunday Island.

The travel agent had persuaded me that three nights of beach-camping on an uninhabited Australian tropical island was a bargain at \$7.50 (£3.75). "We'll have to drag you off, for sure," I didn't need much persuasion; he was talking my price range. At 42 square miles, Whitsunday is the largest island of 74 in the Whitsunday Group. They lie within a 30-mile radius of Shute Harbour on the Queensland coast, half-way between Mackay and Townsville. On Whitsunday, fine-grain white sands surround a dense, green interior of eucalyptus and vine forests, rising to a 1,430ft central peak.

I clambered off the boat, fell into the clear, warm water and thrashed frantically away from a shoal of manta rays. Dragging my gear up Whitehaven Beach, I ducked beneath an electric-blue swarm of Ulysses butterflies to reach the "camp site", or rather, spaces between trees lining the beach. These hectic impressions were dispelled by a four-mile golden arc - one of Australia's finest beaches.

I had brought supplies - cheap-brand tinned spaghetti shapes, 20 litres of water, a camp stove and a toilet roll. Island amenities are kept at a minimum (lavatories and picnic tables) as, like many in the group, Whitsunday is a National Park.

Big K had his tent pitched, and was cooking breakfast before I could find my sunglasses and lotion. "Real beaut, mate, this is what it's all about, enjoying nature's own." That was partly true. More realistically neither his resources nor mine stretched to an exclusive resort island. Nearby, the islands of Hayman and Hamilton offer luxury at a cost.

After breakfast I explored the beach - the first of many such ventures. I took plenty of stops to cool off in the water, taking care to avoid shoals of manta rays hidden under the sand. They have poisonous tail spikes and treading on one would have necessitated hitching a boat to the mainland for treatment. Turtles basked in the sunlight which penetrated the shallow depths.

On my return I found the lavatories, and soon wished that I hadn't - a couple of unlit wooden huts with holes in the floor, sensitively hidden in the forest. They could be found by following your nose. Orb spiders had built formidable webs across the cubicle doorways. I preferred a quiet spot next to a eucalyptus instead,

### Getting there

The nearest international airport to Whitsunday Island is Cairns. There are no direct flights from Britain, but plenty of connections are possible. Austravel (0171-734 7755) currently has a fare of £644 return (including tax) on Singapore Airlines from Heathrow. From Cairns, you travel to Proserpine by rail or bus in 12 hours, or by air in two. Buses run from here to Shute Harbour and Airlie Beach, both access points for the Whitsundays.

where at least I could identify what had bitten my rear.

The neighbours decided we should sample the local delicacy: black-lipped oysters. We tracked down a colony to a corner of the rocky shore. My flimsy camping knife, however, was not up to prising molluscs off the rocks. So Big K, in *Crocodile Dundee* mode, severed enough to woo the entire population of Queensland. As the live raw creatures trailed sluggishly down my throat I cursed Paul Hogan, wishing that the plastic crocodile he wrestled had been real.

Dinner was taken each evening in the company of the neighbours - a picnic table for three please, waiter. It wasn't necessary to book to guarantee the best seat in the house, where one could pay

### More information

Australian Tourist Commission, 10-18 Putney Hill, London SW15 6AA (0181-780 2227). Information and good advice on all the islands, and camping permits, can be obtained from the Queensland National Parks and Wildlife Service. Contact the Ranger, Whitsunday District Office, corner of Shute Harbour and Mandaly Roads, PO Box 332, Airlie Beach, Queensland (00 61 79 467022).

homage to the departing sun. When I had finished, and was still hungry enough to have eaten fried turtle, I was graciously allowed to tuck into their turkey schnitzel leftovers.

Each night the disappearance of a wide expanse of red fire and the appearance of a silver orb signalled reveille for the local fruit bats to come out and play. We would retire after dinner and play cards. The loser had to collect sea water and scrub the dishes. When the temperature dropped I would head for my canvas, to read by candlelight and swat swarms of mosquitoes.

I had a sketch map of the island which indicated a bush track leading up to Whitsunday Peak. I found the spot where it was supposed to begin, only to come across

an impenetrable wall of bush. As for surfing, there were no waves, so I played in the sand instead. Huge, sloping dunes provided platforms for sand body-surfing - good fun, except for the hazard of swallowing too much sand.

Back at camp, Big K had a better idea. "Coconuts are sweet, mate," he shouted down, as he shimmied up the tree to collect his milky prize. I threw sticks up to claim mine. We lopped off the tops of the husks and bored into the meaty, milk centre. Miss K nuzzled into her refreshing drink while I found my coconut to be unripe. The milk, far from a tropical sensation, curdled in the stomach and the white meat tasted like damp, chewy rubber. So much for the taste of paradise.

Big K didn't need nature's bounty. He had enough goodies to open a beach-side café. Meanwhile I had to impose stiff rationing measures, scrounging off the neighbours and instituting Operation Goanna Watch. A family of Gould's goanna (cheeky, 2-3ft-long reptiles) took up residence in the camp kitchen. Given the opportunity, they would even have eaten the soles off my sandals.

On the morning of departure I swapped my beach towel for plush white leather seats, sipped a diet Coke, and bored the crew of the boat that picked us up with "yeah it was really cool" stories that they had probably heard before.

After a reptile-free fruit breakfast we were to have a snorkelling trip.

Hook Reef in Manta Ray Bay is part of the Great Barrier Reef, and the only Special Management Area in the Whitsundays. Coral and algae formed the reef by settling upon the rocks. Fast currents and high salt concentrations have nourished a rich and colourful diversity of corals.

For the benefit of beginners, myself included, there was a snorkelling lesson off Whitehaven. Whilst I sucked in the Coral Sea through my snorkel, Big K was half way to Cairns. At the reef, the crew threw bread overboard to entice parrot and butterfly fish - with a subsequent eruption of electric blues, striking reds and black-and-white stripes. Fat Albert, a 100kg Maori wrasse, emerged from the depths to steal the show. I bolted to the surface. "Anyone got any bait?" - a 10lb worm, perhaps?

Back on the mainland and the camp site at Airlie Beach, the receptionist diplomatically informed me that "the showers are over there, mate". I took the hint and had my first wash with soap and fresh water in four days. Then I lay back on the caravan sofa, switched on the TV and cracked open a chilled beer. Fortunately there was a rugby league game on, natural entertainment for most blokes, though not for Big K - who was probably skinning a wallaby for supper.

## For another world, follow the guide to God's own islands

Simon Calder with an ocean-to-ocean tour of places that take their names from the Christian calendar. It's heavenly ...

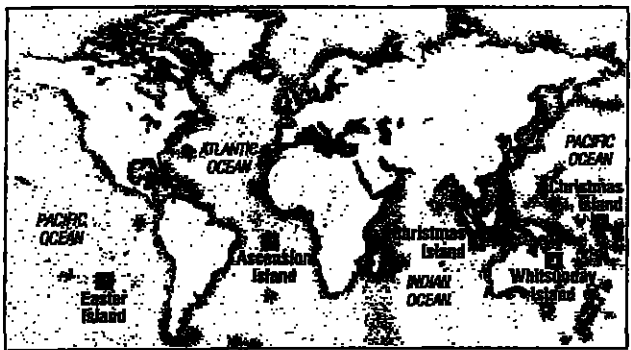
In a rare display of wit, perhaps, Captain James Cook named the sparkling archipelago off the coast of Queensland the Whitsunday Islands; the joke was that he in fact discovered them on Whit Monday, 1770. By then the captain was struggling for inspirational place names, as witnessed in the choice of Flat Island, Broad Sound and Long Island, just south along the Queensland shoreline.

When the explorer or geographer needs help with place names, Christian festivals can help a great deal. The founders of Epiphany, South Dakota, must have praised God for allowing them to settle on 6 January, while exactly 17 months ago I spent a happy eve of the Nativity at the Christmas Pass Hotel in Zimbabwe, hearing how the pass was first traversed by Europeans one 25 December. From Lent (Holland) to Trinity Peninsula (Antarctica), Christianity can take you on a mission around the world. North America is excellent territory for uplifting nomenclature: Heart's Delight and Heart's Content, both in Newfoundland, four Valentines in the US, and a good scattering of Paradises.

All that is missing is Heaven. But for a true idyll - defined in my dictionary as "a scene of happy innocence or rustic simplicity" - you should plan a calendar of island-hopping around the following enchanted lands.

**Easter Island**  
Drop the Isle of Wight into the middle of the South Pacific, and this is what you get: the world's most remote inhabited island. Captain Cook drifted in

on the Humboldt Current in 1774, possibly following the course adopted by the first settlers from South America; some, though, maintain that Asiatic explorers discovered the island. Whoever they were, their achievements were extraordinary. The hillsides are decked with hundreds of



Maoi, cartoon-like stone figures. They were sculpted from volcanic rock and then moved many miles to their assigned positions.

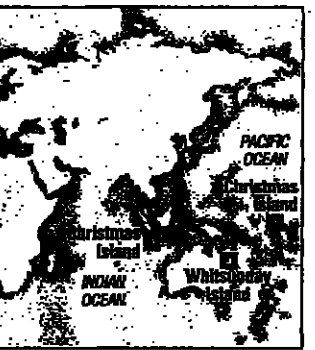
Today, the 2,000 incumbents are officially Chilean citizens, even though Santiago de Chile is more than 2,000 miles east. You can fly there from Britain using British Airways as far as Madrid, then Lan Chile via Santiago; South American Experience (0171-976 5511) has a return fare of £890.

**Ascension Island**  
Every now and again, the jobs pages of the BBC's journal *Ariel* are enlivened by the best job in the corporation: manager of the World Service transmitter on Ascension Island, a tropical splodge six miles across, between Brazil and Africa.

The index of "rustic simplicity" or "happy innocence" began to decline when Nasa

established a tracking station here. Since the Falklands War, the rocky terrain has resounded to the roar of an RAF Tristar four times each week; Ascension is a mere refuelling stop between Brize Norton and Mount Pleasant air force bases.

The traditional approach, of



course, is by sea. Every few months RMS *St Helena* calls in, on her way between Cardiff and the even more remote island of Tristan da Cunha. Cunow Shipping in Cornwall (01326 563454) sells a return ticket for £1,850; depending on schedules, you could be obliged to spend six weeks in the diminutive "capital" of Ascension, Georgetown.

**Christmas Island (Pacific Ocean)**

This is probably the first and last time that I shall describe the shape of any country as resembling an adjustable wrench, but a look at the map will show that to be the case for the festive island known locally as Kiritimati - pronounced Kirissmass, honestly.

The settlement of London faces another called Paris across the lagoon formed by the jaws of the said spanner, while the largest town -

perched where the calibrator would be - is perversely called Poland.

This is part of the far-from-grand empire of Kirabati, and the time on Christmas Island is 10 hours and many decades behind that in Britain. To experience this idyll, fly in to the airfield that unhappily adjoins the Bay of Wrecks. You need to fix up this connecting flight from Tarawa, the closest that the discount agent Quest Worldwide (0181-547 3322) can get you for a fare of £1,443 for travel from London on Christmas Eve.

**Christmas Island (Indian Ocean)**

The same agency will get you from London to here for only £1,402 on Christmas Day, with a change of planes in Perth. Did this speck of land, discovered by one Captain Mynars on 25 December 1643, put the "X" in Xmas? Possibly not, but your luggage tag will show the code XCH.

Although the nearest mainland is Java, 200 miles away, Christmas Island is officially part of Australia, 1,000 miles distant. The population comprises those who extract phosphate from the island, and their support staff. But as tourism makes its relentless way to the farthest-flung corners of the globe, a hotel development is now under way.

In theory, you could fly from Christmas (Indian Ocean) to Christmas (Pacific Ocean) across the International Date Line in successive days, and enjoy two Christmases in Christmas. But you'd have to be crackers.

Additional research by Patricia Morse

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# Time stands still in lovely Clovelly

Adrian Mourby climbs the steep streets of a feudal fishing village in Devon

Staying on Clovelly's main thoroughfare, you wake up not to the noise of traffic but to the strange sound of wooden sledges slithering over cobblestones as the village porters bring in milk and bread. Clovelly clings on to the North Devon cliffs in a jumbled pile of housing, stacked 400ft high. Its main street is so steep that everything has to be brought in on sledges, then tugged back up the alarming gradient by donkeys, or slidded down to be dumped on the quayside. When the bin bags go out, Clovelly must be quite a sight.

It's necessary to catch this village early because by 10am the coach parties start arriving. OAPs pile in by the busload, keen to see an unspoilt 19th-century fishing village but appalled by the steepness of Clovelly's main street, known as Up-A-Long, or Down-A-Long, depending on which way you're facing. Some take one look down an incline that resembles a cobbled ski slope and turn back straight away, heading for the car park and visitor centre where an audio-visual presentation can show those tourists with vertigo – and a fear of crowds – what they're missing out on below.

Indeed you can approach the village only through the Clovelly Centre. It's a modern building that is well suited to its purpose of processing tourists (admission to the village costs £2) and providing them with as many knick-knacks, and cups of tea, as they could possibly want. The existence of the Centre means that Clovelly itself has not been spoilt by commercialisation. But it also means that this ancient village is packaged at the turnstiles like a full-size Legoland.

Some visitors may grumble at what they regard as exploitation of a monopoly by the owner of Clovelly, the Hon John Rouse, but one clear benefit of this "lord of the manor" arrangement is a low count of souvenir kitsch. All thoughts of phoniness are put aside when you reach the main street. Thanks to the energetic – if somewhat twee – ambitions of Mr Rouse's predecessors, the sight that greets a new visitor at the top of Up-A-Long is everything a tourist could wish for: whitewashed



stone cottages, roofs in a patchwork jumble and a profusion of flower-boxes. Cats stalk imperiously across the cobblestones as if they have never heard of automated transport, which – judging by the occasional missing tail – may be the case. Even Sir Nikolaus Pevsner was moved to write that Clovelly was "superficially genuine".

However, what may strike you as strange for a little Devon fishing village are the initials CH, embossed on the facade of each cottage. Their owner, Christine Hamlyn, owned Clovelly in the early part of this century – and was a force to be reckoned with. She refurbished virtually every building in her village and left her own stamp, literally, on each. The Hamlyn family were wealthy London bankers who, in 1738, bought up Clovelly Court and found they also had a crumbling medieval quayside on their hands. Sir James Hamlyn planted trees around the village to lend it an air of verdant seclusion, but it was Christine who did so much to preserve Clovelly in aspic. William Morris's Arts & Crafts movement was an influence on her work, although the motto she emblazoned over the lodge at Clovelly Court – Go North, Go South, Go East, Go West: Home's Best – suggests a woman of more middlebrow aspiration.

Clovelly was already popular when Christine inherited it. Two Victorian sentimentalists, Charles Kingsley and Charles Dickens, had done much to

attract visitors. Kingsley's father was rector of Clovelly for four years and he used it as a setting in his novel *Westward Ho!* Today Kingsley's house, half-way down Up-A-Long, has been turned into a museum and gift shop.

There isn't a great deal more of Clovelly to see once you have walked down to the harbour and back up again, but visitors do it all day long, enjoying the absence of motor vehicles and the exclusion of just about every sign of 20th-century life – except for rampant overpopulation and one large red telephone box outside the post office.

There are two tea shops owned by Mr Rouse, and food is to be had at both pubs – the New Inn at the top, and the Red Lion down on the harbour.

By evening the day trippers have departed and a side door is opened at the Clovelly Centre so that anyone can come and go free of charge. Now the village belongs once again to the locals, the residents and the cats. All three congregate on the quayside, beside the Red Lion, and in the New Inn's Up-A-Long bar.

As the night sets in, people teeter back home – and, given the angle at which Clovelly is built, it's difficult to do anything other than teeter. Then suddenly the village is quiet again. When I slept at Clovelly not even the sea surged, as if it, too, was aware that this is a village whose entire economy is based on offering other-worldly serenity to that much busier world outside.



Picture postcard pretty: Clovelly looks as if it is preserved in aspic

CHRISTOPHER JONES

The deeper you get into this book, the more you realise that it is a 'Majorca-on-10-bottles-a-day' guide



Simon Calder

There can be few more convivial holidays than a week in Majorca in the estimable company of Frederick Chamberlin, the former American vice-consul to the island. The gentleman died decades ago, but he left visitors with the priceless *Chamberlin's Guide to Majorca*. The book was published in 1925, before Franco brutalised Spain and mass tourism changed the country irreversibly. Yet there is still much to be said for travelling the island with it as a companion.

Mr Chamberlin begins with Majorca's considerable advantages. "They have no divorce laws, women do not smoke, nobody drinks strong liquors." He then proposes a tour of the city of Palma, beginning at the cathedral: "one of the first 10 churches of the whole world". Later, the traveller, always assumed to be male, is given instructions for reaching the street known as the Borne, "where people ramble at all idle hours which they deem appropriate. There was, and is, another rambling place – the real Rambla, to the rear of the Grand Hotel – but the people refuse to ramble there, and so the Rambla is only such by name."

Mr Chamberlin rambles on in that manner for some 200 pages. The deeper you get into the book, the more it becomes clear that it is a kind of Majorca-on-10-bottles-a-day guide.

"Very good table claret can be had for 7d per litre", Mr Chamberlin reports. Later: "If

the night be passed at Soller, a room can be had for 2-3 pesetas in the vicinity of the railroad station, where there are three hostels. Trains can be had on the following morning at 6.00 and 9.15, after a debauch of rice, wine and coffee with better *ensaimadas* than are to be had in Palma at a total expense of say 7-8 pesetas if one be extravagant in his choice of the liquors."

Should you take up the suggestion of a walk in the mountains, Mr Chamberlin stresses: "To minimise the chances of error, the traveller should have a common, cheap compass for when it is exceptionally important to him to learn the true direction."

If you have been so extravagant in your choice of liquors that you can't figure out which way up to hold the compass, an alternative solution is proposed: "Nobody should go hours from human beings in these mountains without some companion; and as men can always be had in Majorca to serve in this

capacity for not exceeding 7 pesetas per diem, and a boy for half that sum, there is little excuse for solitary trips."

Meanwhile, the womenfolk are busy practising discretion: "There is a degree of modesty in feminine dressing here that no longer obtains in the more highly cultivated countries." The sunbathers on the beach in Magaluf this week seemed unaware of that phenomenon.

Mr Chamberlin strikes one or two notes of warning – first about health care. "There is an exceptional opening for an

up-to-date English or American doctor with good manners to come to Majorca for practice during the winter months."

And in a spooky anticipation of the six million tourists who flood the island each year, Mr Chamberlin warns that he would hate to see too many visitors, "for they will surely destroy the present atmosphere of the fishing village. To enter one of the very good *fondas* only to find every room full of Anglo-Saxons is a great disappointment." He would not be a happy man in Magaluf now.

How could the author of this slim guide have afforded to travel so widely and indulged himself so much? All is revealed on page 25, when Mr Chamberlin deals with foreign diplomatic representation on the island. As mentioned above, he was US vice-consul – but that turns out to have been a temporary posting.

"Since the writer presented his first expense account as American vice-consul several years ago, the United States have not felt able to afford any consular official here."



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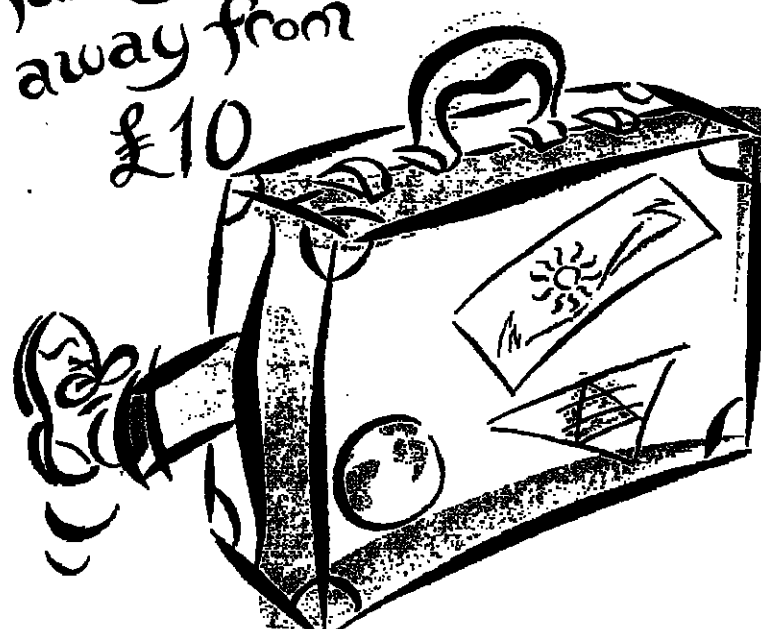
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# More English than England

Bekonscot Model Village offers a truly rose-tinted day out for the family. By Nicola Swanborough

The model-maker rose like a giant from behind the freshly painted house at Bekonscot Model Village. "Are you English?" a small French boy asked him. "English?" chuckled the model-maker with a smile. "Yes, I'm certainly English."

Bekonscot Model Village, tucked in its own landscape of hills and dales, is more English than England itself. It is 40,000 square feet of idealised Britain: Thirties rural England through rose-tinted glasses, nostalgically preserved, and no apologies required.

This is croquet-lawn England, untainted by poverty or the threat of war, where bread was thickly spread with butter, golfers wore plus-fours, the local bobby dealt with crime over a nice pot of tea, and women scrubbed their doorsteps with a smile.

Bekonscot in Beaconsfield, south Buckinghamshire, is the oldest model village in the world. Since it opened to the public in 1929, nearly 12 million visitors have passed through its gates. Last year, a shadow fell upon the tiny microcosm with the opening of Legoland in nearby Windsor. But although visitors were down by 16,000 on the previous year's figures (1996: 216,194; 1995: 232,000) the management at Bekonscot does not feel threatened.

"I think a lot of people went to Legoland last year because it was new," says Barry Newman, a spokesman for Bekonscot. "We were about 2,000 school-children down, but we hope to recoup that number this year. We are unique in that we're totally committed to the Thirties. We're not suddenly going to introduce white-knuckle rides to compete with the theme parks. We have a different sort of charm, which we're sure will stand the test of time."

Bekonscot has courted change before, in an attempt to give the village a more modern look, but it's not a mistake they intend to repeat. In the Seventies, a model of Concorde was installed on the tiny airfield which is home to an historical collection of old aviation stock. But the peaked nose that is testimony to modern technology barely lasted a decade; in the Eighties it was quietly removed so that the village could concentrate on maintaining the authenticity of the Thirties.

Scene changes at Bekonscot are regular events, however, and life in the village never stands still. One of the latest additions to the miniature world is a scaled-down replica of Enid Blyton's Beaconsfield House, Green Hedges, where she lived for 30 years. Blyton herself has yet to be installed, although there are plans to create an illuminated room within the house featuring the wordsmith at her typewriter.

For 70p you can buy a copy of *The Enchanted Village*, a short story that she wrote about Bekonscot. It isn't, though, Blyton at her best: Bekonscot is a village "made for fairyfolk", she says, which clearly it isn't. However, it is home to Canon Ball, the rector, Miss A. Stinch, the dressmaker, Ivan Huven, the baker, Dan D. Lyon, the florist, and hundreds of other aptly named people who catch the gauge-one Bekonscot trains each day and ride the tram at the seaside.

The visitors Sue Holmes from Berkshire and her two children, Sophie, 10, and Oliver, seven, spent the day as giants in the miniature world of Bekonscot.

Sue: I never cease to be enthralled by Bekonscot. We've



Mini nostalgia: Oliver and Sophie Holmes

NICOLA SWANBOROUGH

been there as a family several times, and each time I see something different. It's lovely to watch the children getting down among the houses and buildings, but there is so much to appreciate as an adult as well. Bekonscot is really a little piece of history. It depicts a way of life that is almost foreign to us now, and it's good for the children to be able to wander round and ask questions about what they see.

The great thing about the village is that it doesn't pander to

stress, and where it is safe enough to let the children wander round by themselves.

Sophie: Bekonscot is a really pretty village but a lot of it is quite funny, too. The shops and buildings have got really amusing names which are a play on words, such as I C Weeds, the gardener - that was one of my favourites. It's quite frustrating not being able to get right up close to a lot of the buildings but you get a really good view of everything. It's very well laid out. I particularly liked the scene where the thatched roof of a cottage had caught fire: there was a lot of action there.

You really need to stop and peer round corners to appreciate everything. You have to listen carefully to hear the music in the tiny church and in the market square where the Morris Men are dancing. It's nice to see how life was in the old days.

Oliver: I liked the trains best, and the funfair. I spent quite a lot of time trying to follow the trains from one station to the other. It's fun trying to keep up with them. The funfair is very old-fashioned but it looks much more exciting than the fairs we go to today. It's great to try to pretend you are actually living in the village. There's so much going on: farms, zoos, hospitals, Scout camps and a working coal mine. There are quite a few moving models which I enjoyed watching, but it's fun just looking at the people in the village and imagining them walking around like ordinary people. I'd love to see what it is like there at night-time.

The deal Location: Bekonscot Model Village is in Beaconsfield, south Bucks (01494 672919). By car take junction 2 from the M40,

follow the A355 and A40 to model village. By rail to Beaconsfield station.

Admission: adults £3.20, children £1.60, concessions £2.20, family ticket £9 for two adults plus two children.

Opening times: 15 February-2 November, 10am-5pm, gates close at 5.45pm.

Facilities: two picnic areas, one with an adventure playground, the second inside a large, conservatory-type building with picnic benches for wet weather. There is also a storage area for picnics. Refreshment kiosk for hot and cold snacks, plus a souvenir shop. Toilets.

Access: paths are wide enough for single buggies and wheelchairs but not for double buggies. A few wheelchairs are available to borrow. No pets, only guide dogs allowed.

## Pit stop

When you've finished with the tiny delights of Bekonscot, head off to the Inn On The Green (01628 482638), at Cookham Dean. The bar menu here includes steak in a baguette with chips and sausage and mash, warm goats' cheese salad, and monkfish with peppers and sherry. There's a large, walled courtyard barbecue area, and an acre of paddock behind the car park. It's a wonderful summer pub for families with youngsters: the rear, grassed area has picnic tables, a tree house, a "Nut House", a slide, a climbing frame and rubber tyre swings. Open 12pm-3pm, 6pm-11pm (Sun 12pm-3pm, 7pm-10.30pm).

From Egon Ronay's Guide "and Children Come Too" (Bookman, £9.99)

## Are we nearly there?

Where kids can walk tall this Bank Holiday Weekend

Mullacott Miniature Ponies & Shire Horse Centre, Ilfracombe, Devon (01271 866877) Between horses and dray rides, ferret-racing and the red deer park, kids can see around 70 of the dwarfs and giants of the horse world. For younger children, lambs are fed each day in Pets Corner, while older children can take pony rides around the 160-acre farm (age five and above). From 10am. Adults £4.50, three-to-16 years £3.75, under threes free, concessions £3.95. Pony rides (01271 866058) 1 hour £10, 30 mins £6.

Gnome Reserve, Holsworthy, Devon (01409 241435) Indulge in kitsch, don your gnome hat and meet the thousand-strong pixie and gnome community living in the four-acre beech wood (with stream). While your little goblins visit the Pixie House or fish for lucky numbers, you can relax in the Circle of Meditation or enjoy the 3,000 labelled varieties of wild flowers and herbs in the Wild Flower Garden. From 10am. Adults £1.75, three-to-16 years £1.25, under-threes free, concessions £1.50.

Legoland, Windsor, Berkshire (0990 626375) The new boy on the miniature block, Legoland stretches the Lego theme almost to breaking-point in offering more than 40 attractions. With 20 million plastic bricks, "Miniland" kindles a Europhile instinct by recreating distinctive scenes from cities and countries all over Europe. Precocious boy (and girl) racers are put behind the wheel in the driving school, and Bill Gates wannabes learn how to operate Lego models in the computer control workshops. From 10am. Adults £15, three-to-15 years £12, under-threes free. Call 0990 626375 for credit card bookings.

Cumberland Toy & Model Museum, Cockerham, Cumbria (01900 827606) Winner of a 1995 National Heritage Award, the museum encourages visitors to play with an historic range of interactive toys: classic Thirties Hornby train sets, early remote-control toys. Scalextric cars. The museum also has one of the world's best micro-model collections, dispersed amongst antique prams, doll's houses and rocking horses. From 10am. Adults £2, four-to-15 years £1, under-fours free, concessions £1.80, family (two adults, two kids) £5.60.

Mull Railway, Cragg, Isle of Mull (01680 300389) Catch a 45-minute ferry from Oban to the Isle of Mull and climb aboard the only 10-in-gauge steam train in Scotland. On the 20-minute trip to the Victorian Torosay Castle (gardens, a tea-room, a traditional weaver and silversmith) the train chugs through wonderful Mull scenery. Covered carriages provide shelter from the worst Bank Holiday weather. Train times: 01680 300389; ferry times: Isle of Mull Tourist Board, 01680 812377. Adult ferry return £5.40, child £2.70. Adult train return £3, child £2, family return (two adults, two children) £7.50.

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# Grand designs

## Anna Pavord visits a Dorset garden created from scratch

Is it more difficult to make a garden on a virgin site, or to adapt an existing layout to your own taste? I've heard wild and anguished arguments on both sides. Those who are stuck with heavily laid paths going where they don't want them, dream of the wonders of a green-field site and the infinite possibilities that nothingness represents. Those who have nothing, long for a few features to pin a design on: a tree, a bit of wall, even a shed, if it can be covered in trellis and act as the focus of a viewpoint.

My greatest sympathies are with those who start with nothing, which is why I was so impressed with the work that the garden designer Cary Goode has carried out at her home, Thornhill Park, Stalbridge, in north Dorset. The 18th-century house sits cold, bare and exposed on the top of high ground, with views in all directions. But you don't get views without also being exposed to wind, and this garden has little natural shelter. James Thornhill, Hogarth's father-in-law, who built the house in the 1720s, must have been some crazy kind of megalomaniac to choose such a position. Building at a time when "Capability" Brown's landscape movement was all the rage, he never got round to making a garden.

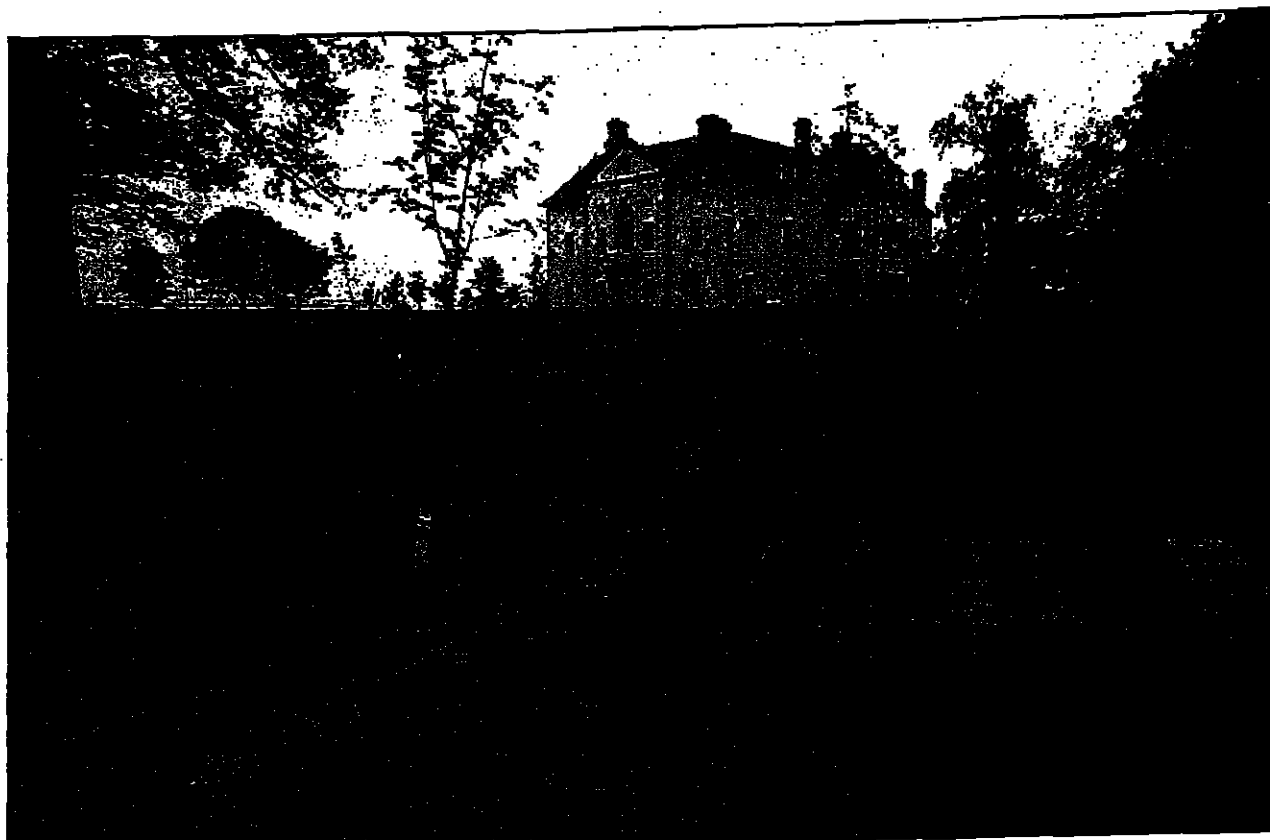
Well that doesn't sound like nothing to me, you may be muttering rebelliously. A

Palladian villa, lovely views ... But if you go there, you are more aware of the problems to be overcome than the advantages of the situation.

When Cary Goode and her husband, Richard, moved into Thornhill Park three years ago, all she had to work with were a lawn, a field and a cedar tree. The formal house called for a formally designed garden, but Mrs Goode believes passionately that a garden should fit visually into the wider landscape. So the views presented difficulties in terms of the design. In this situation, the wider landscape could not be ignored. It dominates in every direction. Somehow she had to make buffer zones, so that the garden could seem to drift seamlessly over the boundaries into the fields beyond.

She's done this rather cleverly by tucking her excellent, colour-filled, mixed borders in places where, as you stand on the top terrace by the house, they don't distract from the wider scene. The ground falls to the west in a series of wide, grassy levels. When you stand in the wild garden, the farthest and lowest of the levels, you look back over banks of silver and gold plantings which are hidden from the house itself.

This is, of course, still a young garden: nascent yew hedges cower behind sheltering hazel hurdles, the nut walk and the



Lovely outlook ... but the difficulty at Thornhill Park has been to keep the panoramic views in sight beyond the landscaped garden. PHOTOGRAPHS: TED BATH

hornbeam arbour are only the skeletal beginnings of the splendid features Mrs Goode hopes they will be in 20 years time. But that is why I found it interesting. You rarely get a chance to see a garden laid out on such an ambitious scale so early in its development. Mature gardens make design seem easy. Here you can feel the thinking.

Because you still seem close to the decision-making, you feel freer than in an established garden to disagree with some things. I would not have used the purple-leaved sycamore for the short, introductory avenue to the house. And I would not have made the narrow, well-planted alley (bergenia, box balls, viburnum) up the right-hand side of the formal garden on the north front of the house finish in a dead end. Blind alleys make me feel trapped. I would have made an escape through the adjoining rose garden.

The clay soil, says Mrs Goode, is "dire", but you'd scarcely know it from the lazy, settled look of the borders, where there are plenty of self-set seedlings jostling for space. I particularly liked the



bit she calls the bishops' and cardinals' walk - deep, saturated purples and reds from tulips, tree peonies, masses of deep opium poppies, dark-leaved dahlias, honesty, spurge, the geranium 'Johnston's Blue', lupins, the deep purple *Geranium phaeum*, angelica with heavy purple foliage, and *Rosa rubrifolia*.

Mrs Goode's biggest investment was in semi-mature trees to give at least an illusion of maturity to the garden. She found, against what one would have expected on this exposed site, that they settled and succeeded better than the younger trees she planted. But she remembered to water them well. That was the key.

The lines of the garden are drawn to reflect those of the house. The north side faces on to lawn, with a formal box parterre directly under the windows, and a rose garden at the far end - underplanted with pinks. A long, narrow hornbeam walk leads to a small, classical summerhouse and separates the lawn from the informal wild garden below.

Here, you'll find a kind of willow igloo, designed by Clare Wilks and made from

seven different kinds of willow. Visitors are invited to weave it as they pass by. Mown paths through the long grass take you past masses of different willows: the violet willow, *Salix daphnoides*, with purple winter shoots, the hoary willow, *Salix glaucos*, with yellow autumn foliage, *Salix rubens* 'Bastfordiana', with brilliant orange-yellow twigs.

The nut walk - walnuts and hazels - separates the garden to the north of the house from the more intricately planted areas moving out from the west front. The gravel and lavender hedges by the house are marked off by a low balustrade and a narrow iris border. The purple and white bearded iris 'Dancer's Veil' was already in bloom when I was there.

A slightly gaunt orangery at right angles to the house provides a protected corner for yellow borders with variegated comfrey, giant euphorbias, potentilla, golden-leaved elder, hostas and yellow violas. From here, it's flowers all the way down to the boundary of the garden where a rough path leads into a stunning hazel coppice, carpeted with bluebells. As I said, problems, problems, problems ...

Thornhill Park, on the A357 1 mile south of Stalbridge, Dorset, is open Sundays (2pm-5pm) and Fridays (10am-5pm) until September. Admission £2. Plants for sale.

Mrs Davies writes from Islington, north London, to ask how she can get hold of seeds of comfrey. She doesn't say what sort of comfrey, but the most generally grown one is Russian comfrey, *Symphytum x uplandicum*. This is a perennial, which grows about 3ft high and is the type that organic gardeners use to make liquid feeds. It is high in potash. You steep the leaves in a vat and use the resulting liquid diluted with water. The seed, though, is quite difficult to germinate. Each seed seems set to a different clock, so they break through in ones and twos over a long period. In this instance, I'd forget seed and buy a plant. As comfrey is so vigorous, you can quickly increase stock by splitting and replanting clumps in early

autumn. But seed is available (£1.50) from Suffolk Herbs, Monks Farm, Coggeshall Road, Kelvedon, Essex CO5 9PG (01376 572456).

There are now nearly 600 national plant collections in this country, held by private individuals, nurserymen or managers of public parks, who amass as many types as possible of one particular plant - irises or aquilegias, willows or oaks. John Drake's collection of aquilegias is open tomorrow (2pm-5.30pm, admission £2) - a rare opportunity to see a superb collection. The National Plant Collections Directory lists all the collections in Britain, with opening times and details of the number of plants held. The directory includes articles on foxgloves, lavender, honeysuckle



### CUTTINGS

and Jacob's ladder, written by the collection holders. The directory is available from good bookshops (£3.50) or direct from the National Council for the Preservation of Plants and Gardens. The Pines, Wisley, Woking, Surrey GU24 0GP. Add 50p for postage and packing.

The Yorkshire Gardens Trust, together with the University of York, has arranged a one-day course, to be held on 24 July at

King's Manor, York, on the Reverend William Mason, an important figure in gardening in the 18th century. The Rev Mason, a Yorkshireman, was the biographer of Thomas Gray (he of the "Elegy"), friend of Horace Walpole and author of an influential poem of the age, "The English Garden". One of his most important commissions was Nuneham Park, in Oxfordshire, which he modestly claimed to have designed with "a Poet's Feeling and a Painter's Eye". The conference marks the 200th anniversary of his death. Tickets (£25, to include lunch) are available from Mrs Arnold Rakusen, Yorkshire Gardens Trust, Ling Beeches, Ling Lane, Scarcroft, Leeds LS14 3HX. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

A big pot of millennium money (£21m) went to the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, so that it could set up a millennium seed bank at its country outpost, Wakehurst Place in Sussex. There are about 250,000 different species of flowering plants in the world. The seed bank aims to collect and conserve seed of all wild plants growing in the UK, as well as about 25,000 of the world's most endangered plant species. So far, Britain is the only country that has plans to conserve its native flora in this way. Kew still needs to raise more than £5m to fulfil its ambitious scheme. For £15 you can sponsor a species. The ultimate birthday present? For more details contact Lucy Grubb at the Kew Foundation, Richmond, Surrey TW9 3AB, or call 0973 102 000.

Bedding plants have been surging into garden centres all this month. When buying, check that the compost in the trays has not shrunk away from the sides - a sign that the plants have not been getting enough water. They should be bushy, compact, firm and a good colour. There should not be a mat of roots hanging out of the bottom of the tray. If the suppliers sowed seed too early, that is their problem. Don't let hustlers make it yours as well. Keep a weekly check on growth of

### Weekend work

clematis, which can get into an unholy tangle. Tie in growths firmly where plants are set against a trellis or wall. If the clematis is scrambling over another shrub, leave it to its own devices. Anyone who has not yet planted sweet corn outside may like to try the black polythene method. It is unsightly, but labour-saving. Plant the seeds through holes cut in heavy-duty polythene, 18in apart each way.

Plant out tender vegetables such as outdoor tomatoes. Sow French and runner beans, if you have not already done so. Earth up new potatoes as the shoots come through the soil. Cover the plants with newspaper or Agryl if there is any danger of late frost. Remove dead flower heads from mahonia and clip over sprawling mats of aubrieta and arabis when they have finished flowering. Tie in growths of cordoned sweet peas and lash delphiniums firmly to their stakes as they grow.

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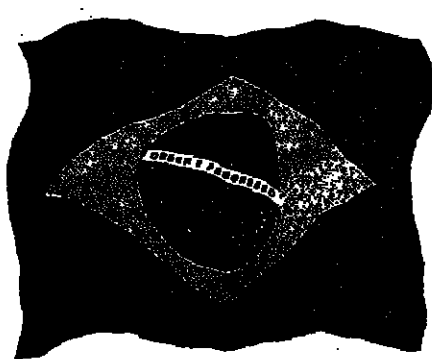
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What Letter B4\*40.



The Brazilians are coming. This summer sees an unprecedented influx of the country's writers.

There will be the publication for the first time in English of new fiction by four celebrated authors. Their publication will



be accompanied by a reading tour to arts centres, bookshops and arts festivals. On these pages we review their

work, take a look at Brazilian artists and make a nostalgic trip with Liz Calder to the country's heartland.

## Gripped by the the urgency of 'now'

Independent choice: Brazilian fiction

Here contemporary Brazilian fiction shakes down into two camps. In one, there are the thrillers, riddled with casual murders and even more casual sexual encounters. Thus *The Killer*, *The Lost Manuscript* and *Hotel Atlantico*. The other follows a more meandering, stream-of-consciousness style, often in confessional mode, with the narrator of both Chico Buarque's and Ana Cristina Cesar's books identified with the protagonist, who is in turn symbolic of Brazil today.

Or so the blurbs seem intent on divulging. In fact, it is the "today" that impacts more on these texts than "Brazil". For Brazil is everywhere treated as an historical entity – this vast, sprawling, diverse region, bigger than Europe yet with only 400 bookshops, in which an 80 per cent/20 per cent population split between the country and the city has been inverted in the space of less than a generation.

The urgency of the "now" presides over the fractures of the land. And in a place where identity needs to be continually invented, the characters are left with but two existentialist options. Neglecting one – the considered impulse to choose each day anew according to a moral code – they unfailingly opt out to live a kind of listlessness. Here, life is what happens to you. Movement, intimacy or violence results because there is no particular reason to gainsay it, rather than because it is pursued.

Many of these books' reference points come, self-consciously, from outside Brazil. The first chapters of *The Lost Manuscript* abound with mentions of Maupassant, Chekhov, Ian Fleming and Orson Welles. Even the bit-characters have carefully European names such as Diderot, Dietrich and Ruth – all appropriate to a main character who is off to discuss his new film, based on a work by the Russian writer Isaac Babel, at the Berlin Festival. The book is itself written almost as a film script (another of Fonseca's literary outlets), with its visual emphasis on the Rio carnival, glitz and glittering with the gemstones trailed through the plot.

As a female character remarks, "Economists say that money is one of the greatest instruments of freedom ever invented by man." And Brazil is final proof, it is needed, of the Darwinism inherent in rampant capitalism. The ultrarich inhabit fortified palaces overlooking wretched shanty-town favelas "whose only diamonds", in the words of a popular singer, "are the street lights at night – where they exist."

Ana Cristina Cesar renounces her home country altogether and roves western Europe penning an "intimate diary", billed as *Anais-Nin-meets-Katherine Mansfield-meets-Virginia-Woolf*. Like all diaries intended for publication, hers is a fiction, deliberately constructed. It takes the form of notes and quotes and poems, an assortment of postcards from the edge, in which her own postcards

### THE BOOKS

'Intimate Diary' by Ana Cristina Cesar (Boulevard Books, £7.95)

'Hotel Atlantico' by João Gilberto Noll (Boulevard Books, £8.95)

'The Killer' by Patricia Melo (Bloomsbury, £9.99)

'The Lost Manuscript' by Rubem Fonseca (Bloomsbury, £9.99)

'Benjamin' by Chico Buarque (Bloomsbury, £9.99)



### THE EVENTS

Waterstone's, Deansgate, Manchester, Thursday 29 May, 7pm. Readings by Chico Buarque, Rubem Fonseca, João Gilberto Noll and Patricia Melo. Books Etc, Covent Garden, Friday 30 May, 6.30pm. Readings. Hay Festival, Saturday 31 May, 4pm. Jan Farley talks to the four authors. Royal Festival Hall, Monday 2 June, 7.30pm. Readings. CCA, Glasgow, Tuesday 3 June, 7pm. Readings.

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("chosen painstakingly") increasingly feature along with a fetish for kid gloves and tight shoes – with further allusions to iron fists and sharp stilettos. Knowing that Cesar committed suicide at the age of 31 – like the Argentine writer Alejandra Pizarnik, whose books her work resembles in some vital respects – gives another tinge to asides such as "When you die the little notebooks are all going to the showcase for its posthumous exhibition. Relics."

The reliquaries of memory are the hallmark of Chico Buarque's writing: not of his popular songs, of which he is a past master in a manner that mingles satire with samba, but of the recent novels. Each of them has a suitably mirror-imaged main character. Here it is Benjamin, whose confusion is ostensibly between the

early love of his life and her imagined daughter. But it also applies to the two male cousins – one a crook turned politician, the other on his way out as a success story – who live in the ample margins afforded by modern Rio to its hapless band of marauding human casualties.

Television soaps represent the love-affair of Benjamin and Arieta. Dreams anticipate and mimic realities, and the failed minor actor Benjamin agonises over "swimming to the islands that he is unsure whether he sees or merely remembers". Memory is a braid never to be untied.

For Buarque, youth is when "the camera acquired a will of its own" and maturity is a time to use "indifference as a tactic to discourage filming".

João Gilberto Noll's hero is another failed soap actor. He limps to his sorry demise through a set of picaresque adventures that illustrate a man and his homeland in dissolution and disillusion. In a particularly gory analogy, the actor has his leg amputated by a doctor who conceives the operation as a useful ruse to retrieve the limelight and award the two of them a second chance. The disjointed episodes of the actor's life are less the Jungian journey that he anticipates than a process of disintegration which he experiences in his own flesh and, camera-like, surveys.

Patricia Melo is another screenwriter-turned-novelist who elaborates a cast of casual killers and seducers. *The Killer's* protagonist suffers toothache, and sleeps in his shoes. An excruciating molar leads him to a wealthy dentist who, in a cabal with his opulent neighbours, wages war on the poor. Dr Carvalho also happens to have a daughter, Gabriela, who is filthy rich, drugged and shameless. Maquiavel, the assassin, intermittently reaches out for redemption to something beyond dope, nightmares, blood and mayhem – usually to the female principle of his worldly-wise lover Erica or his innocent infant Susana. The spiral of violence is inexorable: you have to kill, too, in this shoal of piranhas that feeds increasingly on itself. Astonishingly, in a long novel with no iota of space for pity, the tautness of the plot and the delicacy of its execution ensure a page-turner.

In these five works of fiction, killers and their fellow-travellers, female suicides and child criminals, dreams and realities, all turn in on themselves and against each other. Legal drugs are illicitly prescribed, along with enough coke and crack to blow out two generations. The all-macho protagonists lose through lassitude or ineptitude what the women lose through victimisation. Each book mirrors camera against screen, or character against landscape, to tell its troubled tale, whether as cool hallucination or as feverish reality. The route-map of Brazil is transformed into the inside of a brain whose tortuous paths terminate in carnivalesque blind alleys.

Amanda Hopkinson

# Making monuments out of mountains



Shaped into the hillside, covered in moss: Neco's 'Birth of Christ'

PHOTOGRAPH: ANDREA JONES

## Andrea Jones meets a simple sculptor with awesome vision

The figure of a woman reaches for daylight through the trees. A huge serpent writhes out of the hillside, its tree-fern tail standing erect. Beyond this a giant tortoise and further along a path on a wet shady bend two magnificent baby elephants bathing – ferns imitating water spouting from their trunks.

They are all made of stone, carved out of the rocky Brazilian hillside by a reclusive artist called Neco.

I "discovered" Neco by chance. In the market square of Nova Friburgo about three hours' drive north-east from Rio de Janeiro, I had stopped and talked to women who had been taking photographs. The subject of the pictures were sculptures of immense proportions shaped into the hillside and covered in a deep lush moss. Intrigued, I asked where I could find the work and their creator.

Twenty-five winding, wooded, kilometres later I found him outside his small hillside bungalow.

Neco spoke only three words of English, "hello" and "good morning" but that did not stop him from communicating with me, gesticulating with great effectiveness.

His work is awesome. The hill behind his bungalow was alive with sculpted creatures, mostly larger than life and covered in mosses and lichens. He led me through a gate up a carefully swept, winding path and on a guided tour of his massive stone characters.

Born Geraldo Simplicio, Neco's artistic life began at eight years old when he

developed a love for sculpting in wood and the aesthetics of the human figure.

At 11, he began to work as an apprentice to a shoemaker where he learned to use and care for the tools of his trade. In the shoemaker's shop he started to draw with charcoal and used strips of tyres to add a further dimension to his creations.

In his spare time Neco drew figures and images from his imagination on the walls. His art began to flourish until he was made redundant and had to learn a new trade. He did so with the help and encouragement of a priest who gave him work in a church.

A deal was struck; he worked in the church restoring the statues and figures which had been damaged by time and weather and in return the priest gave him food and lodging.

He practised his art by making models in clay from the land. This life began to prepare him for the work of a sculptor. Later he worked as a porter in a college run by an order of priests and it was here that he first carved his sculptures in wood.

Neco worked with both passion and fury. Rather bizarrely, he claims he receives his energy via an antenna which passes through his head down into his spine. He even produced a diagram to explain this phenomenon. Salvador

Dali had a similar theory but said the tips of his moustache acted as his antennae.

Neco prospered, helped by various monasteries who nurtured his talents in return for odd jobs.

The great leap forward came when he was adopted by a wealthy patron, a Cecilia Falk from the United States.

She brought him and his work to Nova Friburgo and gave him the living conditions he needed to dedicate his life exclusively to his work. He staged an exhibition in the town's Centro d'Arte and then things began to take off. Ms Falk staged a further exhibition in the National Museum of Fine Arts in Rio. One of Neco's works is on permanent display at Stuttgart Museum in Germany.

But the true home for them is on the hillside of Nova Friburgo.

One captures the force of his imagination more than any other. It depicts the trauma of Swiss settlers arriving in Brazil with no food and water and their gruelling trek to their mountainous and mock-alpine destination.

Many died along the way. Neco's velvety moss-covered relief shows a family left by an old man holding out his hand, for the last drips of water trickling down the mountain-side, just out of reach.



Full of energy: From the Brazil '97 show (Ana Maria Plant)

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## A touch of sunshine

Mike Higgins previews a cheerful display

If Brazilian painters have not yet achieved the artistic renown enjoyed by their footballers, Brazil 97, at Thompson's Gallery in London, is aiming to kick off a new generation of Latin American talent.

Brazil 97 opens a cultural programme to commemorate an official visit by the Brazilian President in December, and will feature oil paintings by 24 of Brazil's 24 leading contemporary artists.

In conjunction with the exhibition's organiser, William Westley Richards, the Brazilian Cristina de Mendonça Eastwood is bringing to London the work of established figures such as Lia Mitterakis and rising stars such as Jose Cosme and Jose Sobole. Some paintings date from the Sixties as well as the Nineties. Mr Richards feels that most of them reflect a growing confidence in Brazil: flooded with light and vibrant colour, creations such as Ana Maria Plant's *Acambu* exude pastoral security and optimism and present an image of social contentment not usually associated with Brazil: "The sun shines, people are full of energy." In a region notorious for political and economic instabil-

ity, Brazilians are hoping that recent reforms have consigned the chaotic years of hyperinflation to history.

Though presenting less well-known artists than the celebrated Mexican Diego Rivera, Brazil 97 hopes to appeal to growing British interest in South America. Christie's successfully mounted *Brazil through European Eyes*, earlier this year; the Brazilian Ana Maria Pacheco exhibited at Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery last year. Those jaded by the glacial wit and "difficulty" of Damien Hirst and some other British contemporary artists will find the warmth and accessibility of much of this art refreshing.

Easy on the eye and relatively easy on the pocket, too – most of the art at Brazil 97 costs in the region of £1,000. Robin Duthy, an art market commentator, points out: "Latin American Art was one of the few investments to hold its value throughout the disastrous slump that hit the art market in the early Nineties." Certainly, influential North American taste is reflected by the strong market for Latin American art in the US.

Mr Richards believes that the

festive atmosphere of Brazil 97's opening night will ignite a whole series of Brazilian-flavoured events in London, until Santa rumbas down the chimney.

'Brazil 97', Thompson's Gallery, 18 Dover Street, London, W1X 3PB (0171-629 6378), 5-11 June. (Details of the Brazilian cultural programme: 0171-499 0877, extension 263)

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Beautiful, ugly, funny, cruel: the writer found Ouro Preto, above, to be a place of magical beauty

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUNO BARBEY/MAGNUM

# Where serendipity rules

• Liz Calder explored the interior, and found the home of a poet

**S**audades is a Portuguese word with no exact equivalent in English. It means something like inconsolable, painful longings, for a person or a place, and I have been afflicted by a severe case of it in respect of Brazil. It is difficult to say what it is about that awesome, awful country that draws me back. All I know is that when I am there I feel at home. Of course it boils down to the people: the particular racial mix – Indian, African and Portuguese – that has produced this beautiful, ugly, funny, cruel, richly talented, utterly charming, completely madening, hedonistic, optimistic, pessimistic population known as *Brasileiros*. In many ways, they seem more European than the people of other Latin countries, especially in their literature. Read the newly republished *Epiaph of a Small Winner or Philosopher or Dog?* by Machado de Assis, a master of world literature to rank with Marquez and Borges, who wrote novels of Brazilian life and death with "the kind of humour that makes skulls smile" (Salman Rushdie), and you'll get the point.

Flicking through the selected letters of the American poet Elizabeth Bishop (*One Art*), I was intrigued to discover that she had lived for 15 years in Brazil, and had claimed those years as the happiest of her life. "I still feel as if I have died and gone to heaven without deserving to," she wrote soon after her arrival there in 1952. Those

letters written during the Sixties illuminated the four years I spent there from 1964-1968 and reminded me with sharp jabs of *saudades* why I have never managed to get the place out of my system. From her letters I was led on to her poetry and prose, and then on to that captivating book she translated into English, *The Diary of Helena Morley* (the far better Brazilian title is *My Life as a Young Girl*). This is the vivid, often very funny journal of a 12-year-old girl living in a remote mining town called Diamantina in the 1890s. The journal is, as Bishop says, still "as fresh as paint", and it offers as fitting an introduction to the "Brazilianess" of Brazil – albeit of a way of life long gone – as any other I can think of.

"I never spent such a disgusting day in my life as Good Friday. Chinchinha pretended she was sad about the death of Jesus Christ, and she went and read 'The Passion of Christ' out loud to Grandma, the way they do at school, and we all had to sit and listen to her. Everybody knows that I'm no saint, but when I'm in a group with others just like me, nobody notices. And now comes all this horrible pretending so the aunts will notice her... Good Friday was a fast day for everyone in the house. I'm very unhappy about making sacrifices."

Back among the Bishop letters, I discovered that she and her architect friend Lota de Macedo Soares had lived together in a stunningly designed house that Lota had

built in Petropolis, a spa town in the mountains some hours from Rio, and later had bought and renovated an old house in the former gold mining town of Ouro Preto (Black Gold) in the state of Minas. This is a place of magical beauty which I had visited once in the Sixties

had, as an 18-year-old lad, accompanied Elizabeth and Lota on a trip up the Amazon. The down-side for me was that I couldn't gain entry to the Petropolis house, or even get to see it. The up-side awaited me in Ouro Preto. It is a nine-hour car journey



and, on a recent trip back to Brazil, I determined to seek out these houses.

For a variety of reasons, I had only two days to do it in, but one of the things I love about Brazil is that you can be certain that serendipity rules. I went to Petropolis and stumbled across a man who

from Rio, though you can fly to Belo Horizonte and then bus the last two-hour leg through the mountains. I took a hideously expensive cab, as my time was draining away. I was told of a hotel on the outskirts of the town and found it hanging precariously off one of the dozens of steep hillsides

that make up the town. Ouro Preto emerged in the late 1600s after rich seams of gold were found in the surrounding hills. Pockets were promptly filled and no fewer than 25 gorgeous, gold-plattered Baroque churches were built. The town still bristles with them, poking up into the azure sky from every hilltop. Each corner you turn offers a natural and architectural eyeful. The hotel was filled with paintings and antiques, and I asked the owner, Pedro, whether by any chance he knew where Elizabeth Bishop's house was (illustrating the sort of faith I had in Brazilian serendipity that makes such a silly question worth asking – after all, she was living here 30 years ago and is hardly a household name there, or here for that matter). "Next door," he replied, pointing out of his dining room window at the neighbouring house, also clinging grimly to the steep hillside. It was Casa Mariana. I recognised it from photos I'd seen.

"You don't, by any chance, know Lili Correia de Araújo, do you?" I further pushed my luck. Lili was a friend of Elizabeth Bishop's who had helped her renovate her house and to whom she had dedicated one of her most celebrated poems, "Under the Window: Ouro Preto". I knew Lili was still alive.

"She's my mother," came the laconic reply. Anyway, I couldn't get into Elizabeth Bishop's house as the owner was away, but Pedro told me that his mother owned another hotel on

another hillside in town, the Hotel Chico Rei. (Chico Rei, a hero among Brazilians, was an African tribal king who was sent to Brazil in the gold frenzy as a slave, but rose up to claim back both his own freedom and his royal functions, as well as liberating his entire tribe.)

I knocked on the door and entered the most enchanting room. Hung with a welter of vibrant and sensuous paintings by Lili's late husband, another Pedro, and furnished with the choicest antiques and witty trappings, the reception was welcoming like no other hotel I've been to. Lili must be well into her eighties, but is as sprightly as can be. She is Swedish-born and her Portuguese is still heavily accented. Bright blue eyes peered out from under a chic white bob and fringe, but rose into her skull when I mentioned Elizabeth Bishop. It seems there has been a stream of pilgrims seeking her out, mostly American students, and thus in Brazil a minor cult is growing, fuelled by a fairly scurrilous novel and a feature film focusing on the love affair between the ultimately suicidal architect and the alcoholic poet. I was just the latest on this pilgrimage.

As I sat in a little bar watching the sun disappearing over the ranks of hill and church tops, and sipping *caipirinha*, I could imagine only too well Elizabeth Bishop's feelings for this place. Though lorries now thunder up the steep cobbles, it feels as if the world still stops here, open-mouthed.

## Roll on down to Rio: win a week for two



Sunny daze: an example of the work at Brazil '97

Here's a chance to win a holiday for two in Brazil. Journey Latin America, Transbrasil Airlines and *The Independent* have teamed up to offer the prize of a week's two-centre holiday in Brazil for two.

The winners will fly from Gatwick on Friday evening\* on Transbrasil, arriving in Salvador early next morning. You'll be met at the airport and transferred to the Hotel Tropical da Bahia.

A short taxi ride away is the colonial Pelourinho district, where the pastel blues and yellows of the tenements are home to the world-famous Olodum band.

A couple of days later you'll fly on to Rio and the South American Copacabana hotel, a couple of blocks from the beach. Rio – where the tropic waters of the Atlantic lap the world's most famous beaches – Ipanema and Copacabana – and where rainforest and colossal granite mountains are the backdrop to luxury apartments and colonial elegance. Rio – a *cidade maravilhosa*.

Don't miss the great sights: the statue of Christ the Redeemer overlooking the city, the forest of Tijuca, and Guanabara Bay. Or just laze on the beach.

\*Travel restrictions apply; the return flight arrives at Gatwick at lunch time the following Friday.

To have a chance of winning this prize, answer two simple questions this week and next, and complete the minimalist tie-breaker:

1. The Brazilian national stadium is known as the:  
(a) Macaroni  
(b) Macarena

(c) Maracana  
2. Christ the Redeemer stands atop the:  
(a) Corcovado  
(b) Sugar Loaf  
(c) Table Mountain

3. The music celebrated at carnival is:  
(a) calypso  
(b) salsa  
(c) samba

The breaker (in three words or fewer):  
If I were to win this competition I'd fly down to Rio with:

Answers, on a postcard please, to be sent to Rio/Indie Competition, Journey Latin America, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. Entries close by June 5.

In the event of a tie, a panel of judges from Transbrasil, Journey Latin America and *The Independent* will decide on the winner. No correspondence will be entered into. Standard Newspaper Publishing plc rules apply – copy on request. Open to UK residents aged 18 years or over, but not to employees or family of NP plc, JLA or Transbrasil.

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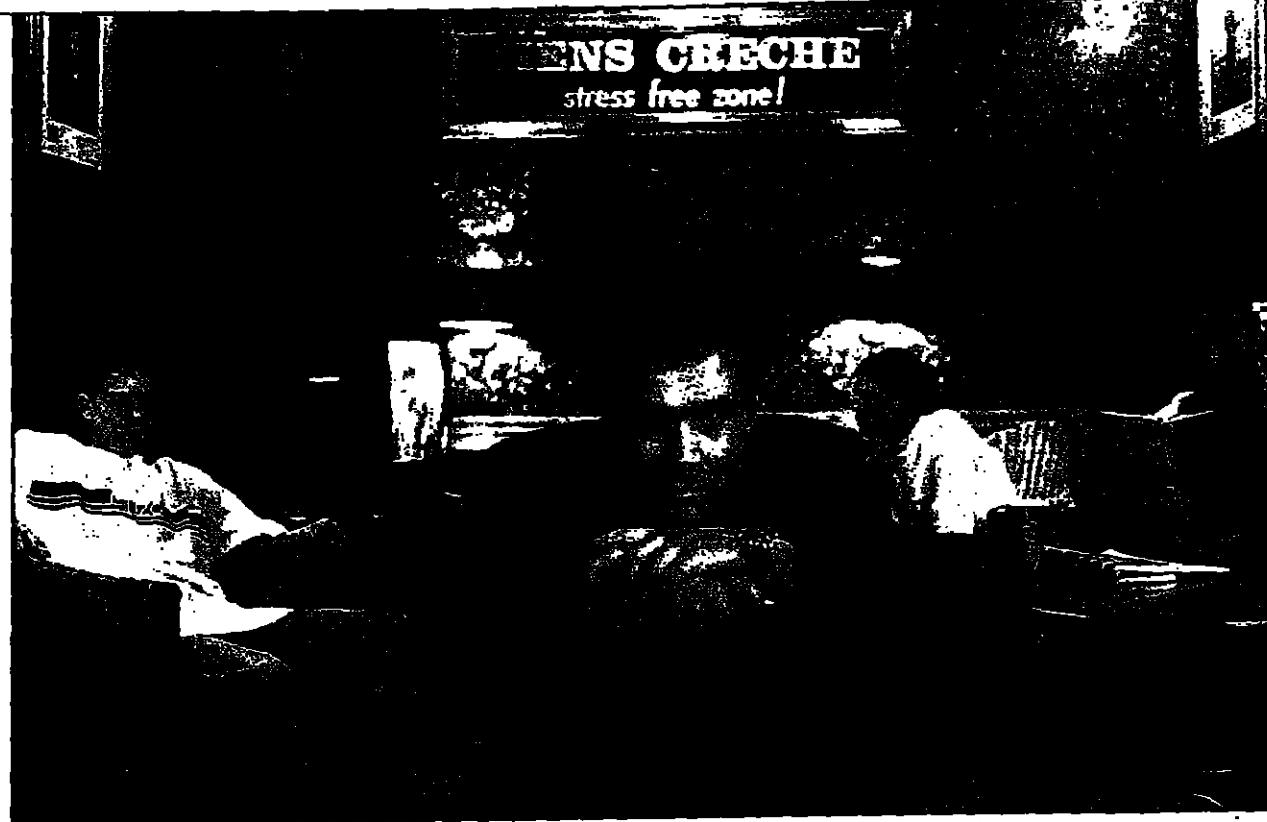
Daniel Green has a niche selling designer labels out of town. He even has a 'creche' for bored men. By Andy Zneimer

## Brand new heavy

Daniel Green is a true child of the boom-and-bust enterprise culture of the Eighties. His two flourishing Brand Centres, both in unfashionable suburbs of north London, and his Identikit fashion label, generate a turnover of some £20m and provide work for 265 staff. Women's magazines have been quick to pick up on his business acumen and good looks, regularly featuring him as one of Britain's best-dressed and most eligible bachelors. The City is knocking at his door night and day, and there are plans to build more Brand Centres all over Britain. Indeed, some see in the 30-year-old Green the potential to emulate the success of Richard Branson; business analysts write that his may well be the name we will come to associate with the New Labour generation. Yet Green's prospects haven't always seemed so bright. After being expelled from primary school, Green managed, miraculously, to secure a place at Leeds Grammar School, where his headmaster feared the worst for his promising student when non-academic distractions threatened to divert him from the path to Oxbridge. "He told me that I was going nowhere fast," explains Green ironically, as he drives me along London's North Circular road towards the original Brand Centre site in Enfield. "I had too much energy, and couldn't handle such an autocratic system."

At the age of 17, with exams looming, Green took a couple of weeks off school to research the feasibility of realising his dream: the creation of a new fashion label, to be called Identikit. "My mum wouldn't write me a sick note," he continues, as we screech to a halt in the giant Brand Centre car park. "I was officially expelled, although I was allowed to take my A-levels, which I passed without distinction."

After gleaning advice from a number of business studies lecturers at various local higher education institutions, Green managed to secure a modest grant from the Small Firms Advice Bureau and went to



Stress-free zone: Daniel Green in the creche with the lads who can't face shopping

PHOTOGRAPH: ANDREW BURMAN

work in a disused Barnsley warehouse. He hired Karen Wraith, a talented local designer, and a small team of other youngsters, and linked up with a clothing manufacturer to produce samples for the first Identikit collection, aimed at fashion-conscious 18- to 26-year-olds. Green and Wraith took the samples to Top Man, part of the Burton Group, and they returned triumphantly with their first orders. "Top Man was very encouraging. We had concessions in Manchester, Newcastle and Oxford Circus pretty quickly," Green recalls. "Today we have 35 Identikit outlets, mainly in Top Man shops around Britain, with some in River Island stores and, of course, the rest in the Brand Centres. By the time I was 22, the business was turning over £3.5m."

In 1990, Green decided to put into place phase two of his plan to "make a difference in

retailing". He moved to London and began searching for a suitable out-of-town venue to launch the Brand Centre. He found what to most people would have been the most unlikely of locations, an industrial estate not far from the M25 in Enfield, between two sewage works. The concept was straightforward, and until then untried anywhere in the world. Take practically all the designer labels you can think of and place them, open-plan style, under one rather large roof, a good distance from the traffic jams, parking problems and crowded Tube. "It's about taking the clothes to the people. No shopping around from store to store, and no travelling into central London with all of the associated hassle and inconvenience. There's nothing like it anywhere, not even in the States. Designer labels are sexy and stylish. We stock the best part of all of the

current designer collections, so quality is guaranteed. Getting the brands to break their traditional retail route was difficult to begin with, but I think my confidence in the idea tipped the scales. We now have some 200 brands."

There is an initial £3 life-membership fee if you want to join the Brand Centre club. To date, some 220,000 folk have signed on in Enfield, with a further 60,000 registering at the new Brand Centre in Uxbridge on the outskirts of north-west London, which opened in December 1996.

One of the most innovative features of the Brand Centre phenomenon is the men's creche area, labelled a "stress-free zone". Here in a café I found Rob and Steve from Enfield purchasing freshly cut sandwiches to enjoy while watching a critical Premier League football match. Steve's wife was just disappearing

from view with their four-year-old daughter to buy a top for her from the Paul Smith kids' range. Rob's girlfriend was somewhere in the store, possibly considering a Kenzo summer dress. With their YSL shirts by their sides, the boys were obviously in shopping heaven. "We conducted a survey," Green tells me, as we head towards his modest office. "Nearly all women hated shopping with their husbands. Most husbands just hated shopping."

"I want to open five more Brand Centres in the next five years. Maybe one or two in Europe," says Green merrily. "It sounds like a cliché, but I am living proof that you can do virtually anything you dream about. We've made all these brands accessible. We've taken the elitism out of the designer experience without losing the aspirational appeal of it all. That's the key."

## Under the counter with Lindsay Calder

They're all at it - like crazed rabbits. Every one I know is either pregnant or has just given birth. A year ago none of these people knew what a baby looked like, and now they just can't stop making them. This week alone, two friends have produced more than 20lb of babies between them; one had twins.

Each day, it seems, I have fewer DINKY allies. Nights out with the girls, and wine, wine and more wine in cramped Soho bars, have been replaced by Sunday afternoon tea, carrot cake and baby admiration in nice places such as Putney. Girls who once wore sleek suits, had smart jobs and never ate in, have taken to wearing shapeless knitted jumpers and leggings. The highlight of their days is a trip to the supermarket to buy more wipes. *Vogue* and *Comme* have been pulped for new reading matter - *Mother and Baby* and *Practical Parenting*. Reading these is not exactly encouragement to reproduce - in fact, they're enough to make the human race extinct. How about this for catch? "We got no sleep at all"; "I didn't brush my hair for days"; "My contractions started in Sainsbury's"; "What can I do about my cracked nipples?"

Recent visits to newborns have left me feeling anxious. A flat-chested actress friend was so delighted with her new swellings that, instead of feeding her baby discreetly, she removed her top completely and sat in the middle of the floor. She also passed round the birth album - "Look, that's me, seven centimetres

dilated." I drew the line at the friend whose husband videoed the Caesarean.

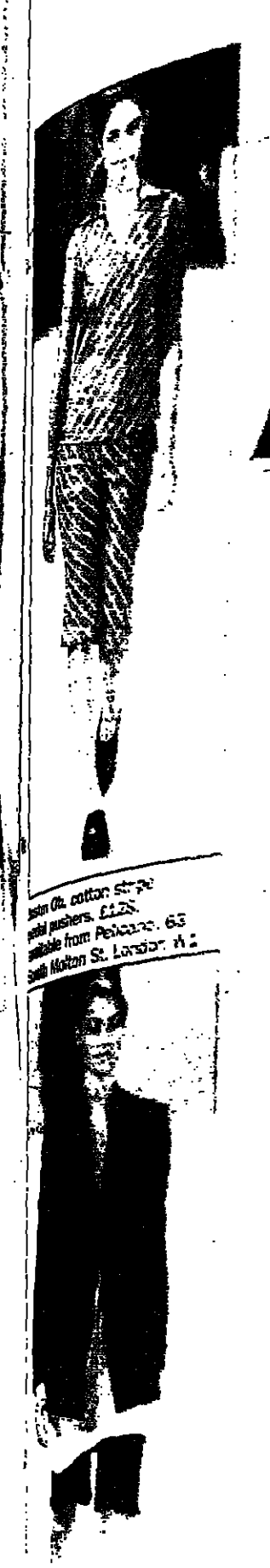
As if that weren't bad enough, my neighbour has also reproduced, and according to her five-year-old, has buried the placenta at the bottom of the garden, next to the dead hamster.

Even my best friend has just given birth. I found the first visit extremely stressful, worried that the sight of her offspring would render me unnaturally emotional, or worse still, that the baby would be ugly. As I removed my fur-trimmed Astrakhan coat, and said "Well, where is he then?", she looked protectively towards the living room, making me feel like Cruella de Ville.

The child was asleep, and didn't actually do anything for about two hours. When he woke, Helen looked over to me nervously. "You can pick him up if you like," I didn't want to push for details of the birth, but this soon came out when I asked why she was sitting on a shrink-wrapped whoopee cushion. This was, in fact a Valley Cushion, especially for lucky new mums who have been, you know - cut. (I have to whisper this to myself, as it makes my legs feel funny.) Other accessories in her collection were silicone nipple guards like see-through mini-sunbrellas.

In the end I wasn't lost for words - he was rather beautiful. I think I even quite like babies. But I couldn't eat a whole one.

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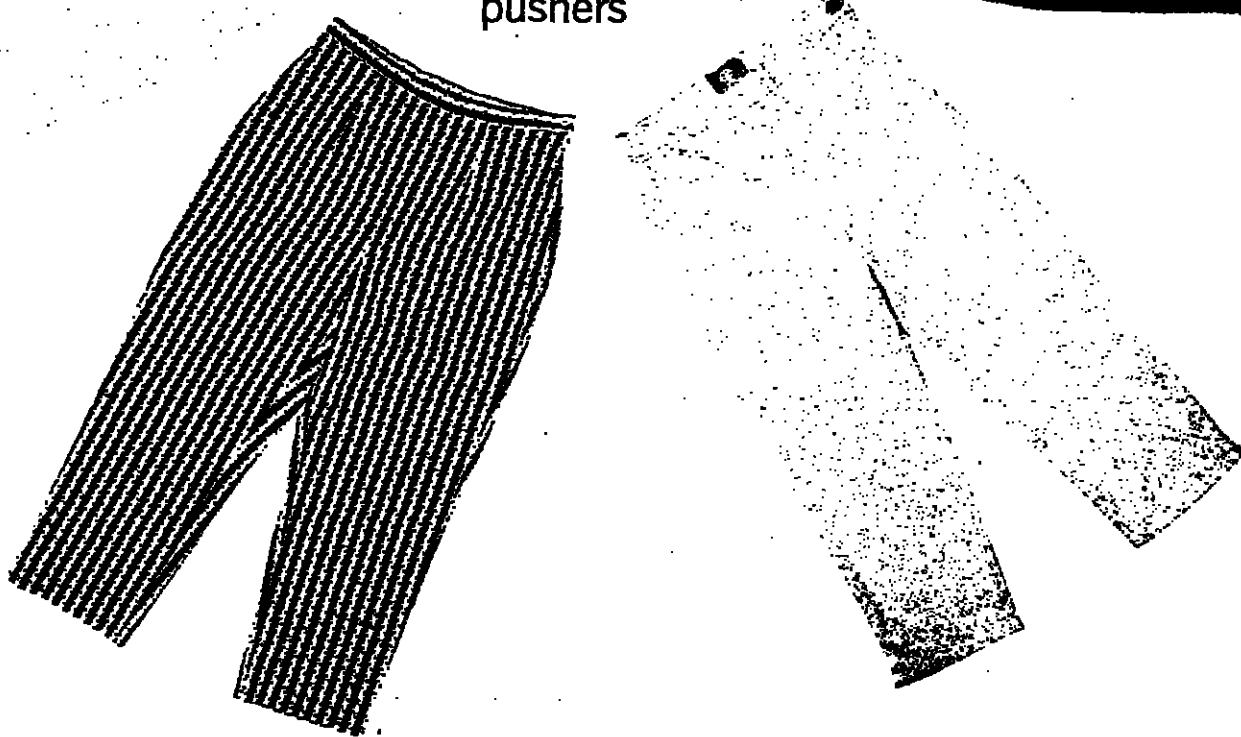
Justin Oh, cotton stripe pedal pushers, £128, available from Pellicano, 63 South Molton St, London W1



Margaret Howell, enquiries 0171-584 2462



Summer, and it's time to shorten those trouser legs and cycle back into fashion. Melanie Rickey looks at the latest revival of a perennial favourite: short pants, otherwise known as pedal pushers



Clockwise from above: Yellow stretch cotton pedal pushers by Soft Grey £21.99 (page 6, code E) available by mail order from La Radoute on 0500-777 777

Bella Freud available from Pellicano, 63 South Molton Street, London W1 and Hervia, Royal Exchange Arcade, Manchester

Royal blue waffle cotton pedal pushers from Naf Naf, 328 Oxford Street, London

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Lilac raw silk pedal pushers, £195, by Mulberry available from 11-12 Gees Court, Saint Christopher's Place, London W1 (0171-481 3900)

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Stretch cotton blue and white gingham pedal pushers, £39.99, by Peter Golding avail-

able from 151 King's Road, London W1 (0171-351 3164)

Blue/beige cotton dogtooth check pedal pushers £39.99 (page 60, code E) by Irene Van Ryb available by mail order from La Radoute (as before)



Antonio Berardi, bronze pedal pushers, £295 (to order). Enquiries 0171-836 4265



Copperwheat Blundell, lightweight nylon camouflage pedal pushers, £120, from Liberty (0171-734 1234) and Pellicano (as before)

PHOTOGRAPHS:  
STILL LIFE, TONY  
BUCKINGHAM  
CATWALK: BEN  
ELWES

The German minimalist Jil Sander was the first designer to put tailored slim shorts back on to the catwalk during the winter of 1996. A trend was not born – but the fashion world noticed. A year down the line and Brits Copperwheat Blundell, Antonio Berardi, Bella Freud, Margaret Howell and Justin Oh simultaneously decided it was time to resurrect them, and six months later – hey presto – the shops are full of slim trousers that stop at the knee. In the Eighties we called them cycling shorts, but in the Nineties Donna Karan has called them "short pants", although the term most likely to illicit a nod of comprehension is pedal pushers.

The image conjured up by the words pedal and pusher involves rusty old bicycles and wicker baskets, or perhaps the Fifties Riviera looks popularised by Grace

Kelly, but today's interpretations are far from fusty. Antonio Berardi's spring/summer collection featured shiny bronze-tailored short pants that looked modern and funky, worn with slashed deep-V T-shirts, and a frock coat and pedal pusher suit. Berardi was inspired by the idea of skinheads wearing shrunken trousers, and Bonnie Prince Charlie, but what came out on the catwalk was a sexy modern look. "They show off the calf better than a skirt can, and worn with high heels they

look brilliant. I don't design for women who are girly-girlie, anyway; I design for women who are girly with attitude," he says. After his show at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden last October his models all bagged a pair of the cropped trousers as their fee.

Pedal pushers have not been around for a while (they were last seen circa 1984, worn by New Romantics dancing to Adam and the Ants), and some hoped never to see them again, but it is time for

them to be reworked, and that was Berardi's attitude "I like to pick up on forgotten items, then I can make them look completely new." Joely Davis, from the fashion company Joelynian, is another designer who has been bitten by the pedal pusher bug, but it was by accident: "I-D magazine featured a pair of my trousers in a shoot which they had cut off at the knee. So many people responded that I had to make some myself, and they sold out," she says. Her microfibre pedal

pushers look like schoolboys' shorts; they are flat-fronted, but in baby blue, rouge and black, and when worn with mules and a smart jacket they make an evening look to rival a slick suit or long dress.

This summer, if you fancy wearing a shortened version of your favourite trousers you won't need to cut them in half (although that is an option); there are plenty on offer that haven't already been snapped up. Nicole Farhi and Mulberry have done classic shapes in fresh

colours that are ideal for the holidays, and Soft Grey, which is sold through the mail order catalogue La Radoute, has stretch cotton pedal pushers in a rainbow of colours from bright yellow to turquoise and white. These are perfect to wear with platform mules (shoes that expose the ankle are essential with pedal pushers; Hobbs do an excellent pair for £62.99) and a basic T-shirt. Joely Davis has some words of wisdom for first-time wearers. "Shorter people don't feel confident wearing them, so I advise them to alter the shorts so they rest above the knee. That will elongate the leg." Finally, if you are still not convinced, get yourself into a flowery pair from Bella Freud. Everyone will be so busy marvelling at the loud print that you won't have time to feel self-conscious. Instead you will feel – as you should – like a trendsetter.

## Push those pedals

### AD WATCH: Sainsbury takes a fresh look at British shoppers

Sainsbury's is getting fresh. Like a lover spurned, it's responding to competition by launching a new campaign designed to woo British shoppers.

The message? Quality and choice. If you think you've heard that somewhere before, that's probably because you have. Sainsbury's has been banging on about good food for years. However, at a time when its rivals are trying their hardest to be the cheapest, most helpful and customer-focused, Sainsbury's has gone back to basics: talking about products instead of bonus points.

"Sainsbury's are passionate about food, where our competitors are selling 'merchandise'," Sainsbury's marketing director, Kevin McCarten, insists. At Asda, it's all about price, you see. And Sainsbury's? Well, behind the store's pint-sized artillery, led by Harry and Molly, is the theme "Lightening the load". "Every little bit helps", is Sainsbury's current line. But where, Mr McCarten asks, is talk of the product: the food? At the heart of Sainsbury's new £5m campaign is a mouth-watering 50-second commercial featuring beautifully lit, deliciously shot food.



An accompanying poster and press campaign continues the idea. "Fresh foods. Fresh ideas" is the theme. The emphasis is on freshness and the variety of different foods on offer – 103 different types of cheese, 18 kinds of butter. And the cherry on the cake?

A sound track mixing Louis Armstrong's with the dulcet tones of the middle-aged shopper's favourite middle-aged crumpet: Lovejoy star Ian McShane.

The new ads, created by the advertising agency AMV. BBDO, follow in the foot-

steps of Sainsbury's highly successful celebrity recipe ads and the retailer's popular publishing spin-off, Sainsbury's magazine. However it's also the culmination of many months of soul-searching by the chain which, having lost market share to Tesco and

endured criticism for both lack of flair and a limited range of branded goods, has been struggling to find new direction. "Over the past year we have been looking at ways to refresh and rejuvenate the brand," Mr McCarten explains. "Between 1993 and 1996, we were not delivering superior quality or choice aggressively enough. We veered between different [market] positioning."

A long-standing campaign theme has been "Where good food costs less", which Sainsbury's still uses and will continue to use. However, a subsequent strap line, "Everybody's favourite ingredient", has been axed as part of the new strategy. "It was pompous and arrogant" is Mr McCarten's explanation. "Sainsbury's must now balance accessibility with superiority. And freshness will be at the heart of that."

Freshness is not just about food: it's about thinking, too. "Fresh ideas" so far include the world's first solar-powered refrigeration lorries, launched by Sainsbury's and Southampton University earlier this month. Then there's the deal struck with New York-based Microban International to produce a new generation of

anti-bacterial protected products such as kitchen implements and chopping boards. But hang on a minute. What will all this really mean for the humble shoppers trawling Sainsbury's shelves for their weekly shop?

Well, at a cosmetic level, the stores look different. They've changed their colours. Out goes the old brown and beige design scheme; in come crisp fresh green and yellow. Meanwhile, new in-store hoardings feature pictures of fresh produce. But all this has yet to convince discerning shoppers. Take Mrs Cartwright of Hampshire. Faced with greater choice, thanks to increased competition amongst the big retailers, she's become a past master at shopping around for the best quality and best value.

"Excessive advertising in and around shops makes me dubious," she observes. "In fact, I don't really think advertising makes any difference at all. I go to a supermarket because I find the food better there. It's as simple as that." Mrs Cartwright will shortly be putting Sainsbury's grand new promise to the test.

Meg Carter

### A life of facts

It's highly unlikely that you will spend the Bank holiday weekend doing the spring cleaning. But here are some stats about the cash we spend on household aids you won't be able to live without.

	1993 £m	1995 £m	% change 1993-95
Liquid bleaches	79.8	22.9	24.7
Bathroom and kitchen cleaners	82.1	23.5	97.9
Multi-purpose cleaners	51.7	14.8	46.9
Lavatory blocks	35.1	10.0	38.6
Lavatory cleaners	26.7	7.7	26.7
Disinfectants	26.7	7.7	25.0
Carpet cleaners	12.0	3.4	15.0
Limescale removers	12.0	3.4	14.0
Window cleaners	11.4	3.3	11.6
Oven cleaners	11.1	3.3	11.3
Total	348.6	100.0	381.1
Source: Mintel		100.0	+9.3









**WORK PHONE:** .....



# homes & money

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How to make the most of your windfall .....27-30



## The perfect weekend retreat



Great getaways: Market Burnham in Norfolk

PHOTOGRAPH: SIMON HADLEY

Hankering after a country cottage of your own – or happier to rent? Having a second home is back in fashion. Penny Jackson considers the options for buying or leasing

Packing up the car on a Friday night is quite a task if there are not to be tears before bedtime. Regular weekenders speak glowingly of their country retreats, before adding the warning that if you're the kind of couple who will still be arguing on Sunday evening about a forgotten case of wine, give a second home a miss. "We now have a rule of no recriminations or no vacation," said one weekenders. "It works like a dream. Even the children stop fighting at the threat of not going to the cottage."

There has been a marked increase this year in the numbers looking to buy a second home. As people see the value of their homes increase, so they feel confident in taking on another property. Those who held on to weekend places during the recession in areas outside the Home Counties are now seeing them return to at least their original value. Clearly, money will go further outside the commuter areas, although it is apparent that there are more than a few who are prepared to spend as much on a second home as many would on their first. This in turn puts even more pressure on the short supply of country properties.

A Norfolk owner was driven to remark recently that he would scream if he saw another young man with jeans and a black BMW. Malcolm Duffey of Beltons has been seeing more cash buyers than ever in the past few months – a Georgian house sold in three days as a second home without even a survey. Villages along the north-west coast, with their brick, flint and chalk cottages, are always popular, he says. In Thornham, a small cottage overlooking the marshes and the sea has just been sold for £175,000. But not everyone wishes to buy somewhere old, or, indeed, to buy at all. The rental market for country retreats is booming. So how do the weekenders make their choices?

Roger Scott and his family live in Middles. He bought a terrace cottage at Frogmore, near Kingsbridge, south Devon, through the local agents Marchand Petit for £88,000. "We began look-

ing in Salcombe, the major reason being the sailing, but it was too expensive and gets far too crowded in the summer. You can't move in the small streets. Our cottage was built 10 years ago on the site of an old boathouse. We wanted water, and it's bang smack on the creek. We didn't want to spend the time or money doing something up, and this one has low maintenance and can be locked and left. It is a long journey for a weekend, though. We were looking for four years, and I'm glad we didn't jump into anything."

Gill Purdy and her husband have a house near King's Lynn that was originally two farm cottages. They are selling it through Beltons for a guide price of £245,000. "Even though we have been going there virtually every weekend for two years, I am perpetually carrying pieces of furniture and pictures. We did it up from top to bottom and lived in

chaos for a while, but we knew we could turn it into something pretty. It really is a home from home. We employed a local builder whom we have known for 20 years, and that made all the difference because we could trust him. We always knew exactly what we wanted, although we did compromise on the position. It is rather isolated, in four acres of garden with a bluebell wood. We are moving because we want to be on the coast. The journey on a Friday and Sunday evening can be terrible, so I have taken to going down earlier while my husband uses the train."

Frances Sanders and her family rent an unfurnished cottage from a farmer in West Sussex, with another family. They pay £575 a month plus council tax. "The best thing about it for us is that it gives us the chance to do things as a family," says Mrs Sanders. "The children love the space, because we have only a small garden in London and most of what we do is out of doors – cycling, walking or going to the beach. We leave a lot of stuff such as anoraks and wellies down there, so we don't have to pack much. The share works very well, although I am not sure it would if we didn't all have children. We have a cleaner on Mondays, which takes any strain out of the relationship. In theory we have separate food shelves and spaces in the freezer. We treat the cottage very much as a bolt-hole and haven't got involved with the local community. It feels like home, but the great advantage of renting is that it's simply furnished and decorated, and we feel no compulsion to improve it. It also means that someone else sorts out all the problems. The cooker went out at Christmas and the farmer sent someone out straightaway, even though it was Christmas Eve."

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Landlubbers dream of seeing the sails of yachts through the living-room window. The sober reality is that prices of waterside homes have a fair wind behind them. By Stella Bingham



Brighton Marina, where Barratt is adding 400 new homes

PHOTOGRAPH: ANDREW HASSON

## Money grows on water

In the Eighties, developers had the bright idea of capitalising on the British love of messing about in boats, and the astonishing premium that buyers are prepared to pay for waterside homes. They combined the two and came up with marina developments.

These suffered badly in the recession – but now the tide has turned. “Buyers are back, developers are back and prices are rising,” says Martin Edgar, of the specialist agents Waterside Properties. “We have waiting lists for some homes.”

In Plymouth, Peter Turner, of Fulfords, is in equally buoyant mood: “Anything on the edge of water is in high demand. People like the atmosphere, even if they’ve never been on a boat in their lives. You do have to pay a premium – marina developments set their own price.”

Over in Poole Harbour Paul Bloomfield, of Palmer Snell, is handling the sale of Moriconium Quay.

“The market has been good for the past 18 months,” he says. “Buyers are coming from outside the area, with 60 per cent of the properties being bought as holiday homes.” Prices start at £185,000 for two-bedroom, two-bathroom flats.

There are marina developments nationwide but, says Mr Edgar, the greatest demand is for properties on the south coast, between Chichester and Poole. And as far as these most popular areas are concerned, it is a case of “buy now while stocks last”. “Planning permission was given several years ago for what is going up at the moment. Now the authorities have made it clear that there will be no more planning permission for residential marinas. Marina properties cost double the price of similar houses in the area, which has alienated the local population, and it is said that natural habitat has been destroyed.”

Ecological and social factors have

put pressure on supply – and this, of course, has affected prices. At The Island, a Swan Hill development at Port Solent marina near Portsmouth, prices start at £175,000. Peter and Cynthia Read recently bought a weekend place there. They are both keen sailors and hope to retire to their waterside home in a few years’ time. “We wanted an unimpeded view of the water, and here it’s almost like being on a boat,” says Cynthia.

So are the Reads typical marina dwellers? Indeed, only about 40 per cent of marina buyers are permanent residents – though the figures are higher in Ocean Village on Southampton’s waterfront. Jim Harrison, a solicitor, moved from a 15th-century farmhouse with an acre of land to the three-bedroom show-house at Wilcon’s Mayflower Gate development for maintenance-free homes. Convenience, it seems, was the key issue. “The setting is superb, and just 10 minutes from my office,” he points

out. “Now the next thing is to look at buying a boat.”

Most marina purchasers are empty-nesters, so Mark and Tracey Daley, who have two small children, are unusual. They came across Brighton Marina when they sailed in to seek shelter from a storm, and liked it so much that they have bought three flats there. One is their own weekend retreat, and two are to let out. “We just love it,” says Tracey, a publisher. “We want to live here properly. There’s such a good atmosphere about the place; it’s as if you’re permanently on holiday somewhere exotic.”

Barratt is currently adding 400 new homes to the 300 already completed at Brighton Marina. Prices start at about £58,000.

Not all marina homes are on the water itself, and budget buyers who are prepared to compromise could save themselves as much as 50 per cent of the price in, for example, Port Solent. Boat owners, meanwhile,

should check out the size and availability of the moorings. In older marinas buyers may be disappointed by the fact that 10-metre berths are common. In some developments properties come with their own moorings. In others, berths may be leasehold, or bought or rented separately. Expect to pay between £2,500 and £3,000 a year. At Brighton Marina, for example, berths range from 8 to 16 metres and cost £190 per metre per year. At Moriconium Quay, moorings start at £25,000 for an 8-metre berth.

With moorings sorted out, what about the action? Some marinas are bustling and lively all the year round; others, which are mainly occupied by weekenders, are much quieter. Mr Edgar advises would-be water babies to do their homework thoroughly.

“Each marina, of course, has its own character. So it really pays to talk to people who live there, visit in your boat, or even rent, to get the feeling of the different lifestyle.”

## The best of the west

If it’s history you’re after, move fast. Old farmhouses in Devon and Cornwall are being snapped up. By Penny Jackson

Some friends, driving down to Plymouth for the first time, fondly imagined they were almost there when they reached Bristol. “It’s the West Country, isn’t it?” they said accusingly, having found themselves a couple of hours short of their destination.

The whole point of living in the West Country, one could have replied, is that it should be a long way from anywhere busy and fast-moving – and certainly London, Bristol, and, for that matter, Gloucestershire, are not considered by purists to qualify for true West Country status.

But even those who have found a spot where the pace of life is satisfyingly slow can be in London in super-quick time. Well into the West, yet with fast links by rail – 1hr 55 mins to Paddington – and road, is Taunton, very much a county town with its landmark old stone, cricket ground and race course.

Brian Bishop, of Jackson-Stops & Staff, which has recently opened an office there, finds a big demand for good, small, quality farmhouses with two or three acres, and village houses within a 10-mile radius of Taunton.

“We seem to have a lot of doctors looking for somewhere in the country but not too far from the hospitals.” They will have to pay in the region of £300,000, especially in popular villages such as Combe Florey and Crowcombe in the Quantock Hills.

New buildings are a sensitive issue within Exmoor National Park, and have

come under greater scrutiny of late. The park authorities have just produced a wide-ranging design guide to protect the character of the villages from being spoilt. Exmoor, softer and quite unlike the bleak and more rugged Dartmoor, has numerous picturesque hamlets and villages within its boundaries. Ellicombe Manor, an Elizabethan manor house with four letting cottages, near Minehead and within the National Park, is for sale through Jackson-Stops for £750,000.

Richard Addington, of Knight Frank’s Exeter office, has seen the market above £500,000 moving fast. Buyers at these prices choose the house rather than its location and are not tied to one area, he says. A 17th-century house for sale in the Lynher valley, east of Bodmin Moor, is unique in that so much has been preserved. Its history is well documented by Edward Kneebone, a mathematician and staunch Royalist who fled to France during the Civil War. The house has plasterwork, doors, fireplaces and a staircase untouched since the 17th and 18th centuries. The agents are looking for offers above £300,000.

On the south coast of Cornwall, on the Helford River, an estate in 28 acres of grounds running down to the water’s edge – with beach, boathouse and mooring, is expected to reach £1.5m-£2m. Treose, at Mawnan, is one of only a handful of waterfront properties to come on to the market in recent years. The agents are Knight Frank.

## Oxford University Press Jumbo Crossword by Spurius

### Cryptic clues

#### Across

- 1 Impatient response of veteran who’s given rank, name and number? (1,4,8,5,9)
- 15 A better mechanism for sharing out winnings? (9)
- 16 Surgical pad or support, primarily for certain muscles (11)
- 17 Reptile, horse and rodent having tail cut off (5)
- 18 Talks informally before visit one’s involved in, seeing indisputable type (11)
- 19 Form of creed found in church located in square (6)
- 20 Right to abandon what could be a terrific ruse? (8)
- 22 Establishing cloth manufacture? (9)
- 24 Resourceful housebreaker may be seen to do it (12)
- 25 Young swimmer coming last of six (4)
- 27 Girls spreading untruths about foolish person (7)
- 28 Second trader injured, attacked by explosive projectile (8)
- 29 Sea bound to provide source of power in time? (10)
- 31 Old Californian deep underground, moldering away? (4-5)
- 33 Fur thought of as cool in Dresden? (10)
- 34 Keen to have paintings hung around study (6)
- 37 Addressing, specifically ensuring punctuation marks are included? (14)
- 39 Landlords renting out lots of flats? They’re by no means minuscule (5, 7)
- 42 Tax on liberty applied at a very high rate? (12)
- 43 Easy-going Archbishop embracing bird before vocal rendition in pub? (14)
- 45 Annoyed to see pick-up by person soliciting (3, 3)
- 46 How safe it is to drink, given relative ease of snooker shot? (10)
- 47 Steep hill encountered in hike? (5, 4)
- 50 Distressed gentlewoman of Nigella’s family? (6, 4)
- 52 Fellow in S American country originally making exceptionally sweet fragrances (8)
- 54 Utter chaos surrounds church in Dutch city (7)
- 57 Match involving clubs, possibly? (4)
- 58 Tripper one may see on traditional holiday. May one? (6-6)
- 59 Torture obtains, unfortunately, after introduction of Christian era (9)
- 61 Gun with end missing carried in ship’s magazine once (8)
- 62 Doctor in retrospect seen to be involved in genocide, maybe (6)
- 63 In business one limits weaknesses (11)
- 66 First items in election night news unfortunately inducing bored response (5)
- 67 Man embracing Cynthia, flamboyant in purple? (11)
- 68 Annoy Vice-Admiral, breaking silver jar? (9)
- 69 Depart in order to avoid too rapid a de-escalation? (2,3,2,3,4,3,10)

#### Down

- 2 Cigarette Lionel rolled between Pembroke and Worcester? (15)
- 3 Hint about placing electrical conductors in diametrically opposite locations (9)
- 4 Selective borrowing from Celtic, curiously, is found in English church music initially (11)
- 5 Type of congestion found in organ as always? (5)
- 6 Discard arising over man on board being successful? (7)
- 7 He’s experienced in presenting accounts to auditors (9)
- 8 Difficult to gain popularity? Dollar bills may be the answer (4,8)
- 9 Mousetrap set here? (8)
- 10 Prison which the Romans used (4)
- 11 Cherishing remarkable elements of her innings (10)
- 12 Eat with outlawed brother at home (4, 2)
- 13 Essential features of score given in big tabloid splash (no date) (9)
- 14 Panic re-action? (5-6)
- 21 Where you could see soldiers training (twelve, perhaps?) (7,7)
- 22 Details all the election results (3, 4)
- 26 Patience may be required to repeat ingredients in different order (8)
- 28 The monastic members of the church militant? (8,6)
- 30 Anxious crime linked to house in York originally (8)
- 32 Cave in which you’ll find sentry keeping watch (7)
- 33 Clients professionally dealt with by hotel porter? (4-4)
- 35 Former chairmen have wearying effect on turning up in big business (7)
- 36 Last words before relations break down – it’s mutual, perhaps, when maiden’s involved (10)
- 38 Embroidery frame a brute to cast off (8)
- 40 Understandings about promissory notes Navy accepted on board may lead to moralising (15)
- 41 Subtle falsity is put about by Thespian convincingly (14)
- 44 Typographical error – one’s reaction is pedantic (12)
- 45 Making out Ralph’s brave? Perhaps (7, 4)
- 48 Spot lorry occupies when held up by worker, one involved with others (11)
- 49 Singer – just listen to her joining in *natti* (10)
- 51 Scored run? (9)
- 53 Children’s writer in a mature sort of style? (9)
- 55 Cacophonous din made by Greek character embracing a challenger, having changed sides? (9)
- 56 Star skater is injured (8)
- 59 Ruminant official, but not entirely rendered (7)
- 60 Lessening of tension as story’s accepted by official (6)
- 64 King’s daughter managed to eat most of breakfast item (5)
- 65 Shopping precinct in France badly lit, for a start (4)

### Concise

#### Across

- 1 One of the Duchess’s child-rearing recommendations (5,7,2,4,6,3)
- 15 Hour of the day, in a particular zone (5,4)
- 16 Changes shown by verb (gramm.) (11)
- 17 Tummy pain (5)
- 18 Happily, (11)
- 19 Doormen (6)
- 20 Respectful (8)
- 22 Acrobat’s turn (9)
- 24 Inserting (12)
- 25 Opinion (4)
- 27 Knotted threadwork (7)
- 28 Subtle reasoners (8)
- 29 Needless alert (5,5)
- 31 Take in air (poet.) (9)
- 33 Naval vessel (10)
- 34 NY island (6)
- 37 Moving from one place to another (14)
- 39 Practices surviving from Middle Ages (12)
- 42 Showbiz people (12)
- 43 Boat engines (8,6)
- 45 Ventilating (6)
- 46 Reward (10)
- 47 Copy (9)
- 50 Original (10)
- 52 Stomach (facet.) (5,3)
- 54 Skin around fingernail (7)
- 57 Of sound mind (4)
- 58 Hoi polloi? (5,7)
- 59 Type of variety entertainment (5,4)
- 61 Tenders of flocks (8)
- 62 Wearing (4,2)
- 63 Assembling and organising (11)
- 66 Broadside (5)
- 67 Not put right (11)
- 68 Restrict (9)
- 69 Poetic description of Petra (1,4-3,4,4,2,3,2,4)
- 1 Parliamentary group (6,9)
- 2 Odd (9)
- 3 Large cetacean (6,5)
- 4 Poet such as Horace (5)
- 5 Monster defeated by Beowulf (7)
- 6 Bran-tube (5-4)
- 7 Words hard to pronounce (6-8)
- 8 Accommodation for hikers etc (5,7)
- 9 Not daunted (8)
- 10 Den (4)
- 11 Kindness (10)
- 12 Cupboard (6)
- 13 Dancer (9)
- 14 Sailor (11)
- 21 Arrangement in layers (14)
- 23 Powered by current (10)
- 25 S American capital (8)
- 26 Opportunities for bargain-hunters (9,5)
- 30 Gather (8)
- 32 Braggart (7)
- 33 Place for ablutions (8)
- 35 N African capital (7)
- 36 Helmets (10)
- 38 Newcomer (8)
- 40 Wrong information (15)
- 41 Embodied in purest form (14)
- 44 Snack item (4,8)
- 45 Loss of feeling (11)
- 48 Expresses clearly (11)
- 49 Long side of triangle (10)
- 51 Female singing voice (9)
- 53 Newspapers etc. (4,5)
- 55 Mock serenade (9)
- 56 Namey (8)
- 59 Type of leather (7)
- 60 On land (6)
- 64 Sharpened (5)
- 65 Dangerous reptile (coll.) (4)

### How to enter

The first correct cryptic solution will win the Oxford Dictionary of Music, Art and Opera. The first six cryptic runners-up and the first six concise runners-up will each receive Oxford University Press’s forthcoming Food and Fitness: A Dictionary of Diet and Exercise which enables you to discover how to plan the perfect diet and exercise regime from the comfort of your armchair. An afternoon’s browsing will qualify you to decide between the Italian football diet and fardick training. Mark your entries “Concise Jumbo” or “Cryptic Jumbo” and send them to PO Box 4015, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. Entries should arrive by noon on Thursday 12 June. Solutions and winners’ names will definitely appear on Saturday 14 June.



# Something to interest savers



**A**t last, some good news for savers. Rates paid by banks and building societies finally began the slow climb upwards after almost 18 months at their present low levels.

Prompting the rise is a combination of the Bank of England's decision to push up base rates almost three weeks ago, plus the increased competition as several former building societies prepare to convert into banks.

Rivals who intend to remain mutually owned societies have been greedily eyeing the tens of billions of pounds tied up in low-paying accounts with Halifax, Alliance & Leicester and Woolwich. Many are hoping that now the free shares windfall is almost over, barring Norwich Union and the far smaller Northern Rock in the autumn, they can grab a slice of those deposits.

However, the wannabe banks are determined not to let societies grab back a slice of their funds without a fight, hence the daily announcements of savings rate increases from both sides.

Leading the way this week are West Bromwich and Nationwide building soci-

**Mutually owned societies have put up their interest rates and the banks are fighting back, writes Nic Cicutti**

eties, which are to increase rates across the board by about 0.25 per cent. more in some accounts and for some savings bands. Leeds & Holbeck and Staffordshire are among the many smaller societies which are also improving returns to their members' savings.

Banks, however, responded this week by hiking up rates paid to their savers' accounts. Abbey National matched the societies over most of its product range, while Lloyds Bank followed suit. TSB, now part of the Lloyds group, increased the rates paid on its business accounts.

National Savings has also upped rates on its First Option Bond, a one-year fixed-rate deal, by 0.25 per cent.

Many of the deals on offer appear even more appealing when tied to fixed-rate investments. Derbyshire Building Society's 7.05 per cent gross rate, pegged for

two years, is one of the more attractive rates on offer, beating even Coventry Building Society's 6.75 per cent gross over the same period. Coventry is offering a far more competitive 6.7 per cent gross rate fixed for one year.

At a time when rates are likely to rise steadily, if unspectacularly, in the coming months, the attractions of fixing are less obvious. It makes little sense to tie one's money for more than a year. Perhaps surprisingly, many instant access accounts now pay 6 per cent or more on minimum deposits as low as £500.

One problem for savers is that financial institutions have mastered the art of grabbing short-term headlines by driving their rates up on one or two accounts likely to figure in the "best-buy" lists that feature in every newspaper's Money pages, including those of *The Independent*.

A few weeks' free publicity can help mop up tens of millions of pounds before rates begin their slow drop back down to average levels. For this reason, it pays to check regularly that one's savings are earning the highest rates available.

That said, Nationwide Building Society's InvestDirect postal savings account, which does not require any notice from savers, is offering a 6.4 per cent. This increases to 6.45 per cent above £10,000, and 6.6 per cent for investments of £100,000. Further increases are planned by Nationwide in the coming weeks.

Postal accounts can take several days before one's money comes through in the form of a cheque, which then has to be cleared. Thankfully, competition between supermarket chains means Sainsbury's Bank offers cashpoint access to your money while paying an extremely good 5.75 per cent gross.

Although several institutions are speeding up their transfers of cash, sensible investors may feel that a few days' wait before they can get hold of their money is a small price to pay for up to 1 per cent extra interest.

## Wine has a sweeter taste

**Dido Sandler on why Bordeaux is better than Scotch**

**A**ndrew Lloyd Webber found himself £3.7m richer this week after hundreds of oenophiles bid way over the odds for his hoard of rare and expensive wines. Strangely, the bidding war reached the peaks it did because potential buyers were attracted by the association of these fine wines with the famous Lloyd Webber name.

In many instances, the 18,000 bottles sold in the auction this week were seen as investments rather than just something to be drunk and enjoyed. For those tempted to follow suit and establish their own investments in wines and liquors, a word of warning.

The Securities and Investment Board (SIB), the City's most senior watchdog, recently issued a warning about investment schemes which buy champagne or whisky following a clampdown by the Department of Trade and Industry on companies claiming to offer high investment returns on booze.

Such schemes are largely unregulated, which means that investors will not be covered by the financial industry's safety net, the Investors Compensation Scheme.

The DTI has closed down two whisky invest-

ment companies and one marketing champagne as an investment since December. It is now trying to wind up a further champagne company. One of the whisky investment outfits, James Devereaux Ltd, closed down owing investors £1.3m in lost deposits. DTI enquiries revealed that many people paid for cases of newly distilled and semi-mature whisky which they never received.

Napier Spirit Company Ltd and Berkeley Champagne Supplies Ltd were wound up because they made false claims about the potential return and marketability of unmaturing whiskies and champagne respectively.

But Campbell Evans, media relations manager of the Scotch Whisky Association, says there are still six similar whisky investment companies doing business.

According to Mr Evans, these companies claim to offer a growth rate of up to 18 per cent although the only certainty about owning a cask of Scotch is that it will lose roughly 2 per cent of the contents through evaporation each year. Further, he says, there is no market for private investors to resell their whisky when they

wish to liquidate their investment.

As for champagne, only a handful of prestige vintage cuvées from famous makers such as Bollinger, Krug and Dom Perignon may actually appreciate in value, and may be sold on, at Christies or Sotheby's. Champagne producers' cellars are now crammed with more than 1 billion bottles and it is highly unlikely there will be a shortage on 31 December 1999.

For those serious about putting money into booze, tipples with the best record of appreciation are almost exclusively fine red Bordeaux and burgundy wines.

Jamie Graham, wine broking manager at wine merchants Berry Brothers & Rudd, says recent spectacular growth in the market for top Bordeaux may herald the arrival of more speculative buying. Berry Brothers never recommends buying this purely as an investment.

In auctions at Sotheby's the great vintage of 1982 Chateau Petrus, from the Pomerol area of Bordeaux, fetched £2,200 per case in 1990/91. By 1995/96 this rose to £5,800. Currently punters are paying £9,600. A good vintage Mouton Rothschild, which went for £750 in 1990/91, now sells at £4,200.

Mr Graham says the average rise for first and second growth Bordeaux (that is, from the top vineyards) since March last year was 30 to 40 per cent.

Serena Sutcliffe, head of Sotheby's international wine department, believes the next few years will see prices go higher, unless there is some global problem like the Gulf War.

Interest from non-traditional markets in the Far East, especially Hong Kong, Singapore and Taiwan, has boosted the market. Further, as wine gets older it gets drunk, quantities diminish, and the bottles that remain become more valuable.

To make your investment worthwhile Mr Graham suggests investors should be prepared to spend a minimum of £5,000 and buy a reasonable trading quantity, which is anything above five cases, because commissions are payable to brokers who arrange sales from 10 per cent downwards depending on how many cases are sold.

One good thing about wines is that if your investment does collapse and you end up with huge losses, you will be able to drown your sorrows in the nicest possible way.

*Dido Sandler works for Financial Adviser*



## It's cheaper to grow your own

**C**ontrary to popular belief you do not have to be a Rothschild or an Andrew Lloyd Webber to have your own vineyard. All you need is £49. At this price it is possible to buy a share and part-ownership in a vineyard. It could be one route to cheap quality wine.

3D Wines, based in Lincolnshire, has leased rows of vines in Burgundy and in the Loire Valley. It rents out these vines to individual partners. A row of vines is available at a rental of between £49 and £65 per annum depending on the region. According to 3D Wines, each row will produce 48 bottles of Appellation Controlee wine each year.

Partners must pay for bottling the wine. Bottles of Sancerre cost £4.31 each while champagne is on offer at £7.41 a bottle.

Those prepared to invest in a row of vines for a five-year period will enjoy a 20 per cent discount on the rental as well as the opportunity to swap their wine with a partner in another vineyard. 3D Wines already has 15 fully subscribed vineyards: seven in the Loire Valley and eight in Burgundy, including the Appellations of Chablis, Givry Macon and Pouilly-Fuissé.

Once the Appellation Controlee wine is ready, partners buy as little or as much of their quota as they wish. Partners can either collect the wine, store it rent-free

for up to 12 months or have it delivered at a cost of £26.04 per case of still wine and £32.41 per case of champagne, including duty and insurance. Those who collect the wine themselves avoid the need to pay duty. 3D Wines will also deliver the wine to its collection point in Calais.

Wineshare Limited, a Dorking-based company, offers a similar deal. Rather than rent vines in certain areas of France it has its own vineyards, producing more than 20,000 cases of wine each year. It offers a row of 50 vines producing 10 cases of wine at a rental of £50 per annum plus VAT. The wine can be bought at the production cost and the rental is fixed for 10 years.

Wineshare has two vineyards - one east of Bordeaux and the other in the heart of Provence. Members can opt out of the scheme at any time provided the company is informed at least a month before the rent becomes due in October. The vines can also be transferred to friends.

Three rows of 50 vines will yield 30 cases of wine every year. More modest consumers may prefer 100 vines yielding 20 cases, while abstemious members may opt for 50 vines and 10 cases a year.

Wineshare 01306 742164; 3D Wines 01205 820745

Ian Hunter

**Stocks & Bonds**

**Revenue's new rules for commuting will create winners and losers**

**John Whiting**

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# The grass can be greener

Ethical investments with good performance? It's not impossible, writes Rachel Fixsen



Most of us want to put our money where our mouths are, though actually parting with hard-earned cash is often more painful than our principles are prepared to allow. Yet, as increasing numbers of investors have begun to discover, obeying your conscience need not lighten your wallet after all.

One powerful way of trying to change the world is lending money to companies which operate ethically and, withholding, it from those that don't. Buying units in ethical or ecological investment funds gives you the opportunity to do just that and can reward you with rich returns in the process.

Ethical funds, which started about 12 years ago, select investment targets by screening them using a variety of criteria. Typically firms with alcohol or tobacco products or those making weapons are ruled out while companies trying to improve the environment and community are included.

"There's certainly been an increase in demand and awareness that they actually exist," says independent financial adviser Christine Ross, of Abbey National Independent Financial Advisers.

Some £1.3bn is under management in the UK in ethical investment funds not including segregated funds such as local authority pension funds which are not available to the public but which have £50-60bn under management.

Giles Chitty, managing director at Barchester Green, IFA specialists in green/ethical investments, says ethical funds are likely to become more prevalent as more local authorities apply moral criteria to their investments. Already, many authorities work with Pirc, a research firm which uses their holdings in an attempt to lead shareholder "rebels" to achieve more ethical business management.

Growth of ethical trusts has been slow

to date compared to the sums pouring into ordinary unit and investment trusts. However, many ethical financial experts argue this is because, despite surveys showing the overwhelming majority of investors would like to be given a choice, very few of them actually are told there may be an ethical option open to them.

Despite the continuing growth of ethical funds, a common worry from a financial point of view, sometimes put about by funds whose ethical viewpoint may be looser, is that their returns may be poor because some of the stock market's better performances might be given the moral thumbs-down. It ain't necessarily so.

Friends Provident's Stewardship unit trust has been running since 1984 and now has nearly £400m under management. A £1,000 investment in the trust five years ago would have grown to £1,827 by now, ranking the fund's performance 43rd out of 124 UK growth funds, according to research by Co-Operative Insurance Services and Micropal, the specialist financial statistics provider.

Jupiter's Ecology unit trust has also performed well, ranking 34th out of 130 funds in the international growth sector on five-year performance. CIS's Environ fund follows closely, coming 40th.

Depending on how strict a fund's ethical criteria are, up to 40 per cent of stocks in the FTSE All-Share index can be ruled out. But Richard Singleton, member of the investment team at Friends Provident, argues that if you are faced with an extremely wide pool of potential investments, you may not be able to gain the necessary depth of knowledge. "If you have a narrow choice, then you can concentrate more," he says.

Mr Chitty agrees that slimming down the range focuses the investment research. "The evidence is that they perform as well as conventional funds," he says.

According to MoneyFacts, the financial information provider, average perfor-

mance over five years for ethical unit trusts in the UK growth sector was slightly below that of conventional funds in the sector. It all depends on your statistics. Ethical funds argue that when compared to the FTSE share index, up 67 per cent over the same period, they have done slightly better, as our table shows.

Ethical funds avoid many of the larger blue-chip stocks as big companies are more likely to have something, somewhere, which will rule them out, says Mrs Ross. "They tend to go toward the medium and smaller companies, and in turn, their performance is more volatile," she says. This means ethical investments are better suited as long-term holdings, ideally between seven and 10 years.

Pensions are long-term investments and many personal plans give you the option of asserting your moral view here. Friends Provident and NPI are, among providers giving this option.

NPI's Global Care pension fund has done particularly well. MoneyFacts ranks it fifth out of 177 funds in its sector for its performance over the past three years.

Most fund managers use an independent agency, the Ethical Investment Research Service (EIRS), to research quoted companies, weeding out the ethical or environmental undesirables.

Criteria vary greatly from fund to fund. Nearly all ethical funds avoid companies involved in tobacco production, according to MoneyFacts data, but only Scottish Equitable's Ethical fund and NPI Global Care ban companies which make political donations. Any investor can use EIRS to screen their personal portfolio of shares according to their own ethical criteria. For a £50 fee, EIRS will screen up to 20 companies according to the agency's set criteria, and £350 buys you a more comprehensive service.

Barchester Green Investment 01722 331241; EIRS 0171-735 1351

Ethical/Ecological Unit Trusts: 5 Year performance table

Fund	£1,000, after 5 years*	% Increase
Co-op Growth	2,291.74	129
Friends Provident	2,276.64	128
Equitable Ethical	1,871.66	87
Equitable Ethical	1,827.95	83
Equitable Ethical	1,824.34	82
Equitable Ethical	1,815.21	82
Equitable Ethical	1,735.62	74
Equitable Ethical	1,710.39	71
Equitable Ethical	1,754.07	70
Equitable Ethical	1,698.03	70
Equitable Ethical	1,645.88	65
Equitable Ethical	1,635.60	64
Equitable Ethical	1,630.79	63
Equitable Ethical	1,597.50	57
Equitable Ethical	1,561.44	56
Equitable Ethical	1,525.40	53
Equitable Ethical	1,371.82	37
Equitable Ethical	1,746.70	75
Equitable Ethical	1,571.38	67

\* How much £1,000 would be worth after 5 years (from 01.05.92 to 01.05.97).

Source: CIS/Micropal

For those looking for a long term investment.

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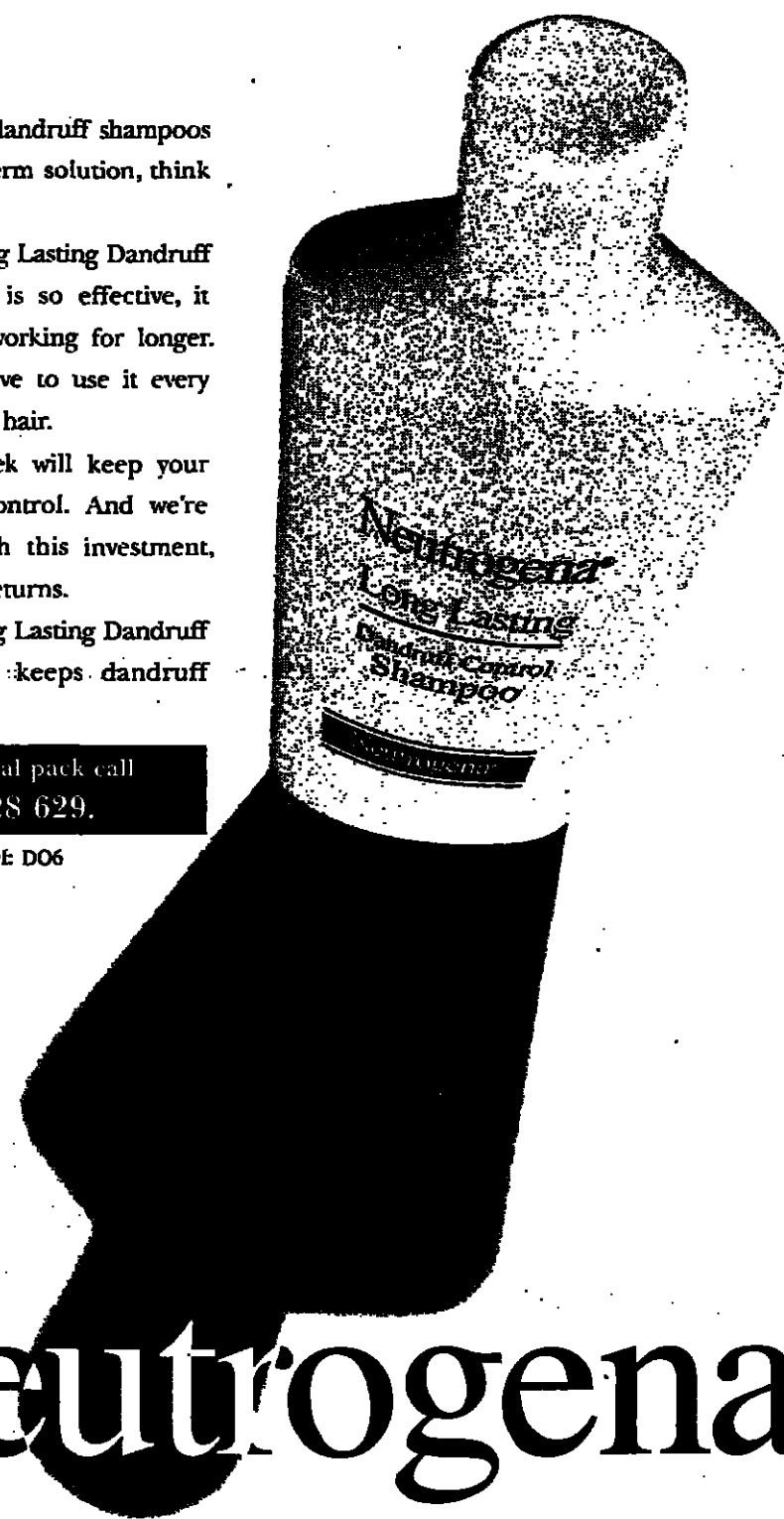
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## Best borrowing rates

Product	Rate	Term	Notes
<b>FIXED RATES</b>			
Barclays BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Ally Bank	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Coventry BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
<b>VARIABLE RATES</b>			
Barclays BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Ally Bank	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Coventry BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
<b>FIRST TIME BUYERS FIXED RATES</b>			
Barclays BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Ally Bank	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Coventry BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
<b>FIRST TIME BUYERS VARIABLE RATES</b>			
Barclays BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Ally Bank	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Coventry BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
<b>UNSECURED</b>			
Barclays BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Ally Bank	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Coventry BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
<b>SECURED (SECOND CHARGE)</b>			
Barclays BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Ally Bank	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Coventry BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
<b>STANDARD</b>			
Barclays BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Ally Bank	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Coventry BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
<b>STUDENT</b>			
Barclays BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Ally Bank	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Coventry BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year

## Best savings rates

Product	Rate	Term	Notes
<b>FIXED RATES</b>			
Barclays BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Ally Bank	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
Coventry BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year
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Coventry BS	6.99	1 year	1.5% p.a. over 1 year

## Out of the house

Financial makeover:  
Ian Hunter's graphics  
design firm is growing

**NAME:** Ian Hunter  
**AGE:** 37  
**OCCUPATION:** Managing director of graphics design firm  
**PROBLEM:** Ian set up his company, Greyhound Graphics, seven years ago, working out of his home in Bristol. Since then, he has expanded into an office, employing seven staff, including him. Ian, who is single and has no children, pays himself £35,000 a year. He feels that having got rid of his overdraft he is in a position to pay more attention to his personal finances.

His one major expense is his £50,000 home repayment loan. This is backed by decreasing term assurance, so that as the capital owed falls over the years, so does the amount of cover needed to pay off the loan. This type of term assurance is often cheaper than standard cover.

Ian is contracted out of his state earnings related pension scheme.

There are two aspects of his financial planning that Ian wants to resolve. The first involves improving his virtually non-existent retirement provision. The second is how to invest a £6,000 lump sum he has accumulated over the past few years.

**THE ADVISER:** Roddy Kohn, of Kohn Cougar, independent financial advice firm in Bristol (0117-946 6384).

**THE ADVICE:** "Ian needs to look at a number of issues that affect his business and personal financial interests. It is obvious that he has dedicated most of his spare capital to invest in the business. This is commonplace when starting up but he recognises that this has been at the expense of his pension provision and could have grave consequences if allowed to continue.

In this respect he has two choices open to him – either to take out a personal pension, which has the attraction of offering the prospect of early retirement from age 50, or to set up a company pension scheme (called SSAs). This is more restrictive as far as early retirement, but will allow him the opportunity to contribute almost twice as much as the 20 per cent he is allowed to place in under a personal pension.

This option becomes more important because we have also discussed the prospect of using the company pension scheme to purchase new premises he anticipates will be needed in five years' time. The SSAs scheme allows him to do that by using the capital built up within the fund, plus some borrowing from a bank to buy the freehold of the building.

At retirement, the directors can either sell the building or choose to receive an income from the rental income received by the fund.

Ian is also keen to include his company director, Sean Tobin, in this idea.

Because he pays higher tax on part of his income, I suggest he could make use of "salary sacrifice" when making personal pension payments to the scheme.

This would allow him to take a smaller salary, in return for paying higher pension contributions, which enjoy additional Inland Revenue funding at the marginal rate of tax, 40 per cent in his case. The advantage of this strategy is that it reduces National Insurance for both employer and employee, another 20 per cent or so saved by his business.

Ian also recognises that pension scheme arrangements can be made available to all members of staff. However, in the light of potential complica-



Looking ahead: Ian Hunter wants to boost his pension

tions introduced by the Pensions Act, which came into force last month, a separate Group Personal Pension scheme (GPP) may be more appropriate. This is a personal arrangement for each member of staff, which is far less complicated for the employer. But the issue needs to be discussed in far more detail.

Ian has left himself vulnerable to the danger of long-term illness. While the company can provide him with a Permanent Health Insurance (PHI) scheme, which replaces income while a person is unable to work through illness, he needs to consider taking out additional critical illness (CI) cover for £200,000.

This would cost about £58 a month. The purpose of CI cover is to safeguard him were he to fall victim to a range of illnesses, such as a heart attack, cancer, a stroke or kidney failure. The lump sum payable could be used to pay any outstanding mortgage. The balance of the capital should produce a further £10,000 income per annum. This would still leave him with some financial difficulty in

retirement, so I recommend that he effect an executive permanent health insurance policy for 30 per cent of his salary, plus an additional allowance for pension contributions that will be paid if he is unable to return to work.

Although we are including a company director in the same scheme, tax relief will not be available to the company for this executive PHI policy. To do so, the scheme must be made available to all staff.

Ian is keen to invest a lump sum of £6,000 but would prefer not to tie it up in his pension. I recommend a Growth Personal Equity Plan with Garmore fund managers, to be split 50/50 between UK Smaller Companies and the European Smaller Companies Fund. I believe there is a need for emphasis on Europe and smaller companies rather than just FTSE 100 firms.

Ian must consider Key Man cover. On the death of a key employee, this type of policy pays a lump sum to the employer who can use the capital to attract a replacement of a without too much loss of continuity."

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Black Horse Financial Services is offering a free "life risk indicator" which shows the risk of falling victim to a variety of illnesses or even death across a range of ages. For a free indicator, call 0800 269063.

Bradford & Bingley Building Society is launching a cashback mortgage offering a 5 per cent lump sum on completion for loans up to 85 per cent of a home's value. The minimum loan is £30,000 and the maximum is £250,000. However, the variable rate will be 0.25 per cent above its existing 7.35 per cent cost. Details from all branches.

Irish Permanent, the largest lender in the Irish Republic, is offering a postal savings account to UK investors.

paying 6.5 per cent gross on savings of £3,000, rising to 7 per cent gross on deposits above £10,000. Call 01252 365801.

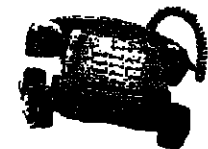
The Aaron Partnership, a firm of independent financial advisers, is offering two guides to investors. One discusses areas of potential fiscal change under the Labour government and what to do about it. The second guide has a dozen "model portfolios" for all types of investors. Both guides cost £5 from The Aaron Partnership, Shelton House, High Street, Woburn Sands, Milton Keynes.

British Motor Heritage, a classic car parts maker, is launching an insurance scheme for owners of old cars. Call 0345 573821.

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**Brian R Tora** is chairman of the Greig Middleton investment strategy committee and can be contacted on 0171-655 4000

If you prefer a simple savings account, banks and building societies are competing hard to attract some of the windfall cash sloshing around, so shop around for a good deal.

[illegible]











## Useful telephone numbers

Association of Unit Trust and Investment Funds offers a free guide to investors in jargon-free language. Call 0181-207 1361.

Association of Investment Trust Companies represents investment trust funds. Call 0171-431 5222.

Baronworth Investment Services, independent advisers, produce a free guide of companies willing to hold windfall shares in their PEP. Call 0181-518 1258. A similar guide is available through DBS Financial Management, a national network of independent advisers. Call 01484 422224.

For details of an independent financial adviser (IFA) near you, call IFA promotion on 0117 972 3333.

## Mutuals on a recruiting drive

Neil Baker and Tony Lyons on the deals available to people who switch societies

Savers who still believe in the principles of mutual ownership can stand by their principles and make a good return despite the rush of institutions converting to public company status.

Building societies are mutual organisations owned by their members. Since they do not have to keep shareholders happy with large dividends they can plough profits back into the society by offering higher rates for savers and lower rates for borrowers.

Those that convert to banks will have different priorities in future, says the Consumers' Association, warning that customers of building societies which become banks will gradually get a worse deal. The converting societies dispute that claim, but the Consumers' Association says that societies are taking advantage of savers who know they will lose out on a windfall bonus if they move their accounts.

As an example, it says that by March this year savers who had £20,000 in a Bristol & West 90-day notice account when the society announced plans to convert would have earned £300 extra interest if they had moved to a similar Nationwide account.

Out of the top 10 building societies, only two have said they will still be mutuals at the end of the year - Nationwide and Bradford & Bingley. Other large building societies remaining mutual so far include Britannia, Birmingham Midshires, Yorkshire, Portman, Coventry, Skipton, Leeds & Holbeck and Chelsea.

B&B is determined to maintain mutual status and is clamouring about the benefits it offers savers and borrowers compared with the societies which are converting during this year. As well as offering more competitive rates on

conventional deposits and mortgages, it is returning to members what it calls "excess profits" - those above 5 per cent of reserves - in the form of loyalty bonuses, worth around £2m a week.

Deals include a new five-year single-premium bond yielding 2 per cent above the market rate. It will invest three-quarters in a with-profits fund of one of the leading life assurance companies and the rest into a unit-linked fund. If market rates are 9 per cent, the bond will yield a guaranteed 11 per cent for the first year.

"We are so keen to recruit customers from the Halifax," said Lynn Coleman, the society's head of financial planning, "that we have put all the profit from the product into the package. It will be limited to £150m, sold on a first-come, first-served basis."

For instant access accounts, B&B's postal account pays 5.6 per cent on deposits from £1,000 up to £10,000 and other mutuals offer similar rates. The Coventry postal account offers 5.75 per cent up to £25,000. Nationwide offers 6.4 per cent up to £25,000. The minimum deposit with Nationwide is £500 and you get a cash card.

A word of warning: do not assume that mutuals always offer the best deals. Abbey National, which used to be a building society and is now a bank, offers 7.5 per cent fixed on its feeder Tessa, which is a better rate than any of the mutuals. Cheltenham & Gloucester, which converted recently, offers a 6 per cent instant access account which is near the top of the pile.

And then there is always the possibility that the dyed-in-the-wool mutual will decide to convert after all. In which case, you could be in line for another windfall.



## Putting cash away for the longest holiday of your life

After the excitement of being offered free windfall shares, next comes the hard part: deciding what to do with them. Some people will keep them, others will sell and head for a sun-drenched beach in some exotic corner of the world.

If you haven't decided what to do with your shares and you don't need the money from the shares for anything specific, such as paying off debts, you could sell them and use the proceeds to boost your pension. Saving towards retirement is never easy as there always are other demands on our pockets.

Selling your windfall shares and reinvesting the money in your pension could be an easy and painless way to enhance your provisions for retirement.

If you are in a pension scheme at work, you should talk to your employer first. Those who work in the public sector may be able to "buy" additional years in the pension scheme - in other words to contribute for years which you have not yet worked.

If you are already making the maximum contribution into your employer's main scheme, you may be able to make extra contributions into your employer's additional voluntary contribution (AVC) scheme.

Alternatively you could look to start up an AVC scheme with an outside pension provider. But this may well be more expensive, says Vivienne Starkey, a senior consultant with independent financial advisers Haddock Porter & Partners.

"You should look at what your employer is offering first. The charges on your company pension almost certainly will be lower than with an outside scheme. Often your employer will bear all the costs," she says.

Those with a personal pension could invest the money from their windfall shares in this. You do not have to sell your shares immediately. Instead, you might want to hold on to them for a few months, so as to benefit from any initial mark-up on the shares when they make their debut on the stock market.

Anyone who collected the basic windfall from Alliance & Leicester, a parcel of 250 shares, now has an investment worth around £1,500. Tax relief is provided on pension contributions at your highest rate of tax, so a basic-rate taxpayer who puts £1,500 into her pension fund is really investing £1,948.

If the money was invested by a higher-rate taxpayer, the tax relief would mean that the £1,500 once invested would be equivalent to £2,500. Not only do pension contributions attract tax relief, but the money in your pension fund grows tax-free. You will, however, have to pay some tax on your pension fund when you retire.

You may think that investing their money in their pension, others prefer to have the discipline of a pension where you cannot touch your investments until you reach retirement.

The other point to consider in the "PEP v pension" debate

invest the £1,500 from her windfall shares in a pension, assuming an annual growth rate of 9 per cent, by age 65 that £1,500 would have grown to £48,700 gross. For a 35-year-old the initial £1,500 would have turned into £21,500, and for a 45-year-old it would have turned into £9,540.

You could, of course, keep your windfall shares until retirement and then cash them in and put the money towards your pension. But you would have to pay tax on any dividends your shares earned, unless you put the shares in a PEP.

By keeping the shares, you also would have all your eggs in one basket, as you would be relying on the performance of only one company, points out Nigel Webb, a senior manager at Equitable Life. "The difference is all to do with risk. The advantage of putting the money in your pension is that you then pool your risk and have a stake in a large portfolio of shares."

You could use the money from your shares to invest in a unit trust or investment trust PEP. This would mean your money was invested in a range of shares and you would have more flexibility as you could sell the shares in your PEP at any time.

While some may see this as an advantage over investing their money in their pension, others prefer to have the discipline of a pension where you cannot touch your investments until you reach retirement.

The other point to consider in the "PEP v pension" debate

relates to the amount the taxman contributes to your pension, which is subject to maxima, depending on age. So if you are one of those fortunate enough already to have reached those limits, then the PEP option will be worth considering: first of all as a tax-free top-up, and, secondly, as an investment which you could cash in whenever you want - for example if retiring earlier than planned.

If you are worried about your retirement provisions, then using the proceeds from your windfall shares can make good sense. Usually you will have to sell the shares yourself. There are a number of banks that offer share-dealing services and there also are phone and post share-dealing services with dealing charges starting from £7.50.

A handful of pension providers, including Virgin and Legal & General, are offering a share exchange service to their clients. The company will sell its clients' windfall shares for them and invest the proceeds in their pension plan. Customers usually have to invest all the proceeds in their pension.

Legal & General says this saves people having to pay dealing fees, and they get the middle market price for their shares which is around 1.5 per cent higher than they normally would get. Legal & General says it will accept all windfall shares, including Norwich Union shares, but not Bristol & West shares as these will be preference shares.

Abigail Montrose

## Windfall warning.

Beware attractive windfall offers attached to high-cost, under-performing PEPs. Check out Virgin Direct's free tax-avoiding Windfall Offer. (New Virgin customers must invest an extra £1,000 to qualify.) Call now.

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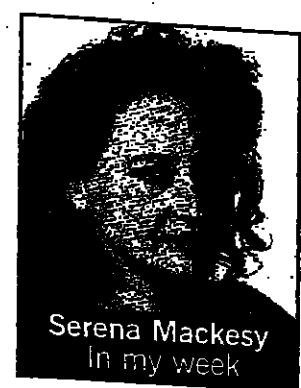
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TO FIND OUT WHAT'S ON TV, WHERE TO GO AND WHEN, READ TODAY'S **eye**Serena Mackesy  
In my week

"I remember why cool people have short haircuts: my hair is great in winter, but having a 15-tog duvet hanging down the back of your neck is no laugh in tropical heat"

On the train coming up from Fan's wedding, where the Irish lads have been largeing it so hard it's like I've been trapped in a Murphy's advert, ("come into the garden and bring your drink, darling, the lilac's in bloom"), we pull in at Reading and Trainboy gets on, dressed up for a night in the metropolis: new haircut, a week's wages worth of sharp-cut casuals, face fixed in the grin of inscrutability that people learn from studying album covers. He sits over the aisle from us, gets out his mobile phone, which he puts on the table so we can all see he has one.

The train pulls out, and he starts dialling. It's weird how people seem only to use their mobiles once they're on the move: there's good reason for not flushing train lavatories in stations, but this is taking the word "mobile" a bit too literally. He tries a series of numbers without success, beeping like a Gameboy. Eventually, he gets through, and goes "a-hi, it's me. On the train". The voice he uses is, as one expected, effete. I once got taken to task by a Wykehamist - they do so love to show off their classical educations - for misusing this word. "Don't you know, you silly woman," he said, "that effete means worn out by excessive childbearing?" "Yes, darling," I replied. "And haven't you ever noticed that most of the people in the latter half of the 20th century who want to be perceived as sophisticated ape the mannerisms of post-parturition death-bed scenes in 19th-century novels?"

"Mmm, mmm, me too," the tired voice toils on as the weary eyelids bravely flutter. "Do you fancy doing something tonight? Mmm. Go out or something? No. I'm not going there. Somewhere cool. Yes, I suppose so. I'll meet you there about tenish, then. Mmm. Yeah. Bye." He slides in his aerial and gazes

at the tweed-effect nylon covering the seat in front of him. I thank my stars that I won't be having to spend the night where he'll be spending it. Except that it doesn't work out that way. Once I've fought through the Cup-Final crowds and into a taxi, the whole evening turns hideously chrome. The boys have decided we have to go to The Saint: one of those irreversible "but everyone's already in there and we can't get in touch with them to tell them we're not coming" decisions. I whine, I beg, I even try folding my arms and refusing, but the force of my character is unequal to the lure of halogen spots in artistically

Robert Hanks  
the week on radio

He gives me a look. "Can I help you?" he says, the words loaded with meaning. I'm just about to say "Yes, you can, actually. Would you mind saying that I'm not cool enough to come in here so I can go and have a nice time somewhere else?" when it turns out that we're on the list and I am dragged down a grand-entrance staircase stolen from the set of Sunset Boulevard and into hell.

No, really. If Lucifer gave me a choice between eternity on red-hot embers and eternity crammed into a basement with a group of people who never smile and think that spending six quid on a single drink is a good idea, the old hellfire would win, no contest. Trainboy is in a booth with his identical twin and a bottle of wine. They don't speak, just gaze sorrowfully out at the room. Someone hands me a king's ransom in vodka-and-tonic, and the glass is so heavy it slips through my fingers and soaks the trousers of the man

curved false ceilings.

We get into another taxi. "Please," I say. "Please, please, please don't make me go there. It's Saturday night. We'll have to go across Leicester Square and I'll catch some horrible suburban germ. And I've never gone somewhere with bouncers on the door in my life. And you can never get into the loo in those joints because everyone's queuing to powder their noses and then going straight to the back of the queue because it'll have worn off by the time they get to the front again. And, anyway, I'm not cool. I never have been cool and I'm not going to start now." None of it works. They drag me, wailing and moaning, across the Charing Cross Road, past the queue and up to the door.

The first person I see is Trainboy. Actually, that's not true. The first person I see is Eddie Izzard, who seems to be moonlighting as a doorman.

next to me. I find myself at the centre of a Bateman cartoon: eyes roll, 15 people approach, pointedly wielding mops, chivalry bobbed heads bow together to comment on my klutziness.

I remember why cool people always have short haircuts: my hair is great in winter, but having a 15-tog duvet hanging down the back of your neck is no laugh in tropical heat. Digging in my handbag for a couple of Birco to pin it up with, I glance up to see a tiny person in pigtails and a gym slip walk past, chained at the wrist to a boy whose yellow hair matches his eye-shadow. They weave their way through a group of identical lace dresses, cast a look of contempt over their shoulders and waltz up the staircase toward the street. I scream after them: "Please! Take me with you!" but my voice is lost in the thrum of Seventies disco remixes.

## Somebody's out to get me...

If God did not exist, said Voltaire, who wasn't himself very convinced that God did any such thing, it would be necessary to invent him; and you could say roughly the same about freemasons. Leaving aside the eternally vexed question of their actual status, both God and the Masons - or whatever secret cartel for world domination takes your paranoid fancy - are invaluable conceptual tools, ways of filling in the gaps in our explanations of why things work or fail to work. In the long run, of course, we need to come to some kind of decision about what we actually know, sorting out which parts of our explanations are false or vacuous. In the short term, mysticism of one kind or another, a conspiracy theory just as much as a religion, can be a fence between you and the abyss of self-doubt or sheer incomprehension. Even for the most rational of us, it makes the world bearable.

The new series of *On the Ropes* (Radio 4, Thursday) has provided some nice illustrations of this. Last week we had Simon Dee, the former

Martin Fleischmann  
the week on radio

television superstar playboy, who turned out to be the soulmate Oliver Stone has been looking for all these years. The reason the BBC fired him, it turned out, was that he dared to challenge official accounts of the shooting of JFK. He tried to become a bus-driver, but failed his test; the reason for this was that he had antagonised the unions.

Martin Fleischmann's tale of his misfortunes was more plausible and less self-pitying than this. It was Fleischmann who, with his colleague Stanley Pons, turned the world of sci-

ence upside down in 1989 by announcing the discovery of "cold fusion" and, with it, the possibility of limitless cheap energy. Unfortunately, nobody else could reproduce their experimental results, and Fleischmann and Pons were swiftly discredited, denounced as incompetents or frauds.

Fleischmann stuck to his guns, maintaining that the reasons nobody had confirmed his results were faulty equipment and flawed analysis of data. He sounded bitter and a little touchy, true, but he also sounded perfectly reasonable, chuckling at the notion that his downfall had been engineered by a conspiracy of vested interests (oil, automobile, electricity). Unfortunately, he took the edge off this by adding that a friend of his had said that if a single explanation covers all the facts, you have to take that explanation seriously, and a conspiracy theory certainly covered the facts of his case. Well, of course it did: covering the facts is what conspiracy theories are there for.

At this point we might bring in Chuck Missler, who turned

up on James Whale's Thursday night show on Talk Radio. Chuck is an American evangelical broadcaster and writer who has theories to cover every conceivable fact. He is very keen on cabalistic interpretation of Scripture, and enjoyed a fascinating discussion of the Bible's hidden prophecies with Mike, who called from Glossop, and Richard, who also called from Glossop, a town one feels one ought to know more about.

This was mostly amusing and intriguing (and, for all anyone can prove, true), but there are three things one should know about Chuck: 1. He believes that the Democrats and the Republicans may as well be renamed Socialist Party A and Socialist Party B; 2. He believes that Islam and Christianity have "a destiny of conflict" (although, as he told a caller named Tariq, he is "eager not to offend anyone"); and 3. He was formerly Branch Chief of the Department of Guided Missiles in the US Air Force. As I say, conspiracy theories can be very comforting; I haven't yet come up with one that takes the sting out of that piece of knowledge.

## Comedy and the numbers game

Television has a funny way of making the oldest shows look young, and the youngest old. Actually, it's not that funny. *Countdown* (C4, Fri) was 2,000 editions old this week. *Late Review* (BBC2, Thurs) reached 100. And, last night, *Sunnyside Farm* (BBC2, Fri) dithered and limped up to the grand old age of six episodes. The funniest thing about *Sunnyside Farm* is that it may get a second series. And if you're giving something a second series, you might as well follow that up with a third. And, before you know it, someone will be dubbing it a classic that just needed time to mature.

For the moment, though, people in senior positions in the BBC's comedy directorate are deciding whether the bucolic sitcom should be allowed to make it to seven. It presumably looked much livelier on paper but, realised on the screen, it falls victim to that uncertainty of tone that is the tripartite every sitcom has to step over. Sure, it has delivered enough satisfying one-liners to reach the bare minimum of comic competence. But it hasn't been able to stop itself giving the appearance of trying too hard to make an impression.

The plotline of last night's episode involved a love affair between the imbecile Ken and a drop-dead-gorgonesque

Jasper Rees  
the week on television

Bolivian nymphomaniac. She has very loud, through-the-floorboard orgasms. "What's the matter?" wonders Wendy, an English rose who wouldn't recognise a sexual convulsion unless it came from a crochet pattern book. "Is she in pain?" Not unfunny, unless you're an English rose who wouldn't recognise etc etc. But when poor old Phil Daniels, playing Ken's brother Ray, realises what the two love birds are up to, he gets to utter the deathless punline: "Aha! The penny, and her knickers, have been dropped." With gags like that, the series deserves to make the same vertical descent.

Channel 4, meanwhile, has seen the light over Roseanne (C4, Wed). Suffering hideously painful death throes in late-night exile, it demonstrates the perils of not knowing when to

call it a day. But it's worth noting that the channel's love affair with US sitcom has its continuing blind spots. *Cybill* (C4, Fri), which seemed so sassy and assured in its first series, has long since succumbed to limping along with an incurable case of gout. Whereas *Friends* will thread three small but perfectly formed plotlines through its network of characters, *Cybill* is reliant for all its comedy on the lead character's attempts to retain her dignity during menopause. Last night's running gag involved the shocking state of *Cybill*'s dresses after she took a job in a commercial for some hair product. Sometimes you can look at a joke from several sides and see new things to laugh at. But not this time. Again, there was just enough nourishment to keep you from starving. *Cybill*'s daughter Zoey has just come back from holiday. "So tell us all about Europe," says the sad scamp Maryann. "What did they show on the plane?" You just hope for Zoey's sake it wasn't a recent edition of this sitcom.

When the moment comes to go belly up, *Countdown* will surely have the good sense to recognise it. The celebratory 2,000th edition, based somewhat on *This is Your Life* and much given to sniggering at the changing design features of Carol Vorderman's hair, was probably the least distin-

guished moment in the show's 15-year history. The great strength of *Countdown* is that it doesn't behave like a television programme. There is something likeably amateurish about Richard Whiteley's unscripted links, about the half-hearted, parodic joshing between him and Vorderman. Its other strength is that it is the only programme on daytime television (and possibly evening television) that not only celebrates the mental agility of the contestants but encourages its audience to exercise theirs.

The most characteristic bit of the tribute programme, in which the two presenters were allowed to say barely a thing, came when Lord Attenborough raised a glass to the show's longevity. Or rather, he would have done if the budget ran to one champagne flute and a bottle of spumante. Apparently, the list of those who applied for the brainbox job landed by Vorderman included the page three pop-sicles Linda Lusardi and Jilly Johnson. It would be an act of stereotyping as criminal as anything in *Sunnyside Farm* to assume that they wouldn't have been up to the number-crunching. But, asked to calculate their way to a target number of, say, 100, they would surely have needed 38-24-38 as a handrail.



## Whatever happened to Eugene Terre-Blanche?

The Moment In May 1989, Eugene Terre-Blanche (48), charismatic leader of the AWB, the Afrikaner Resistance Movement, is acquitted of criminally damaging the gates to the Boer monument, the Paardekraal. The trial has focused attention on the scandalous news that Jani Allen (37), glamorous newspaper columnist, was with the upstanding farmer, farmer and extreme right-wing separatist on the night in question...

The background In 1973, Terre-Blanche

lived up to his name and founded the AWB to establish a whites-only homeland for South Africa's 3.5 million Afrikaners, the "Volkstaat". Denouncing the lily-livered National Party government and the ANC, and peddling myths of racial purity, the neo-Nazi AWB emerged in the civil unrest of 1986 to play on white fears of a black revolution. Among his new admirers was the unlikely figure of Jani Allen, who had gushed about Terre-Blanche's "blow-torch eyes" and who had been seen increasingly on the arm of the Afrikaner family man...

The Effect Scandalized by their glorious leader's (allegedly) lustful dalliance, "ET's" staunch "volk" deserted him. Legislation of the ANC in 1990 sparked further AWB bluster, culminating in the dramatic storming of the Johannesburg World Trade Centre in 1994. By 1992, however, Allen's libel action against Channel 4 about the pair's relationship had produced gruesome testimony of the Boer's "heaving white buttocks" and holey Y-fronts. With his political credibility (and his underpants) in tatters, Terre-Blanche watched in dismay as the Rainbow

Nation embarked peacefully without him.

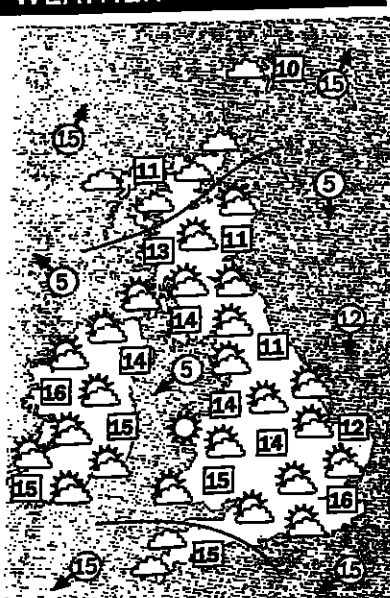
The Future As Mandela wooed Afrikaners, Terre-Blanche's support dwindled to hundreds. However, prison rather than farming beckons Terre-Blanche following his conviction for the attempted murder of a black labourer last month. Should he escape a penal sentence, however, Johannesburgers recently voted that an alternative role of stature awaits him: Father Christmas.

Mike Higgins

## Meet Anthony Sher

Join Anthony Sher in conversation with Greg Doran about their African *Coriolanus* production Waza Shakespeare. One hundred Independent Readers can be the guests at The Sunday Times Hay Festival, on Sunday 1 June. Tickets will be available to the first 100 Independent Readers to call 01497 821299 and quote "Indie Sher Offer". The offer is exclusive to Independent Readers, and does not include travel to Hay-on-Wye.

### WEATHER



### General Situation and Outlook

The West Country may start cloudy but it should brighten up with some sunshine this afternoon. Wales and the rest of England should be dry with plenty of sunshine, although banks of cloud will develop, especially in the east where it will feel chilly. It will also be quite windy along the English Channel coast. Scotland and Northern Ireland will be fine and bright with sunny spells after the rapid clearance of any ground frost, but the far north-west will cloud over later. Northern Scotland will have some patchy rain and drizzle tomorrow. Southern Scotland and Northern Ireland should be mostly dry with some warm sunshine at first, but it will tend to cloud over. England and Wales will be fine with plenty of sunshine, although it may become more cloudy in northern and eastern counties late in the day. On Monday there may be some cloud and a little drizzle in the north and east, but most places will be fine and bright with some sunshine.

Today	Tomorrow
Aberdeen c 10 50	Cardiff c 11 52
Anglessey f 13 55	Cork f 12 54
Belfast c 11 52	Dover c 12 54
Birmingham c 12 54	Dublin c 12 54
Blackpool c 12 54	Edinburgh c 12 54
Bournemouth c 14 57	Exeter c 13 55
Brighton c 12 54	Glasgow c 12 54
Bristol c 12 54	Guernsey f 16 61
Cardiff d 10 50	Inverness c 12 54
	Ipswich c 12 54

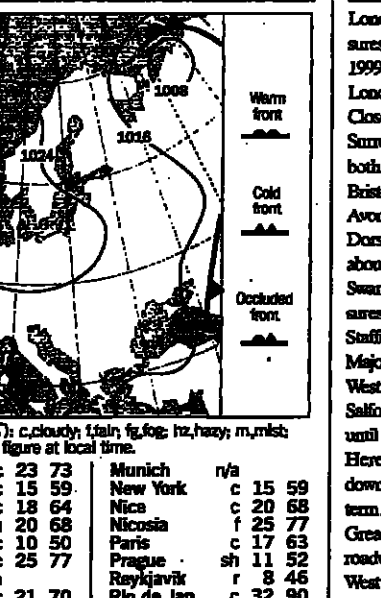
Today	Tomorrow
London c 10 50	Isles of Scilly c 13 55
Bristol c 12 54	Jersey f 12 54
Birmingham c 12 54	Lincoln c 13 55
Blackpool c 12 54	Liverpool c 13 55
Bournemouth c 14 57	Lizard c 13 55
Brighton c 12 54	London c 14 57
Bristol c 12 54	Manchester c 11 52
Cardiff d 10 50	Newcastle c 10 50
	Nottingham c 12 54
	Oxford c 12 54

### The British Isles



Today	Tomorrow
London c 10 50	Cardiff c 11 52
Bristol c 12 54	Cork f 12 54
Birmingham c 12 54	Dover c 12 54
Blackpool c 12 54	Dublin c 12 54
Bournemouth c 14 57	Edinburgh c 12 54
Brighton c 12 54	Exeter c 13 55
Bristol c 12 54	Glasgow c 12 54
Cardiff d 10 50	Guernsey f 16 61
	Inverness c 12 54
	Ipswich c 12 54

### Europe and the World



Today	Tomorrow
London c 10 50	Cardiff c 11 52
Bristol c 12 54	Cork f 12 54
Birmingham c 12 54	Dover c 12 54
Blackpool c 12 54	Dublin c 12 54
Bournemouth c 14 57	Edinburgh c 12 54
Brighton c 12 54	Exeter c 13 55
Bristol c 12 54	Glasgow c 12 54
Cardiff d 10 50	Guernsey f 16 61
	Inverness c 12 54
	Ipswich c 12 54

### AA Roadwatch

London, A11, Leytonstone. Lane closures at A12 roundabout until August 1998.  
London, A306, Hemmelsmith Bridge. Closed until January 1998.  
Surrey, M25 J8-10. Lane closures both ways until further notice.  
Bristol, M5 J18-19. Contraflow on Avonmouth Bridge until August 1998.  
Dorset, A348, Titcher's Cross. Road closed until January 1998.  
Swansea, A483, Ffynnon Way. Lane closures both ways until July 8th.  
Staffordshire, A50, Stoke-on-Trent. Major works at Mair until March 1998.  
West Midlands, M6 J6 - sliproad from Salford Circus to M6 North closed until January 1998.  
Hereford and Worcester, Landdowne Crescent closed due to long-term roadworks until November 1998.  
Greater Manchester, Blackley. Major roadworks until May 31st.  
West Yorkshire, M1 J47. Major long-term roadworks until September 15th.  
Scotland, Edinburgh, M9 Newbridge Spur (M8 J2). Major roadworks until further notice.  
Out and about with AA Roadwatch call 0538 403 for the latest local and national traffic news. Source: The Automobile Association. Calls charged at 50p per min at all times (inc VAT).

### Sun and Moon

Sun rises 4:57am  
Sun sets 8:58pm  
Moon rises 10:56pm  
Moon sets 6:57am  
New Moon: June 5

